

# Wednesday 13, Skeletons

They come and talk to me  
When I am all alone  
They always remind me of  
All the things that Ive done wrong  
Its scary disturbing but somehow Im not sorry  
The only thing thats even real  
Is the feelings that I dont feel

Its all the same, but theyre so different  
Bury the evidence, of my darkest secrets

I hear them, theyre calling  
The skeletons in my closet

Its taking parts of me, into the unknown  
Its like a void inside of me  
That goes on, and on, and on

Now I just cant pretend to forget  
These voices in my head  
And they just wont stop screaming