

SLICING VEINS

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A POEM ABOUT HOW I FEEL EVERY frackING DAY.

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Silver blades, Shine So Bright.

Scarlet Blood That Feels So Right.

I try to stop

But I can't break free

This is who I have to be.

Life is getting harder everyday

And I just want to feel the cold metal

Slicing a vein.

Cutting all HIS problems away

His little silver blade will always stay

The edges cut through his very life

Blind to everything except for his silver knife

he hates what he does

he hates himself

But no one knows

And no one cares.

At the end of the day

he sleeps alone

No one to say

What's he needs to hear

No one to say "I Love you Dear"

So one day he decides to say it him self

“Goodbye world, you laughed as I fell.

But I just wanted to feel what I felt on the inside, on the outside as well.”