

Perfectly Home

By Tyler W. Stinson

For hours at time my body and mind find peace and ease,

As I bleed the ever so constant and never dying thoughts in my waking
head onto these once blank sheets of paper,

While my music and lyrics of misunderstood artist fills my sense of hearing with such tones,

My world I've become seemingly lost and content in,

My strange and pitch black world that is violence, love, hatred, my thoughts,
and passions is beautiful and breath taking,

For hours, sometimes even days, I'm trapped in my world and I desperately wish to never return to this
fragile and useless world that is no where close to the one that never finds rest...

The world in my head, my thoughts and mind... Forever I long to stay within

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