

No Hope

Trauma

My life is a real paranoia
I exist in immense hopelessness
Closed in narrow cage
Among baseness filling me with disgust
The fear leaks through my hands
Covering the face of weakness and sadness
I feel someone's hand
Fingers tightened on my neck
I try to understand anything
Though everything makes no sense
My scream echoes from walls
Pressing me down to the ground
I'm afraid of the minds
Which bother me incessantly
I'm still looking for an exit
But it surpasses my strength
No hope
I crawl through the fog of last sanity
Unconsciously I transform from night
Into wrong
Because all around is the false
I slowly sink into the deadness of existence
I ramble through desert of suffering
And disquietude
No hope
Nothing absorbs my mind
My life has been proposed without me