

In My Head, Part 1

By Tyler W. Stinson

These ever so fucking constant...

Ever so aggravating, sickly as well as twisted and almost demented thoughts,

Have come to render my body and mind restless and numb,

Such never dying thoughts have caused me to put this rusted yet still sharp
razor sharp knife to my throat as I pray for certain death,

The pure idea and what lays behind the thought of death is a beautiful and stunning thing,

My pain and misery would falter and fail at the same instance when my tired body did,

Still I stand, the reflection of my face staring back at me,

My seemingly violent, dark, and fucked up thoughts are still as constant as they've always been,

The blade I've pressed firmly up against my throat has not yet drawn blood,

All I long for is peace and solitude, but my mind will never allow me such comfort,

God... I want to know why?

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