

Keeping It to Yourself

Raised Fist

You need a friend today,
but it never happens after knowing your name.
Before people say Good Day they ask how much you weigh,
then they say your skin looks gray.

You put a lock on yourself,
and try to throw the key so far away
from all the demons, so called specialist grown-ups,
commenting between the cups of coffee,
putting you in cuffs.

You are the writer of a novel of pain,
still no one understands
That you feel ashamed because - You keep it to yourself.
Keeping it to yourself.

You need a friend today,
but it never happens after knowing your name.
They say you have a distorted view on yourself,
but how can the view be anything else but wrong,
hearing the same old song.

You put a lock on yourself, and try to throw the key so
far away,
from all the demons and the grown ups, putting you in
fucking cuffs.