

III Ender

Cryptopsy

These tears are only empty vessels
Raining down upon this
Ill, hopeless, bloodstained terrain
I once hoped to strive here
I never thought I'd die here

Pain gives them strength
They laugh and watch my breakdown
Weep as I may screaming in fright
Nobody cares

A plea for help falls on deaf ears
Flawed ritual, eager to flee
Screaming to the masses
In hope that they would hear
They pretended to care
Deceivers
They all nodded with concern
Fake reassuring gestures

As if that changed anything
Documented and filed away
Strategies and detailed plans
Focus group shams

Another bell, another searing message
Another threat, another sinister taunt
I try to ignore the pain
I try to numb it with a blade

My once delicate skin
Is a caricature
Of the child I used to be
So sweet, so innocent

A few more slices
The red makes their words subside
Digging deeper in my forearm
Used to make me feel so fine

But lately this feels so boring
Fresh canvas is what I need
To paint and maim a new idea

Another bell, another searing message
Another threat, another sinister taunt
I try to ignore the pain
I try to numb it with a blade

So rejuvenated, let's make someone else weep
They have consumed me whole essence is fuelled by hate
I strive to endure, but that end seems too late
Far too late

Shattered, blind and weeping
Broken empty human
I finally decide to rest

Their spiteful words and voices
Continuously constant echoing
Never ending cycle repeating within me
I cry out for guidance
To sullen overpacked ears
There is no one that can help me
There is no one that cares

I found my father's gun
I brought it to school
I shook as I fired it
I screamed as they did too
I hoped that this would end it
But it just made things worse