

Mention of madness
I am quick to believe
That those you call crazy
Are my brothers and sisters
Voices alarming
That you cannot hear
They are louder than mommy
They are nails in your brain
Bastions of blackness
In veins of saliva
Sex with your sickness
I'm happy all over
The truth isn't tragic
In fact it's so nice to listen
To the silence of truth
While I'm screaming inside
Noose around the neck
Tied with heartstrings
Drowned black water
By the time
She begins to scream
Lessons learned by a child
Forgotten as he learns to trust
May God forgive me
For witnessing this crime