

Hey You

You get mad because I haven't called,
Yet I haven't called because I care,
It's easier for me to write a letter,
Because your voice I can't bear to hear,
I swear when you say you need me there,
The mist within ascends into the rotation of my emotions,
This is not seen by the naked eye its too fine,
Because the force of gravity is holding it in,
But when the built up pressure from this mist,
Becomes too heavy its nature is to distill,
But I've learned to be as hard as the walls,
That are keeping me against my will,
Equality is what I must see to keep us together,
I must find a way to bury all my bitterness,
And dwell on the good that will make us better,
Living in hell while letting heavenly light emit from within.