***My Demons***

I’ve got something deep inside of me, fighting to be released. Living and breathing, trying to make a name, trying to be freed. It’s trying to morph me back to who I was before I played the game, enacting change - I resist because I’m convinced my happiness will never be.

It’s like I’m living under shadow do I even know the real me? Is that what I’ve become? Am I just another fallacy? I try to take control, but it’s like my thoughts don’t belong to me. It’s like there’s something hidden that poisons every breath I breathe.

I’ve forgotten wrong and right. I no longer see the light. My spirit is scraping to escape from this cage that’s built of lies. It’s been trying, surviving, climbing up my spine, making me remember and realize who I am inside.

But my eyes lie, when I try to see all I see is pain. And when I look inside all I see is a mirror – I’ll never change. It’s saying I’m the same damn man that I’ll always be – A two timing, backsliding, betrayer and thief. Hypocrite, game player, faker, forger, impersonator. My soul has been fissured into halves – The Hero and the Traitor.

Is this the real deal? Is what I see the true me? Or has my soul been stolen and sealed away like it’s a bad dream?