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My Thoughts Be Racing.

By deLarEfour

my thoughts be racing, just like track and field,  
hate the dinner, I don't have no happy meals,  
my thoughts be racing, especially when I'm idle,  
asking God for help, but I don't read the Bible.  
my thoughts be racing, never have time to chill,  
think it's an aneurysm, the silent kill,  
my thoughts be racing, at times I forget my thoughts,  
it's way too many of them, what would happen if I fought?  
my thoughts be racing, think about all types of things  
when I drift off, I think of evil in my dreams,  
my thoughts be racing, so I attempt to write them down,  
try to share with everyone, what's been lurking around.  
my thoughts be racing, and I really don't know why,  
the only way I get to sleep, is for me to cry!  
my thoughts be racing, that my sleep becomes few,  
demons making themselves at home, it's all I ever knew,  
my thoughts be racing, and my emotions are kept inside,  
anger and frustration comes, making innocent people cry.  
my thoughts be racing, nothing helps to calm my nerves,  
because they say "there's no help for a jailbird."  
my thoughts be racing, and everybody still laugh,  
but in the end, my thoughts all are on my past.  
Don't know what the day will hold, or if demons will be chasing,  
I still can't get no sleep, cause my thoughts be racing!