



To Exist

*They say it's bad to live in dreams
and you should enjoy what life gives.
I don't know, we have given this ability
to think, to experience a made up reality.*

*So why shouldn't we use this?
Yeah, it might be bad psychologically,
but others enjoy life by damaging their body.*


*Silence ruled this dark room,
it made intrusive thoughts bloom.
It woke memories from the past,
it made future look so vast.*

*I revised every move I once made,
and everything I'll have to make,
all the things I've never done,
all the events that made a scar.*

*It's so easy to recall the feelings,
I've always found them interesting.
Almost never showed any of them,
thought they're vulnerable quite often.*

*My only guide was thinking,
it's so tiring yet really addicting.
So many people don't appreciate you,
maybe because you might be so dull.*

*There's never enough from pain,
the company that drives me insane.
It formed me in drastic ways,
sent my mood into the greys.*



Destiny wants me to become successful,
gave me the chance to study in this altitude,
but at the same time it stole what I want,
so I guess I can't get the love part.

We keep complaining about problems,
and all the things we don't have.
It's so easy not to see what we receive,
there's always a counterweight I believe.

What if I've never fallen in love,
and never written anything above?
What if I've never seen the Star
and never sent my mind afar?

What if I disappear into the abyss,
get away from here, will I be missed?
But not my actions, not what I did,
would I be as a person needed?

Dark thoughts lingered in this room,
silence drove them towards doom.
Dear my reader, please don't listen to me,
I'm not fine, but I'll be, so please leave.
Leave.

*They say if you have a bad mental health
you should seek a psychologist for help.
I've heard many doctors: fuck them,
according to them I'm long dead.
They came up with diseases to seperate us,
we're just humans, we have different thoughts,
let us live, let us die, hear what a person wants.*

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