

Anthology of Mads

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To those who also struggle with abuse, Depression, and PTSD.

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#107-Kept It A Secret

She was so happy,
She had the world in her hands.
She never thought it would end,
She even had the greatest best friend.
But then a day came,
A day full of regret,
A day that she will never ever forget...
The day when her innocence was ripped away.
The year she turned twelve,
Was the year she started to hate herself.
No one knew the reason why,
She would stay up every night and cry.
She thought she was no longer worth anything,
They still didn't know what was even happening.
She kept it a secret for who knows how long,
Until she finally realized,
What she was doing was wrong.
She ended up having to face the facts,
That she would never be able to get her old life back.

#85-I'm Already Dead

My heart hurts so much,
I think it's gonna jump straight outta my chest.
How the Hell did I get into this fucking mess!?
I'm so pathetic,
I just want to die.
They have freedom,
So why can't I?
I'm stuck in a deep, dark hole,
And it's as dark as my soul...
They say that I'm strong,
But I'm barely even holding on.
I'm so tired of it all,
Why won't they just let me fall?
They say that they'll care if I die,
But can't they see it in my eyes?
I'm already dead...

#138-Welcome to MY life

Welcome to my life,
Where all the clouds are grey,
And nobody cares about what you have to say.
Where your heart's always in pain,
And they just label you "insane".
Where you're left to sit and think,
'Til you're scared to even blink.
Where love becomes torture,
And you can never be so sure.
Where nobody ever trusts you,
Because of the littlest things you do...
If **you** wanted to die,
They'd probably think it's a lie,
But welcome to **my** life,
Where they'd actually hand you the knife...

#120-Just A Girl

She's just a girl...
A girl who acts tough,
But let's people get a little too rough.
A girl who loves music,
Mostly just James Bay and Coldplay.
A girl who's good at talking shit,
But will cry if you're the one saying it.
A girl who loves her best friend,
But, too often, thinks about how it'll all end.
Not a lot of people know,
All the shit she's going through,
And, sadly, still only a few do.
She's a girl who doesn't believe the compliments she gets,
Because she thinks it's always based on bets.
She's a girl who has lost so much,
And she's scared to even be touched.
She's given up on covering her scars,
And her eyes no longer shine like stars.
The old her is buried deep inside her soul,
And she's just waiting for it all to unfold...

#34-Nobody Truly Knows (story)

Nobody truly knows how far I will actually go, just to have someone like me. I will do whatever, be whoever, and go wherever they want. I look for people's approval because I have never approved of myself. A lot of people usually date me or are my friend just because they feel sorry for me. That's not what I want, but it seems that, that's the only way I can get friends lately. I get stared down by people literally EVERYWHERE I go. I'm so fuckin tired of it! I feel like an animal in a cage and my purpose is to entertain the crowd. What kind of sick world am I living in!? People call me ugly, fat, worthless, a slut, and sadly that's not even half of it. I understand it's hard to look away, but don't be fake with me. I'm not stupid... I know I'm not the type of friend that a lot of people want but I can't ever tell who my real friends are these days...

It's hard not being able to let people in, not being able to trust anyone. They don't care about my personality or who I am on the inside, just what I'll be able to give them. I guess I understand because I wouldn't want to be my friend either. I'm always depressed, boring, annoying, and a waste of people's time. I'm definitely *different*... Nobody truly knows what I think of myself... When I look in the mirror, I see a girl who has no idea of what's going to happen to her. A girl who's so sensitive and scared of friends, of family, but mostly of herself. The scars on her arms shows her what she's capable of doing to herself. But that's not what scares her. What really scares her is, that something bad is going to happen to her again and she'll want to hurt herself more than ever before. No matter how good life is going, it can go so bad, so fast. Sometimes I wish I could put life on pause and embrace the good moments because I don't have a lot of them...

#123-Finding Myself (for BRIAN and JOHN)

When I act different they say,
"You're not acting like yourself,"
But how the hell do they know?
I **REFUSE** to be what people expect me to be.
I'm trying to find myself,
And I still don't know who I am yet.
But everyone should just stop!
I'm not going to reach your expectations,
And, honestly, I'm not even going to try to.
FUCK YOUR EXPECTATIONS!!!
I'm going to be whoever I want to be.
The only 3 people I'm trying to impress,
Are me, myself, and I.
So don't tell me you're disappointed in me,
Because I'm not trying to please you.
I'm gonna be the best me I can be!
And I'm not gonna stop until I'm happy.
So hate on me all you want,
I don't mind.
But, just know that, I'm no longer listening.

#122-N'll Be Gone

When I do finally decide to end my life,
I probably won't use a sharp knife.
You never pay attention to my frown,
So don't pay attention when I finally drown...
Don't try to find someone to blame,
Because it was never meant to be a game.
I would've done it because I wanted to,
I've tried so hard to forget all that I've been through.
It's gotten to the point,
Where I don't know what else to do.
I'm sorry if my death brings you pain,
But everyone knows I'm not very sane.
I've been broken for **years**,
And I've actually run out of tears.
I've been bringing so much smoke into my lungs,
So now my whole body feels numb.
I'm sorry if I ever said,
"I love you,"
Even though it was absolutely true,
Because, soon, I'll be gone...
I'm tired of living this nightmare,
Where my life is no longer fair.
It'll be okay, you'll see,
I'm just better off being **free**.

#128-Stupid Enough

If I were to leave,
Would you still wait for me?
Would I ever be on your mind,
Or would I just be a waste of time?
Is what they're saying true...
Should I just give up on you?
I was stupid enough,
To think that we'd last,
Even though I knew you'd leave,
When you found out about my past.
That's what they all do,
But I thought,
There was something different about you.
Turns out,
You're just like them...
Always playing pretend.
I was stupid enough,
To think you weren't wack,
And I was stupid enough,
To think I loved you back.

#146-They \"Never Meant To\"

I just don't get it,
How they can hurt me,
And find happiness in doing so.
They enjoy watching me fall apart,
And they enjoy breaking my fragile heart.
They enjoy seeing me sad,
Even when my situation is already bad.
Then when I die,
They're not gonna know what to do,
And they'll lie and say they never knew.
Even when I cry and and say,
That they hurt me,
They'll lie and say,
They "never meant to."
BULLSHIT!!!
They never meant to,
Laugh at me and push me around?
They never meant to,
Bring me up just so they could put me down?
They never meant to,
Spread those awful rumors about me?
They never meant to,
Tell me that I'd never be fucking free!?
Well guess what guys...
When I end up hurting YOU,
Just remember,
"I never meant to."

#142-I Like To Draw

I love to draw,
but on my arms,
I give it my all.
I never met anyone,
Who liked to draw like me.
Until I met my little brother,
And I found out that there were others.
Others who do what I do,
And I never even had a clue.
1st year of high school,
And I already looked like a fool.
I was "the girl with the scars,"
Whose eyes always shined like stars.
I walked into my 3rd class,
My eyes already glazed over,
Like newly cut glass.
I made one new friend,
But I guess she was just for pretend,
Because just like everyone else,
She ended up stabbing me in the back,
And having friends,
Ended up being something I lacked.
But then a boy called me over,
So I walked a little closer...
He looked at my arms and asked,
"What did you do?"
I said I liked to draw,
So he pulled up his sleeves and said,
"I do it too."
We shared the meaning behind our sick art,
And ended up realizing,
That the meanings were all so dark.
We shared our deepest secrets,
And trusted each other to keep it.
So, to this day,
We're doing okay...
Just like other humans,
We have setbacks too,
But no matter what,
We're still stuck together like glue!

#148-That's When It Happened

When I'd wake up by your side,
Your hair would be a mess,
But you would look up at me and smile.
Your snoring was like my lullaby,
And I never wanted to have to say goodbye...
You would hold me so tight to your body,
After we just did something so naughty.
But you never seemed to care,
I guess, because, you weren't scared.
You said you wanted a kid,
But I didn't know if I did.
I'm pretty sure that's when it happened...
That's when you no longer wanted me.
That's when you decided you were gonna leave.
That's when you started to move on,
And, to you, I was already gone.
When we were done,
I stopped having any fun.
Some days, I would hear police sirens,
And whenever I heard those sirens,
I would always look at your house,
To make sure you were safe...
Did you ever do that for me?
Did you even care enough to do that for me?
I don't think you did,
Because you moved away,
And I never saw you again...
So that's when it happened.
That's when I realized I meant **nothing** to you anymore.

#150-A Real Brother

I no longer believe him when he says,
"I'm sorry."
He hurt me in so many ways,
And I'm tired of taking the blame.
He was supposed to protect me!
He was supposed to care about me!
He was supposed to fucking love me!
But now...
I'm only scared of him.
They all make up excuses for him!
They say,
"Well, he's not as bad as he was before."
Or,
"He never meant to say those things to you."
Well, guess what?
I don't give a fuck if he meant it or not!
He said those things to me,
And there's no taking it all back!
Because, look at me now...
Having a **real** brother,
Is something I lack.

#141-If I Jump...

If I jump,
Will I finally be free?
If I jump,
Will they actually notice me?
If I jump,
I could lose something...
I could lose my best friend,
But...
It's not the fall that kills you,
It's always the ground at the end...

#151-I Thought

I hate that I still love you!
I thought if I left,
You would finally want me...
I thought if I left,
You would finally need me...
But you don't,
And that should be enough for me.
That should show me,
That you don't care about me,
But something in my head is telling me,
To hold onto you.
But, God, I really don't want to!
I thought if I left,
You would finally **love** me...
But, me leaving, didn't change anything.

#153-Just Maybe

Sure,
I'll paint my nails,
And do my hair,
Just so I can look pretty for you.
I'll put makeup on,
And wear nice clothes,
So that maybe, just maybe,
You'll actually notice me...
I hate knowing that you have no time for me,
And that you won't even make time for me.
What do I have to do to get your attention?
Who do I have to be?
And why can't I just be **me**?
I thought maybe, just maybe,
You'd miss having me around,
And me never letting you down.
Maybe, just maybe,
You'd fight to get me back.
But, I guess, having someone to love,
Is something you no longer lack...

#152-I Fought

I shouldn't have to apologize just for being alive.
Why do you deserve to live,
But I don't?
I've probably gone through more shit,
The past 4 years,
Than you have your WHOLE life.
I've fought to stay alive,
But you got life handed to you on a silver platter.
So don't you dare,
Say that I don't deserve to live.
Because if you went through the shit that I went through,
You would've given up ages ago.
But I'm still here!
I earned this life that I am living...

#156-No Longer My Hero

I miss you, no doubt...
I miss how we'd watch baseball games,
And always root for the Yankees.
How we'd eat Cheerios and put bananas on top of them,
While you read the newspaper every morning.
We were so close...
But you were getting older,
Getting slower,
Getting quieter.
I was losing a piece of you everyday...
Then one day you left me,
And went up to God.
I didn't even get to say goodbye,
So I guess this poem is my goodbye to you popop.
I was only 6 years old when you left.
After that, I had no one.
No one to watch baseball games with,
No one to root for the Yankees.
No one who'd put bananas in their Cheerios,
While reading the newspaper every morning...
There was no one like you popop.
I talk to you every night,
By finding the brightest star in the sky,
And pretending it's you.
Just a little over a year ago,
I found out what you did to her...
To my **mom**.
I was broken when she told me,
Because you were my fucking hero!
All those good memories I had with you...
And she doesn't have any!
You ruined her!
You wrecked her!
You're a fucking monster!
It made me sick to my stomach when I found out what you did.
And she saved your ass by not telling anyone...
So now I know your secret,
But, don't worry, I'll keep it.
Honestly, it's a good thing you're dead,
Because your life would be HELL,
If anyone had found out when you were still alive.
You would've lost everything.
I'm so disappointed popop...
Because I can no longer call you my hero.

#158-His Rival

The Devil in his eyes,
Always hidden by disguise...
For years, it's been visible to me,
But, apparently, no one else can see.
He calls me those awful names,
But I'm always taking the blame,
Even though I'm the one in the most pain!
I've said it many times before,
That he's permanently beaten me to the core.
Do I really have to go through this,
Time and time again,
Without even having one single friend?
He's almost 18,
With no job and no car.
He has one little sister,
With which he's left many scars.
"Abusive" isn't the right word,
He's MUCH more than that...
Little does he know,
Having a happy little sister,
Is something he'll always lack.
"Scared to death of him",
Isn't the right phrase,
Because he's hurt me in so many different ways.
I don't feel loved by him,
And I haven't for a while,
Because, for many years,
I was always defined as his rival...
I've never gotten the love from him that I truly deserve,
So, when treating me like this,
He's got some real nerve.
I'm not the only one he treats like shit,
He does it to our parents too,
So, when I say this,
Please believe me...
He's broken me in two.

#159-There Was A Time

Sure, go ahead and make fun of me.
You say I put too much perfume on,
But that's because there was a time,
When I was so depressed,
That I didn't feel like taking any showers,
And people would tell me I smelled bad.
You say I talk too loud,
But that's because there was a time,
When I barely talked at all,
And people always told me to speak up.
You say I'm fake,
And I might be,
But that's probably because there was a time,
When I tried to be the real me...
You say, sometimes, I wear too much makeup,
But that's because there was a time,
When I didn't wear any,
And people would call me ugly.
So I don't want to change myself,
But I feel like I always have to...

#164-Bury Me

Bury me beneath the ground,
So no one can hear me,
And I'll never be found.
They'll never notice I'm gone,
And if they ever do,
I'll be too far along.
It's a scary thing to think about,
But I know I can do it without a single doubt.
And actually it'd be pretty easy,
Just as long as no one sees me.
I think about it all the time,
So, if you were to help me,
Would it really be a crime?
This, I say again for the very last time...
Bury me beneath the ground,
So no one can hear me,
And I'll never be found.

#168- All Inside My Head

I just wanna be dead,
But they say it's all inside my head.
Piece by piece,
I shatter to the ground,
Yet, still, no one ever seems to come around.
It's like they didn't hear a single word I said,
Because they think it's all inside my head.
So at the end of the day,
They say it's time for bed,
But the monsters say I'd be better off dead.
They say, "There are no monsters!"
But, the night, I still dread.
I guess I don't need to look for monsters under the bed...
Because apparently,
All the monsters are just in my head...

#165- Like A Movie (To victims of rape)

Lyric after lyric,
Song after song,
Our life is like a movie,
We have to learn to play along.
Sometimes it'll be hard,
And sometimes it'll be fun,
But soon you'll find out,
That what's done is done.
There's nothing you can ever do,
That'll change the horrible thing that happened to you,
And if you think about it,
Someone had probably hurt them too...
Don't seek revenge,
But also don't try to pretend.
You don't HAVE to talk about it,
Because it'll probably make you feel like shit.
Don't fake your happiness,
Because, then, you won't know what TRUE happiness is,
And the reason why I know this,
Is because I turned out to be an unhappy kid...

#166- Just Kids

I'm the girl you'd miss seeing around,
But then feel guilty that you always put me down.
It's not my fault that you felt the way you did,
Because, at the time, we were pretty much just kids.
You felt like you couldn't trust me,
And that's exactly how he (Jewel) wanted it to be...
My question is,
"Why would you let him tear us apart,
When what we had was love from the very start?"
I know you felt it too,
So why'd you have to leave so soon?
Now I have no clue how you feel,
And you're wondering why it's such a big deal...
But it's because I still love you!
So what else am I supposed to do!?
Is this just how it's going to be,
Or will you finally admit you're still in love with me?

#171- The One

I never thought he'd be the one...
The one that I want to be with,
The one that I'm not the same without,
Or the one that can make me smile when I don't even want to.
I never thought he'd be the one...
The one whose smell I'm addicted to,
The one who makes going to the drug store a whole adventure,
Or the one whose kiss makes me weak.
I never thought he'd be the one...
The one who makes me feel special,
The one who makes me feel needed,
Or the one who makes me feel loved.
I never thought he'd be the one,
But thank God that he is.

#118- Living Without Reason

Have you ever just sat down,
And wondered why you're here?
Why you're living?
Now, imagine being me...
Imagine having that question go through your head,
Every single morning,
And every single night,
Of every single day.
It's frustrating...
Because you never really find an answer.
And the thought becomes unbearable.
It's terrifying,
That feeling of not having a purpose,
Not being important to anyone,
Having absolutely no reason,
To even be alive...
So instead you'd just rather die.

#46- She Deserves Better

Long blonde hair,
Big green eyes,
Tall, skinny body.
She might just sound ordinary,
But, to me, she's much more.
She's my inspiration,
My teacher for my mistakes.
2 wonderful, beautiful, precious little girls,
Have the greatest mom ever,
And they don't even know it.
I love her so much that it hurts...
I don't ever want to lose her.
Then there's him...
Who treats her like shit,
Who thinks being nice for 2 minutes,
Will make up for all of it.
She doesn't deserve that!
He thinks he's the boss of her,
But she is much stronger.
Maybe not physically,
But definitely mentally.
She's strong,
Because she's lasted this long,
But, honestly, I understand why...
Those girls need their dad,
But they don't know that he's bad.
Yeah... Family sticks together,
But, God, she deserves so much better...

Happy Fuckin New Years

Put in handcuffs,
Way too tight.
Unable to move,
Unable to fight.
Mom left me behind,
And didn't think twice...
Shoved in the cop car,
Gonna have to pay the price.
So happy fucking New Years,
Hope you got to celebrate.
While I'm sitting here,
Getting nothing but hate.
Calm down, I faced the blame,
But please stop putting me through all of this shame.
I know I did wrong,
It was just a stupid act.
But I can only apologize,
I can never take it back...