

Alone-In The White Room

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This is about me, and how I look at things in this kind of a position and remembering what it was like.

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1 - Untitled

Alone- In The White Room

Sitting there, Drinking there,
Eating there, Smoking there,
Alone, in the darkness.
In your favourite little corner,
Seeming like your hiding,
But the truth is, There is no-truth.
No-one's there to know the difference,
No-one's there to tell it'll be alright,
No-one, no-body, no-someone, at all.
All you see, are the white padded walls,
All you see, is steel door out of no-where.
Everytime it opens, there's that bright light,
That makes you think your gonna die,
Today, Tomarrow, or maybe even next week.
But everytime you do see that bright light,
You wish you were dead exted of being alive.
Then you remember why your there in the first place,
Then you remember that choice,
That same choice, of either going to Jail or Institution.
Then you wish you chose, Jail.
But Personally would rather Die!,
Then go back to either of those things again.
Once you've been in both,
You don't know which was better.
But I choose Death! over any ,
But if not Death!, and one of those choises.
Then I'd choose The White Room.
Atleast this way, you can't see or speak.
This way you don't think about the outside world,
There's only one thing you think about,
And that's this white padded room.
If you had a choice , in this position,
What choice would you make,
What choice do you think is your better end of the deal.
Cause I'm telling you this, Jail is Hell!
But so is this.
So I ask this of you again.
What would you choose to live in,
For your entire life.