

## Keeping It to Yourself

**Raised Fist**

You need a friend today,  
but it never happens after knowing your name.  
Before people say Good Day they ask how much you weigh,  
then they say your skin looks gray.

You put a lock on yourself,  
and try to throw the key so far away  
from all the demons, so called specialist grown-ups,  
commenting between the cups of coffee,  
putting you in cuffs.

You are the writer of a novel of pain,  
still no one understands  
That you feel ashamed because - You keep it to yourself.  
Keeping it to yourself.

You need a friend today,  
but it never happens after knowing your name.  
They say you have a distorted view on yourself,  
but how can the view be anything else but wrong,  
hearing the same old song.

You put a lock on yourself, and try to throw the key so  
far away,  
from all the demons and the grown ups, putting you in  
fucking cuffs.