

Rainer Maria, Put Me To Sleep

i've thought about windows before,
but this one's too high.
filtered light, trees outside.
is this the end?
fifteen, and bleeding,
and leaving myself behind.

i have to believe
that things would be different
if someone had told me
what i'm telling you now.
if someone had warned me.

is this the end of everything?
fifteen minutes later,
and oh, how i've changed.