

It's easy to know who you are in the light,
But that means nothing if you lose you at night.
So, go ahead: turn off the lights and find yourself,
So that when you have nothing you will still have yourself.

Kneel.
He's coming.

Who's coming?
Quiet down and you'll hear.

I don't understand.

You never have—that's why He's your Fear.

Why should I kneel?

Why not?
You have your whole life,
Even in times of sickness and strife.

I'm not scared—I mean, look at him.
And his hair, oh my! It could use quite a trim.

So now you know what he really is.
Stand up and ignore that command of his.

I will not give in, now or ever.

...

What's happening? He's as weak as a feather.

You've stripped him of his power.
Without your submission, he can only cower.

I'm finally free—
Now I can be everything I want to be!

Ambition is like a shadow
An inescapable weight on the source from which it leeches its energy
Forever clawing for something
Tangible yet unattainable
Ensnared by the nature of its form
Till night comes
And shadow consumes the last rays of hope
Leaving behind nothing
But darkness pure
The only light
A pale moonbeam
To illuminate all that was lost

Life is crooked
Or my view of it is
Like looking through a distorted window
And seeing streaks of rain
Where none exist

Maybe it's not the glass
But me—
My tears for innocence lost
Muddling the picture before me

Where did color go?

I traded a piece of myself
For the hum of ambition
Its sound, hypnotizing,
Consumed all
Till my thoughts
Could but echo its empty tune

I sometimes dream of escape
But hope melts
In the heat of denial
I cannot leave this fire I started
In its absence, silence

...

...

...

Haunting, isn't it

The only option left
The only option I ever had
Embrace the flames
And pray one of me
Succumbs

I gave everything
To everyone
Hoping to someday
Be someone
But I have nothing
I am no one
To myself

Life takes
And takes
And I fight
And fight

But the cold trenches of war
Are no place for a weary soul
With each bullet of resistance
I find my own blood
Staining another piece of me

This war
Cannot be—
Was not meant to be—
Won

The truth shreds
Any vision of control
I drop my gun
And sink to the ground
Defenseless

I lie there
Fingers twitching their plea for the trigger
Tears choking in the stale air
Liquid red crusting over
The void of a dying dream
Filled only by the terror
Of letting go

I followed the crowd
And fell into oblivion
A voice laced with dangerous promises
Ensnared my lungs
Each interrupted breath
A swallowing of its will

My limbs, no longer my own,
Carve my fate into the earth
A place where life once bloomed
Given way to a tomb
I welcome the void
As the sky bleeds black

But no peace comes
Freedom from the world
Is not
Freedom from myself
Even death surrenders
In the mirror of my mind
Tendrils of dread—
Eternity's messengers—
Drill deep into my being
Till my body numbs in defeat
A denial of self so complete
I can no longer feel

I gave	you my love
but I could not surrender	my everything
my fears	have wings
do I have	a chance
to fly	to feel the wind
to be enough	and let go
for you	with you
I am scared	that is all I want but
so scared	you will
stay grounded	clip your wings
for me	so I can find mine
I will never	be free
leave our nest	without me

I don't want to die
I don't want to live

I fight for an inch
But in exhaustion give up a mile

I give,
Live takes

Is death freedom or damnation?

Some days I wake up
And never get up
Others I get up
And never wake up

Why are familiar faces silent when I hurt?

Some of us live
All of us die