

Changes In truth

The truth helps give birth to life
There's the darkness that becomes the light
do the masks one wears
hide the hate in their eyes
only shed by tears in disguise
like wolves in sheep's clothing
wandering about aimlessly
looking for another place
to devour with their jagged teeth
stop and stare
watching sand through the glass
it flows free and fast
it indicate time wasting
to indicate things passed away
lies give birth to what's hidden
wasted away and forbidden
drinking in the truth and light
like the morning's first sunrise
truth never changes
or becomes less than perfect
will it be told fully
is it truly worth it
are the risks you take enough
to help you stand up
and bear the load
when the truth is told...

I miss that which I no longer have with me. I am numb
inside and cold-hearted to the very core of all my
insides. I don't know how to love or be loved any-
more. I've lost sight of myself and who I once was
and have become this monster known as Eden. I am
that which I am. Never changing stuck in this
way. Like a faceless mask I wear that I can never
take off. "Carry on Carry on dancing". I feel like
I am at a masquerade ball and I am dancing hidden
behind the mask upon my face. No one here really kn-
ows me and my true self. But if they knew me would
they hate me or would they judge me. The chaos that
is around me affects me and I can not hide myself
from it or run from it. I am tired and I am alone....