

The Beginning

Happy Days

All that I can hear are my own screams....
But no one listens.....
I slit my wrists.....
a cry for help....
But no one cares.....
Feeling alone with nothing to hold onto....
No shoulder to cry on.....
No one to run to....
These endless tears continue to shed.....
To a point where nothing but blood descends from my eyelids....
.
I still wait for my death to finally come....
I cant breathe...(ballad part)
This overwhelming depression that i hold....
Will never leave me....
It will forever huant me with my temporary states of Euphoria..
.(end of ballad)
These days seem to go by slower and slower...
It acts just like....