Publicerad 2010-02-16 18:17 av Ummm~oh~yeah

Diagnose this

Mad

I am indeed

I surely must be

Why, oh why would I

be such a compulsive liar

such a social lunatic

and ruthlessly egoistical

struggling for my own sake?

Surely

I am mad

I must indeed be

How, oh how could I

stop being such a phobic

less of exaggeration

and more of gentle timidity

struggling for other's lives?

Indeed

I am surely

Mad I must be

When, oh when will I

quit being me and I yet myself

drinking delusions for water

breathing my own despair

struggling as I am too scared?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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