

I Wish I Wasn't

Unprocessed

I wonder how
How can it be that
Two souls live beneath my chest?
I wander on
Through the snowfall
And the firestorm

I wish I wasn't afraid of
The haunted valley
I wish I wasn't a failure
That nobody needs

In the depths of my mind, I'm lost and confined
A question gnaws at my core; I can't deny
Am I a mere illusion, a ghost in the crowd?
Or do I carry a soul screaming out loud?

I wish the voices in my head stopped their shrill tongues
Just for a second so I could breathe some fresh air
For a moment so I could stop sinking into despair
I am a traitor in the face of myself
A slave to a maggot that eats away my soul
I ask the mountains to consume me as a whole
How long will I be captured in this maze in the hail?

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That nobody needs!