

## We Are Also People

### Cerebral Turbulency

I try to imagine your feelings  
You - who are different  
Owners of a strange gift that brings you grief  
I try to put myself in your place your  
Sexual orientation, lust that  
You can't suppress, thoughts  
You are afraid to speak of  
To keep delightful orgies  
Of homosexual pedophilia inside  
Despised beforehand by a society that is not able to help  
Desperation, powerless, anger, grief  
Neverhealing sickness? Inborn defect? Punishment? Gift?  
What is the sense? I'm angry at you because you are different  
I want to find love as well  
I am sad with my lot  
I know I'm different  
I seek help everywhere I go  
I hate everyone  
I seek understanding, tolerance  
Not just for mockery and ignorance  
I'm going to close myself inside  
And ignore moral conventions  
My imaginations has turned reality  
I am living with pedophile homosexuality