

The Painful Truth

Happy Days

My tears... That flow through my face
My scars... That bleed endlessly...
Down my skin...
Infected...
By the compost heat...
Called life...
Remembering..
All those..
Times where things seems ok..
People always say you cant dwell on the past...
But yet they dont realize..
That the past makes you who you are now..
The suns rays that newer seem to get cold..
As it burns and pierces through my..
Open wounds..
That never seem to heal...

Over these years i've come to realize
That there is no heaven
There is no hell...
There is no spiritual thing that can save me from myself...
Its so easy to lie yourself..
And say that life is good...
Until you finally open your eyes
And see the total destruction...
Happening before you...
The great depression...
The great pain...
The everyone suffers from sooner or later..
Sooner or later...