

living like lost love

MR.apocalypse

Presented by

My poetic Side 

About the author

15

photographer

have been in the foster care system off and on since birth due to neglect and extreme abuse.

I have some mental illness that I was not able to overcome.

then I moved to a residential treatment center named NORTHWEST PASSAGE RIVERSIDE in the middle of the woods for about 2 years.

Their facility is based on helping youth overcome trauma with therapy and nature.

it seemed as if it wasn't working until I was going on a hike with my camera I accidentally stepped garter snake so I brought it back to the house it was alive and it didn't bite me I brought it to the vet turns out it had many broken bones that eventually got fixed.

then about 1 week released it back into the wood after I went to my room and was thinking about how even though it knows that I'm the one that hurt it still let me hold t a sign of forgiveness then decided to start writing letters to my mom and forgave her and I started getting better now I am better and I'm going to use my story to encourage others.

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People say I think to much

the new form of protest is not signs its knowledge

this is a poem

kamala or trump

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Provocative thoughts? Orwhat

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love is my drug but i cant find a dealer

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where did all the Nazis come from?they didn't

something feels off about the way we live

Listen to them rhyme then figure out the words

forever in stone

a lame attempt to catch the moon

war...war never changes

wars between worlds

Throw a rock it sinks or floats tie a rock around my throat in the water here go sorry god but devil wins in this life that never gives,...

ORPHANS WE SAVE

We put them on the cross
a crucifixion craze
Then we cut their tongues off
Listen to their screams of pain
Orphans don't deserve to talk
So id like to keep it that way
Cut there heads off
Wrapped in bed cloth
With a swipe of my blade
The blood was spilled
Promise fulfilled
Now our sins are repaid
Were saved.

result of my actions

Halfway of darkness
Windows of light
Its when I try to live
When they all want to fight
Its when I try to sleep
when they turn on all the lights
It's when I try to speak
When the choir ignites
When I try to swim
Is when they pelt the rocks
When all want is silence
Is when they start to talk
When all I need is Is someone to hold
is when they all leave me broken and alone

winning at a cost

I look at the news and at all of the death
will I live tomorrow or will be next
They stab their children there sick in their head
Listening to gunshots as I go to bed
I try not to think my brain starts to rot
But the people we know they'll never stop
They take out a family they cut their lives off
They think that they win if they make sure we lost
Leaving the people the families distraught
Congratulations you won you won at what cost

EARTH WE HATE

We live on you you keep us safe
We tear you up we rip your face
You give us food you give us life
And yet we humans still decide
To burn you down to kill your soul
Our hearts are black like our burning coal
Which we use to carve a hole
Through the thing that we call home
And if we stop it may just do
But if we don't there's no more me
and no more you

Pain for one please

as I look at my wrist at the pain I once had
the belt the beating from both mom and dad
then I became numb did not want to feel
my sleep-deprived self didn't know what was real
my last hope was that they would bring me in
so I went into the closet and I pulled out a pin
I stabbed it in then with force I pulled it back
next thing i know it all went black
they looked at my wrist and my legs and arms
and they could see the ways I've been harmed
I got taken away was finally free
free without a family

Why

A foundation of envy
Will lead a house to fall
If no flag to hang
Why need a flag pole thats tall
Why write a story
In a note book with no pages
Why leave the door open
but still keep them in there cages
Why teach on a topic
where there's nothing to learn
Why try to plant some grass
Where theres already some ferns
Why try to plant a seed
When your surrounded by stone
Why make a basket
When there is nothing to hold
Why try to tell a story
When theres nothing to be told

WITH A BANG

soaked myself in gasoline
Surrounded by propane
In my pocket are the matches
Insanity inside my brain
Even if the families sleeping
I tired of things That are keeping
me up like its cocaine
I grab the match
I hold it still
With my last breath i sang
For the whole house to here
Let's go out with a bang

You don't know yet

You've never been dirty
Unless you've been clean
Like talking about colors to
Someone who's never seen
You don't know what fear is
Unless you've been brave
You don't know what living is
Unless you've seen decay
You don't know what night is
Unless you've seen day
You don't know what love is
Unless you've felt hate

The crave of the attention

The crave of attention
You try to run you try to hide
From the grief you keep inside
You would rather run than face it
You not sure you want to erase it
The grief is the reason you can cry
And every body will turn their eyes
You crave the attention all eyes on you
You crave it so you look so blue
There always caring about you
But losing friendships as you do
Your victim role to gain the rush
Taking advantage that they care so much
You don't think they're affected by this
Until the day where there's no care to give
Your sad and sick mental from the withdrawal
Then they get blamed for your fall
You can either choose to tell the truth
Or you can win and the one who cared lose

SR/U

They take their children
Destroy there town
Send the bombs to be rained down
Cut them off
Take their food
Starve them al
Turn their city into ruins
Disaster on the news
only 2 ways this can end
And it's not us who will choose

bankrupt

you can have the answer to every riddle
know exactly what to do and exactly when to do it
but without love you are nothing
you could be able to tell the earth to jump and it obeys
tell the waters to calm and they listen
still with no love you are empty
you could lead the world to greatness with a righteous soul
and have a silver tong with words of unending wisdom
but without love you have nothing
no matter what you say
no matter what you do
you are bankrupt without love

psychopathic conversations

"I AM THE ONE WHO CLEANSSES THE EVIL
DO NOT BE AFRAID FOR THIS IS GOOD"

The voices speak to me loudly
telling me to do things I do not approve of
Do I listen...

"YES YOU DO"

For I am afraid of my life

"Why do you torment me"

"I DO NO SUCH THING ASK WHY DO YOU TORMENT YOURSELF?"

"I don't want to be like this"

"BUT YOU HAVE TO"

"But I have to"

"YES"

"This is not right why won't you go"

"WHY I CAN'T GO I'M YOU, IT'S A SHAME SO INNOCENT SO BLIND YOU AND ME WE ARE
THE SAME THING YOU JUST REFUSE TO REALIZE.... ONE DAY YOU WILL AND IT WILL ALL
MAKE SENCE"

"no I'm not you, I'm not a killer I'm not crazy"

"THERE IS NO POINT IN RESISTING YOU WILL FALL ASTRAY SOON ENOUGH"

What's wrong with me want to go back please go away, please

What did I do to deserve this I'm a good person please just go"

"FOOLISH BEING, I AM YOU I CANT GO....UNLESS YOU GO

I ONLY STAY BECAUSE YOU STAY

I ONLY TALK BECAUSE YOU TALK"

'I need some air' says you as you open the window'

"YES GAZE UPON THE DIRTY PEOPLE MABEY THEN YOU WILL REALIZE WHAT'S IN STORE
FOR YOU"

"I won't let you control me"

"SO YOUNG BLINDED I AM YOU I CONTROL YOU.

I AM MERELY PLAYING WITH YOU YOU ARE MY PHYCOLOGICAL TOY

I COULD MAKE YOU JUMP AT MY WILL BUT I DON'T AM I STILL EVIL"

Then you jump as you scream

THE BLOOD SHALL SPILL "

The impact to the ground then it goes black

You wake up in a chair at a long table the room poorly lit

Then at the other end, a horrifying figure appears

You are terrified frozen in shock'

"PEOPLE ARE USUALLY AFRAID OF THEMSELVES

ACTUALLY, MOST PEOPLE NEVER GET TO MEET THEM SELFS.....

SO I'M GLAD WE GET TO MEET IN PERSON

I WAS HOPING YOU COULD BE ALIVE WHEN I DID

BUT WITH THAT BEHIND US

WE ARE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST OF TIME"

has to die

The anchor of the ship
The barrel of the gun
They are all running
But they don't know what from
Beating hearts
A rhythm of drums
This is what we have become
A sound wave of silence
A blank round
misfired shot
Can hit the crowd and kill a lot
Whether its on purpose
Or whether I even try
To satisfy my lust someone has to die

INSANE

Numb my heart
Take my pain
In this life
You're to blame
For the broken
For the rain
For the things
I Can't explain
For the evil in my veins
Even if you don't pertain
you're the illness in my brain
Hurts so much
Yet numbs the pain
Darlin, I will die insane.

THIS IS NOT A DRILL

The time has come, the blood must spill
I must repeat this is not a drill
the child cries and won't stop until
the guilty and the innocent has been killed
they body up the bags for the body shall not rot
but when their face is covered their sacrifice is forgot
I won't tell anybody nor do I intend to stop
so as I sang a BANG BANG BANG that's when the body's drop
as I hover on your doorstep ringing the doorbell
I can hear the demons calling out from their burning pits in a hell
but don't be scared just be prepared there's a place for you as well
even though I've dammed your soul you probably shouldn't tell

The evaluation of our world

The rasing seas
The stock market fall blindly we are part of it all
The war that we fight is a war that is small
When the battle is in your self after all
You look around and what do you see
I see hate gun violence and greed
I look at the word which I "BELIEVED"
Could be better could be something
The death toll rises our people crawl
Because then we won't bruise when we fall
The anger the greed the death the hate
Is what I evaluate

DOES NOTHING LAST FOREVER?

You and me
We were free
We loved each other
Endlessly
I was broken
You could see
That is when you left me
I pulled myself up
without your help
And when I got up
I was by myself
I saw you I looked you into your eyes
Then I saw what you had left behind
The bitter nights
of which you cried
But who was there,
me by your side
I loved you
Guess love is blind
I cared for you
But that's alright
I now realize
that I never needed you
Because without help, all by myself
I got past what you put me through
Now on the nights I think of you
I know my life is better
But it doesn't stop
The dreadful thought
Does nothing last forever?

WW1

As the parties rise, They go for the youth
They tell them lies, they take it as truth
Manipulate the children so they salute
And the one they hail is a genocidal brute
The invasion begins and so does the death
They cannot be at fault so they name a pest
The order is now to eliminate
Enslave the town obliterate
After that, we hide away
We need time to configurate
A battle plan against the border
We need suffering to have an order
The shipments here time to take admission
We give a numbered tattoo as a new addition
The soldiers' feeble shallow minds
Carrying pills of cyanide
The slaves dig graves for them selfs and their friends
Eating wood shaving pancakes and arsenic blend
The burning piles of flesh and bones
The pale grey sky murderous tones
The noose on the neck as the others watch
the floor is moved his vitals drop
Blood drips on the man's tavern rags
Throw his body in a pile forget about bags
The books that are read are chosen by me
Can't have anybody realizing there not free
I ban the news and then make my own
A nazi radio in every home
"We have food to eat" then go ask my mother
"Nobody has died" so then where is my brother
They manipulate till they salute
But towards his own head was the way he shoots

the kids have guns

The kids have guns
What do they do
They argue on tv
Gain publicity from their political views
They say they feel the pain we do
but why does that never show through
Can't stop it by making it illegal
Because that does not stop anyone
From carrying a ar 15 with a barrel drum
In to a public place
And giving all there a new face
Evil in in the human race
It's not up to us to erase
Just to forgive our own mistakes

Greed

We bow on our knees
To a self-proclaimed king
With shallow minds and broken hearts
Out in shame is how we sing
We give our valuables
Just because we were told
We give them our life our wine and our gold
Weeping like the willow
Running like the steed
You are a victim of your own creation
You have sold yourself to greed

drifting at sea

peacefully I drift at sea
on a raft, I built for me
I set sail a long time ago
not knowing where I might just go
the journey is long and it may be longer
the wind is strong but I've seen stronger
still, I'm drifting in the sea
have nowhere to go have nowhere to be
as I sit I tend to dream
and as I sit I tend to think
the people and the memories
that is when my raft, it sinks

lost child

his childhood was stripped from him
not just that but his home
the candle light is growing dim
because now he is alone
no family to which he can run
no one calls him or his phone
he knows he's lost and knows he's done
slowly turning into bones
the story is sad but the story is true
you can choose to believe
but just to be honest with you
that lost child is me

the tortured poet

This morning I woke up in a daze
Depressed and unstable my life a foggy haze
Can I bring myself to tell them what's really going on
Or do I remain a tortured poet just me and my songs
I'm nearing the pit that I'm bound to fall in
If it's not for the better then it is for my sins
in my future I see nothing in my past I see the pain
In the end, I'm stuck playing a losing game
Mr.apocalypse knows what It is
because he and I are the same

spiritual experience

Today i had an experience
Hard to say just what it was
Would say I felt my consciousness
Was lingering above
I could feel it right above my head
My body felt a high
Not the kind of high when you smoke weed
Still too hard to describe
It was definitely a good thing
My body felt quite light
Filled with things i hope to see again
Tranquility and insight

Demons

"The people there evil "

"The people there evil"

It stuck on a loop in my head

Beelzebub tells me to do what I'm told

I am told they deserve to be dead

"The people are evil"

"Their minds are all feeble"

Again and again and again

Adrammelech tells me to let go of control

So he can be free once again

"The people are evil"

"There are not your equal"

I know they're lost and they're scared

Ziminiar tells me to attack now

Otherwise, they will be prepared

can you understand me

Most people love this time of the year
I don't for me its a time full of tears
I listen to the people say what they will do
While I'm stuck all alone in a home for the youth
Who have never had somebody even the kids here they go
To the family that they have while I'm here all alone
They eat fine dinners with their grandmas while my grandma is dead
Visit home with their parents get to sleep in their bed
As a 16-year-old it is not my first year
that I have been all alone it's just me and my fears
Thanksgiving is just sad as I start to recollect
All the beating that I had, the abuse the neglect
Then comes Christmas and it starts to get bad
I recall all the families and the hope that I had
But nothing lasts forever I have found that to be true
Because in the end it just pretend and they never show through
No, I don't ask for sympathy no I don't ask for much
Because now what I long for is a thing that's called love
No longer want any toys and no longer wish to have a home
Now I see all I want is not to be alone
But I am it won't change so at night is when I roam
In my mind, while I find the words for my poems

lost in time

the gears are turning
and now you are learning
all your memories
are returning

a pain unending
while your pretending
that it's not there
it's hidden away

but to meet it
you must first defeat it
then to face it
then to treat it

and it may happen once again
I must try to make amends
take a map then try to find
all the answers lost in time

i saw a child

I saw a baby in a cradle,as I'm walking down the hall
I look at that kid with sadness they look at it filled with awe
because that baby doesn't know what he will have to face at all
they can see what is the now,I can see of what can be
now that child will see the sadness that he does not want to see
maybe turn into a person that he doesn't want to be
that kid may turn out fine looks like has a family
but you never know what life may hold its all just gambling

my brothers skateboard

saw my brother's board was shitty so I gave him my old board
sometimes people in your life are better not to be ignored
and my little brother can't get a board that he can't afford
and the plastic trucks that he rides on is his first and last resort

with my rhymes i am greater

I can see but the mass is blinded
I can hear the sound of sirens
can you hear them do you fear them
coming closer to your eardrum
I'm a free mind, unmanipulated
but for most their minds sedated
and I'm hated by the powers
because at their feet I do not cower
I'm an outlaw of this time
I tell my story with my rhymes

what is life you ask well I tell you what it is

what is life you ask well I tell you what it is
it is a thing that we have its a thing that we give
it's a thing that we make and that some take away
it is given when you're born and it is taken at your grave
I've said whats in the start in the end, not in between
because that's always different like the peasant and the queen
I can tell you from my life that it can always be worse
I can also say the life you live now is not your first
you can hear what I say and decide if it's true
so when you ask "what is life" well that's all up to you

dimmer my light gets

What changed in me for my light is gone my poems used to spew
Now i can't think of what to write or what even to do
I struggle on each sentence thinking what am i to write
Already told the ones who read the pain i feel at night
Already wrote the books on life's pain and its despair
The lyrics would just come to me i'd grab them out the air
I've written about the world and the horrors that i see
I've written about the things that keep me up and take my dreams
I've written about the shootings and the constant tick of time
I've written for the orphans about the wars and about the crimes
I've written about the all anger the frustration and the hate
I've written what's in side my mind the things i should not say
Its seems that my writing mind is here, its here but not to stay

the smell of death and the taste of salt

nothing but the smell of death and the taste of salt
as tears drip down your cheek and blood down your forehead
the grit of dust grinding against your teeth
in the distance you can hear bombs then screams then more bombs
the sounds of pain sweeping the streets as mothers cry
surrounded by collapsed buildings and broken concrete
not even the birds sing anymore

flowers without light are flowers that dont grow

I'm always feeling lost i don't know what to do
I wander around endlessly and still i have no clue

I have nowhere to be and nowhere to go to
In my head the fear consumes well you know who

I am afraid of my future and what i might become
Afraid of my past and the things i have done

I can't seem to move forward because im scared of change
Every day of wondering just feels more the same

Lost as ever i travel my own mind
Thinking that i can leave my real life behind

I want to become something i really wish i can
But the reality of my mind is something i can't stand

I want to live a dream a dream that i've always had
But i know inside myself that it is something i can't have

What will become of me is something i don't know
But flowers without light are flowers that don't grow

to suffer just to suffer

if you said that you would like to follow down my path
a path of pain a path of sorrow i know that i would laugh

who would want to suffer? just to suffer? just for fun?
but if you think your tougher then the sufferings begun

dont be afraid to follow if the sufferings for you
but to suffer just to suffer means the sufferings not true

ink stains hurt brains

im tired of living and living inside my brain

ink is just like the trauma you wash it but still leave stains

and stains are just like memories that dont wash down the drain

and memories are just thoughts that keep me wishing for the day

that my mind just stops talking and there is nothing left to say

the only way to truley get that ink to go away

is to know that it is hopeless and to throw the shirt away

wish i was happy

i look around, around at the world
dead on the ground, tears of a girl
what are we now, what we've become
head in the clouds, im feeling numb

wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy

down comes the rain, there goes the sun
a world full of pain, kids cant have fun
just an ink stain, no washing away
feeling more plain, day after day

wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy

my heart is grey, so is my skin
state of decay, heart full of sin
running away, from everyone else
but also afraid, afraid of my self

wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy
wish i was happy

i see them clapping ,i see the bombs
im doing nothing, but writeing these songs
wish i was happy, wishing is dumb
if i wished for something, it would be a gun

wish i was.....happy

it is not all just sad and gloomy

from what i what i write you probably think my life is sad and dark
that i never leave my room or go walking in the park
my life is not all sad and rain i speak on what i know
i know a lot of bad and pain but rain is what helps grow
i speak online of what i know because you have no name
my life is just a tv show a tv show of shame
no face to put on to my work no way that you could find
that when i put the keyboard down im really pretty kind
i do not bring my dark to life i just bring it to you
and inside my life i only show this to a tiny few
dont want too keep these feelings down dont want dry them out
these are things that others just dont want to talk about
my life is not all sad and gloomy i swear that this is true
but dark is what you know of me and i do not know you

guess what this poem is?

yes its me here in the flesh standing here up tall
on the thin ice of what is life just a brick in the wall

the happiest days of are lifes are over now it is part 2
saying goodbye to my mother and goodbye blue sky to you

inside my head are empty spaces inside my mind i trust
a child that has been with withheld a child with young lust

its one of my turns in the game of life and in the end i bow
im screaming at the top of my lungs please dont leave me now

now its it over and i thank god now it is part 3
goodbye cruel world is next and now i am finally free

i hear them scream hey you from across the hall
i ask is there is anybody out there anyone at all

i look and see nobodys home what a shame
i said vera lynn but no one knows that name

i just want to bring the boys back home but what can i even do
comfortably numb the show must go on at least theres no part 2

hey its me in the flesh? i hope that you can tell
yes its me here in the flesh you better run like hell

i am here waiting for the worms for the worms to eat
they can tell me to stop but i will not see defeat

now i am here sitting in the hall waiting for the trial
now im am outside the wall havent been here in a while

the magic pill

does it feel like it is to much, to much for you to handle
took a wish upon a star or wished upon a candle

have you ever been down on your luck, has life made you feel blue
well worry no more cuz what i have in store is just the thing for you

just put aside your morals and all that youve been told
just put aside your dignity and the thought you will grow old

just let me take your hand and then let your mind be still
now just grab a glass of water and now take this magic pill

does this make it all feel small, are you starting to feel good
i forgot to tell you cant stop even if you wish you could

i know you hated everything and wished your life would end
just wait until this magic pill becomes your magic friend

im done being politicaly correct

all you need is one good freind
go and get some heroin
my uncle said to play pretend
get punished by the reverend

i would like to stay dark but its time for some humor
as dark as a child whos fighting a tumor
dont mean to offend you but still i wont protect
your mind from the things that arent politicaly correct

its time for the world to grow up and get real
stop basing the world on the way that you feel
what you feel does not matter as a matter of fact
stop complaining, your life is not under attack

go ahead and do what you want with your life
but dont be afraid of that fact i am white
hate the constant stupidity of the left and the right
they want blacks and whites to just get into fights

i get afraid to say the things that i think even if its true
to get all the labels and then get attacked by both the red and blue
they want us divided so we will think the enemy is one another
what want us to think in black and white and not in sister and brother

no im not politicly correct and i will never be
to control my thought is what they want
and thats not being free

IM NOT ALONE INSIDE MY HEAD

im not alone inside my head
sit on a throne thats sits on dead
i know im grown im seeing red
im not alone inside my head

you feel the weight i feel it too
no food no plate it eats right through
i cant escape the words they sting
inside my head the voices ring

take off that mask take off your clothes
its time for you to be exsposed
rip down the wall get out that room
of children singing songs of doom

dont let it take your breath away
forget the pain of yesterday
lay down your guns lay down your mind
dont try to find whats left behind

i know you feel the way i do
if this is real then what are you
dont try to know is what it said
im not alone inside my head

A short goodbye

I will be gone for a while farewell
Not because of anything bad
I will come back and I will tell
You bout all the fun I had

Stop running please

Tell me what your trying to find
Go away and waste some time
Everything is all alright
Just wait and you'll see

Say you don't see the light
Maybe you don't need to find
Any thing at all
But that's just me

You say you see darkness and say that your lost
You say that your running but then never stop
I know that it's hard and that you have forgot
The silent approach of the ticks of a clock

You say all these things, you say your afraid
But you've never changed, todays not the day
Your running around but you're running in place
You run and you run but you cannot escape

You need to stop hiding, what are you becoming
You don't want to change, you just want a numbing
You don't want the truth, the truth it is stunning
There's nothing to chase, but still you keep running

I just want to know, to know if it working
If you reep what you, so does it stop all the hurting
Your running around but as broken as ever
I've asked you to stop but afraid you will never

It's not a battle

It's not a battle of him or I, of win or die

It's a battle that you synthesize, inside your mind

Wellcome to the 5:00 news

wellcome to the news on your local channel 4
We have death and shootings all that and more
And Also there's a store that will open next door
if they say that we lie, that idea you ignore

You better keep watching, you better not blink
It's the time of the day you get told what to think
It's okay to drink what is under the sink
Then erase what we say like it's dry erase ink

Your local program to program your mind
Don't think for your self, it's okay to be blind
Each story reels you in, like a fish on a line
And just know when we catch you, your mind will be mine

No thought of your own ,the words are like code
How can speech be free, if the speech is then sold
And letters of doom on the bottom in bold
And the weather man says if its hot or it's cold

We did not forget bout the blood and the gore
Or to blame all the issues on blacks and the poor
We got shootings and death we got all that and more
All brought to you by your local channel 4

just turned 18

i cant smoke i cant drink ,still get told what i should think
cant do that but i am still, old enough that i can kill
and get consensually get taken advantage of by a divorced milf
what a lucky day

its a choice

tell me bout your issues
tell me your sad
let me get the tissues
tell me bout the life you had

tell me bout your problems
think it'll set you free
i will never solve em
cuz that job just ain't for me

you can cry and cry
but nothing will ever change
sit around in side your pain
and it will stay the same

say you got depression
i say you got a choice
just a little change
can go and make a lot of noise

say that im am wrong
say that i just lied
depressions not a choice
but then again you never tried

wake up in the morning
then just go outside
dont change the way you live
and that will be the way you die

think that i am wrong
full of ignorance
im just saying shit

that you won't get told by your friends

theres only one issue

its inside yourself

you can think that its not a choice

or you can choose to go get well

i will admit that some cannot

produce chemicals in the brain

but 99% they can

they just enjoy the constant pain

you can say im wrong

you can say that i just i lied

say its not a choice

but then again you never tried

I

what should i write about

i don't know what i should say or write
please give me something in the comments
i dont want it to be simple
i want to write about the issues and problems of the world
i just ran out of problems to write about lol

you make it what you decide it to be

don't be afraid of what to make
when after all were all mistakes
I'm only here because of chance
your only here because of fate

and when what you make is done
its your head of which its from
so you decide of what to think
therefore decide what its become

the train is coming choooooo choooooo

do you see the train coming
the clicks and the clacks
the ground slightly shaking
as it glides on the tracks

do you see the train coming
as you stand in the way
now grown up you are dreaming
of your childhood play

do you see the train coming
and how hard it will hit
to focused on the the media
while in your face there is spit

do you see the train coming
do you even know at all
do you think what you've been told
are you ready for the call

do you see the train coming
coming faster as we wait
you sit around inside your mind
until it is to late

i can see the train coming
i would rather not be blind
but the train is coming faster
till the train comes right on time

nothing lasts forever

the leaves turn yellow as i look through the glass
and the green fades away as a sign of the past
i have been told to not put faith into things that don't last
so i don't put faith in anything, even time it will pass

People say I think to much

people say i think to much
they want me to think small
is it that i think to much?
or you dont think at all

the new form of protest is not signs its knowledge

the riots are inciting
don't you get tired of fighting
sounds of bullets sure are freighting
are they not

your protest and your booing
what else are you pursuing
you can fight and fight and fight
but today things never change

your protest is as useless
as eating rocks while toothless
the government is ruthless
things dont change

you don't have to go to college
to know that the new protest in knowledge
so quit sitting on that corner
with that sign

this is a poem

this is a poem without meaning
whatever that may mean
but that's a thought right there
so it is somewhere in between

this is a poem without purpose
this is a poem that is not
and with every word i write
it is replaced with pointless thought

this is a poem that is nothing
just a few words for each line
just a poem without meaning
but what's a poem without rhyme

this poem does not mean anything
just some words for eyes to wander
this is a poem without a point
or a thought for you to ponder

kamala or trump

you buy a sign for your lawn
put it firmly in the ground
tell the world who you support
but i will not make a sound

today is the day to vote
red or blue until your purple
vote through logic or for spite
the world still runs in circles

hate thrown from every angle
and thrown from every view
not one person is at fault
except for me and you

i don't play games with smear campaigns
or play with pointing fingers
both sides claim to have no hate
then why does anger linger

virtue signaling is the name of the game
at fault is not who i support
the other side is the one to blame
because im such a good guy of course

people caught up on left and right
i am bewildered by the insanity
does not matter if its left or right
i still don't see humanity

so when you go and vote today
to vote for who is better
the fight that you willingly indulge

will surely last forever

i

2 birds in a cage

I'm tired of watching 2 birds in a cage
sing squawk and beak at each other
you refuse to fly away from your cage
because you love your cage

your 2 birds in a cage
one is red and one is blue
you just want that battle
that feeds your ego

because your so much better than the other
so much smarter than the other
but when you take a step back
you realize your not so different

you are both idiots who choose to be in a cage

i can never be alone

listening to the music
all the music in my brain
i could never lose it
because I've always been insane

you think you have nobody
knock and see nobody's home
i have the voice inside my head ,instead
so I'm never alone

i could know all truth and still have no meaning

look into the sky and i see the stars
look into my head, and I'm daisy dreaming
i could go a hundred thousand miles
figure out the truths, but still have no meaning

i could know all truth and know all lie
talk about them all, till I'm barely breathing
i could know the reason were alive
still all i would have, is an empty feeling

Treat me like a human

Treat me like a human
Cuz a human is what I am
Don't get tangled in the past
I know it's hard to understand

Don't let your thoughts cloud
Over what I really am
I swear I tried to help
I just do what I can

Don't put faith into things that will never last
But still treat me like a human because I'm more than "your past"
Nothing was ever broken so don't put it in a cast
I'm not your lover just your freind so chill out and relax

I vanished into thin air that I say is true
But do not say I looked away from what he did to you
I told you many many times just to walk away
I do what I can because I'm just one man and that's all I can say

if i had a heart

if i had a heart
i would rip it out my chest
tear it into tiny pieces
until there is nothing left

if i had i heart
i would throw my heart away
maybe keep it in a box
bring it out on rainy days

if i had a heart
i would listen to the beat
i would sit in utter silence
just to hear the moving meat

if i had a heart
i would ask for it to stop
it would be awfully hard to sleep
with the constant thump and pop

if i had a heart
i would ask it how it feels
feeling must come from the heart
with all the thought it steals

if i had a heart
i would give my heart away
don't see the need to have a heart
when i much prefer my brain

i need you baby

baby don't leave, you know that i need you
to yell and scream at then at night i will beat you

i need you so much and i hope that you know
i have no power in my life so i use yours to have control

baby i need you, you know that its true
who else would i beat if i didn't have you

baby don't leave me remember my gifts
i would beat you till your bloody but then heal you with a kiss

baby how could you treat me this way
i show you constant love day after day

WHY ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY

Provocative thoughts? Orwhat

Tell me to stop but it's not
All these provocative thoughts
To afraid to stray away
From what was taught as a tot

I'm turning lead into gold
Just in your head and your soul
You really don't need any saving
Just get your mind in control

Indoctrination from birth
Is revelation at first
But then you meet someone like me
And your like "man he's the worst"

The mighty man of death

Becoming even more tired of this broken Life
Wishing for the man with a cloak and a scythe
Softly spoken songs till he slowly steals my breath
I sit here and I wait for the mighty man of death

love is my drug but i cant find a dealer

love is the drug trying to find
all the broken pieces that were left behind
everybody's living for the after life
and i cant seem to find any tears to cry

and when the future comes and I'm a memory
can you promise that you will remember me
and to all your feeling you are dismembering
and to all of the thoughts you are surrendering

tell me what its meant to be
and i sing all my poems to a melody
i saw something i wasn't meant to see
and now i spend my time living mentally

love is my drug that i cant find
and i wont stand in front or stand behind
and im on my way to the finish line
now its time for your song cuz i finished mine

be thankful

be thankful for the light that comes from the sun
and be thankful for the things that are already done
be thankful for the people that each day you speak
be thankful for the taste of the food you eat

be thankful for time
be thankful for love
be thankful for the people that make you feel like your enough

be thankful for the moon
be thankful for the sun
be thankful that you have the choice to choose what you become

be thankful for the life
the life that you can live
be thankful for the gifts
the gifts that you can give

be thankful for the gifts you get
and make that feeling last
be even more thankful
for what you already have

Wishing without ambition

You sit there wishing
With no ambition
Filled with indecision
You don't have a vision
Only 2 decisions
Get a job or go to prison
Its the life were livin
Where there's nothin given

Random thoughts

Say your needing me to be
Something that I'm not
Cuz I'm easily deceived
Covering my face
When I say I need to breathe
Every single day
Chang the things that were believed

And these things that don't change
The future always coming
But the past will stay the same
Say you have my heart
But my hearts not yours to claim
Love falling apart
In the start and ends in vain

Please say its not true
My thought
Is shot through
Forgot
Its not you

poetry the gateway drug

started as a thought
then to a jot
quick write it down
just in case i forgot

tiny bursts of skill
and having time to kill
the "maybe i can" thought
to maybe i can still

a mind full of rage
i took out on the page
the writing is calmer
the more that ive aged

writing came along
emotions came out strong
then the "maybe i can"
put these words to a song

the melody and tones
hidden in my poems
became my foundation
vibration in bones

into the hole i dug
get a dose from the plug
i have moved on
to a much harder drug

victim

i dont look for a victim cuz the victim is me
a victim as much as a victim can be
Oppressor plan A and a victim plan B
a victim as much as a victim cant breath
a victim until no one else can stand me
until i feel like someone else has dammed me
i am a victim so i cant be anti
IM A FUCKING VICTIM DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME...

where did all the Nazis come from?they didn't

stay way from danger and away from all calamity
do it for world or just do it for your sanity
misses always perfect living life inside her vanity
have a heart attack at the sound of a profanity

being all the same is not what we were born to be
Nazis are the people we were fighting back in Normandy
tell me what did happen to believing things just normally

i will tell you what is Nazi and its called social conformity

do as i say or i label you a criminal
say i don't hate but my hating in subliminal
say i spread love but my love is quite conditional
hey lets make race something else that is political

have a conversation without a "Nazi" or a "fag"
political opinions are not something which you brag
the sickening decent of which we take it makes me gag
judge by the content of their character not by color of their flag

something feels off about the way we live

something feels off about the way we live
we lost the touch of a human being
loving is lost and negotiate none
was all lost onto the screen

something feels off about the way we live
when the world makes me feel so afraid
Mabey its just the way things were
or Mabey the way i was raised

something feels off about the way we live
the world just seems to move fast
I'm only 18 a with my face in a screen
and I'm writing to those who look back

something feel off about the way we live
the striking need to have order
don't know if its fine was born at a time
with a a camera on every corner

something feels off about the way we live
at least from the things ive been told
stories of fun with a bb gun
and the Doller was still worth some gold

something feel off bout the way we live
but i don't know any other way
all i can do is imagine through you
when you say "back in my day"

something feels off about the way we live
so separate in aspect of life
a world so afraid how things could have changed

from going to school with a knife

something feels off about the way we live

a heavy distaste for the youth

i was not alive to call this a lie

or to call it a truth

something feels off about the way we live

to text from writing a letter

i don't not know because i am not old

and Mabey i just don't know better

i do know better

Listen to them rhyme then figure out the words

Listen to the rhyme then figure out the words
and maybe leave behind the stories you have heard
and look into the sky and tell me what you hear
then look into your mind and let it disappear

The wounds that you have had have vanquished off your skin
In the battles that you have were never meant to win
Not go in search out what you were not meant to seek
Whether body of the mind or the thinking of the meat

Singing songs of death without words and without voice
Would you take your final breath if it ended up a choice
Picking all the pieces of your godhood out defeat
While they're picking all the pieces of your body out the street

forever in stone

stories told by mouth
will slowly shift and mold
and slowly lose the meaning
or the reason they've been told
words will last forever
if the words are read and known
so let the words I've written
be forever etched in stone

a lame attempt to catch the moon

distant shadows stars colliding
i found where the moon is hiding
to the left quick try to get it
no your left man just forget it

war...war never changes

shattered windows sounds of drums
this is what we have become
i see the death and try to run
all the while my brain is numb
and not just that so is my heart
from seeing body's torn apart
and all for what i cannot say
but still i wish to run away
and still i wish to see the day
... i will never see the day
when all the pain of yesterday
no longer plays inside my mind
and i can leave it all behind