

Secret Tragic Fiction

InMe

I've got one simple statement to make (I am never going back 'c
ause I am finally awake)
I've reached my limit now and its all I can take
I've been living in a bubble whilst the trouble amounts (wasted
seconds, wasted minutes tasted empty and dry)
I was looking in a mirror thinking "I don't know who you are" c
ould it be this is all I am?

Every single day I wasted I am never getting back, but there is
not a single thing that I can do about it
Every little drink that didn't satisfy me I cant unsink but now
I think it's time to move on and prove myself wrong

I was living in a secret tragic fiction I was never a best sell
ing just a shelf dweller I had to kill the author of my addicti
ons I'm rewriting every word
I am the story teller I cannot blame her I can only blame mysel
f for her choice (she was crying to me why did I not hear her s
weet voice?)
If I find a glimmer of hope I know that I will rejoice

Could it be this is all I am? Wont you turn my pages I've got s
o much more to tell now that I've been through hell I wish to o
pen all of the cages