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.