

Word As A Virus, Tonight We Don't Come Back

I am slowly realizing that I am no one. I feel as if my significance in others lives is all but gone (as if I always walked the path I felt with my heart. I am nothing. I am a hypocrite. I am a liar. The pressures and the pressures of being alive deteriorate (within myself i am laughing.) I move in moments. Moments Greater than you or I.

Time has shown to heal most everything. But being plagued by the shells of old ghosts has made me tired of the prodding feeling of burying the insides of disease. My faith stands. Brittle and cold. The hearing my last breath exit my lungs and the cries come from all who care so dearly. I am sorry. My not now but i have stolen the clock. I have no desire to wind it again. I pass through you like a ghost beginning or with no ending. I have seen the despair. I am despair.