

I'll tear the memories out of my subconscious and piece together where I went wrong. Sewn together with the strands of lament I'll cloak myself in a veil of remorse and regret, that keep me bound to a world that will never forget. So as I walk through the street eyes and voices consume my mind, they stare ambiguously. here I am with my insecurities, all my imperfections, crying out to a world that just won't listen. Lend me your ears, your hearts and your minds and discover what's missing. These words are the only thing keeping me from falling into the darkness where my thoughts are no longer my own in the arms of my kin my family in the hearts of those sincere in the face of adversity here I am free from hindrance from all doubt from all the voices calling me out here I am pouring my mind and heart into a world that doesn't listen. For those who remember, for those who care remember you are not alone. Here I am. Here I am stuck in a world that never listens. Here I am pouring my heart out I am not alone. I am not alone.