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I doubt there is a limit of depth that lies inside of me. I work on things inside of myself but rarely do i ever put them down on paper. I am having trouble finding inspiration to write due to all the pain I am going through. I can't figure out what to believe about those people I call friends. I wonder what you would do in my situation. Would you walk away from everything and everyone or would you choose to hold on to hope and risk everything for it. Some one I care deeply for once told me that it was worth 12 years of waiting in torment just to meet me. I wonder if that is still tru to this day or if I am just the monster they deny me to be...if I am simply just a dirty little secret to everyone and I don't deserve anything or anyone good. Maybe this time it's my own fault... my own karma.