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my Internal Demons

Bydollar E Jones

night tremors, thoughts of suicide,
running from an enemy, but nowhere to hide.
Gasping for breath, I think I lost the enemy,
then I turn around Boo! he keep on scaring me!
Nothing left to do, but finally give up my soul,
finally throw the towel in, losing my self control.
I'm backed into a corner, for my life I plead,
then they say "YOUR TIME HAS COME! TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE!"
This asshole wont leave, but wants the heart out my chest,
I blink my eyes and in my life, the enemy is the guest.
I refuse to give it to him, but he's a constant creeper,
I sleep with one eye open and I'm a light sleeper.
Eventime I drift off, I know he's a peeper.
feel like I'm taken captive, by the grim reaper.
clouds stay grey, the wind blows with force,
I ask for forgiveness, now I'm starting to feel remorse.
Living a life in fear, nothing around me is pleasant,
it's the grim reaper I hear, always seeing his presence.
Too scared to go to sleep, all I have is nightmares,
so I have insomnia, and at night all I do is stare.
I look at the wall, counting cracks in the ceiling,
blood boiling under my skin, it's death I'm feeling.
so when I toss and turn, and I keep moving around
I know it's my demons, what's trying to bring me down.