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*Jag behöver helt enkelt jobba med mig själv jag vet..... as chaotic as my mind...*

### **change**

Pain and anger against myself, cold steel upon my skin, warm fluid running down my arm, jumping away from me, my fingertips as trampolins.

For not letting myself be what I want to be and not having the tools for becoming the person I want, I hate myself, im a prisoner in my own shell.

I am an observer of societys insanity and madness, a sober person in a party where everyone behaves like idiots. Im looking at the exit, the exit is a dark hole six feet deep. Options, becoming an idiot? How can I allow myself becoming something I despise? How can I go on not to?

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