

## Twenty - THREE

I SPEND TWENTY-THREE HOURS A DAY, IN THIS  
CONCRETE HELL,

JUST STARING AT THESE WALLS, THAT I KNOW SO  
WELL.

COUNTING EVERY CRACK AND CREVACE, IN  
THIS EMPTY CELL,

TRYING TO HIDE FROM SOLEMN EMOTIONS, THAT I  
CAN'T REPOL.

I'M SCREAMING INSIDE, SO YOU CAN'T HEAR ME  
HELL,

I'M TORMENTED BUT I SMILE, SO THAT YOU CAN'T  
TELL.

YOU CAN'T BREAK MY SPELL, MY HEART'S  
LOCKED IN A CASKET,

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY GRIEF, THAT'S WHY I  
MASK IT.

YOU'LL WALK PAST IT, BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND  
THE KEY TO MY HEART,

BECUSE IF I DON'T GIVE YOU MY LOVE, YOU CAN'T  
TEAR ME APART.

Love  
Riyesh