

# Nothing

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*just a short thing i wrote when i was depressed.*

# 1. Nothing

I feel every breath is my last,  
i'm trapped inside my mind,  
what do I do when I'm so lost?  
when everyone thinks I'm fine?

Think back to the things I've done,  
the times I should've stayed,  
but I have run,  
to all those people who don't care  
turn their backs,  
forget I'm there,

Is this who I am?  
or am I making up these lies?  
how do I know what to believe  
when I'm so dead inside.

Next time you think you see me,  
look and think again,  
i know you'll just ignore me,  
i know your one of them.