

Poem With No Rhyme

Mads Langer

She is so fucked up
And it freaks me out
She is so messed up
Always finds something to worry about
She cries on cue
Ain't that a sad thing to do?

She is so fucked up
She's a constant source of pain
Now I decide to fuck her further up
And flush my past down the drain
I'm on the edge from too much thinking
I'm on the verge of dying of too much drinking

I'm a poem with no rhyme
I'm a victim of a crime
I'm a writer with no pen
Desperately searching for ways to write again

Could someone please unlock my heart?
Cause I'm caught in a tragic spell
She's my favorite work of art
My own personal hell
She cries on cue
Ain't that a sad thing to do?

I'm a poem with no rhyme
I'm a victim of a crime
I'm a writer with no pen
Desperately searching for ways to write again

So she's seeing another man
I'm not lost; I just don't know who the hell I am
I'm on the edge from too much thinking
I'm on the verge of dying of too much drinking

I'm a poem with no rhyme
I'm a victim of a crime
I'm a writer with no pen
Desperately searching for ways to write again