

Biohazard, Stigmatized

Emptiness slips into my mind,
Emotion so fucking hard to find,
I center myself in this universe,
With peace amongst all the pains and hurts,
I think of all the things that would've been,
And the time I could've spent with him,
But again comes sadness creeping in.

Taken by surprise stigmatized by the things I've seen with my own eyes,
Traumatized until I realize that I gotta go on with my life.

I can only guess what I should've done then,
Wandering alone on the path I've chosen,
Lumbering along towards inevitable fate,
I await an answer, I wrestle with hate,
I question your life and the choices you made,
I question myself with righteousness and rage,
Confused and sick from mistakes I've made.

Questions to ponder about letting go, answers I find towards peaceful flow,
People take shit for granted as given, not in this world that I live in,
In my eyes, I realize. No more lies stigmatized.