

Since the time began

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I found that little string of hope..

At some points in life I thought only the nature could make me feel happiness...

Only the nature were able to make me feel comfy..

Chosen the life and live alone in the end...

sometimes I wonder...

and reconsider my intentions..

now...

then...

I can feel now.. that im becoming a sinking ship...

That Ive been here before...

In different ways..

None the less...

in the same way...

What is there to do...

How could something be done...

What is there to do...

Listening to the words...

feel more and more each time Im becoming \*numb\*

More and more I shut the door..

How much is there left before my silence becomes a silent scream...

How much is left of that open door..  
is it a gap.. or maybe only inches..

Some days..

I feel like screaming loudly...

Others I feel like saying nothing...

like there is nothing left to say...

I get lost in words..

I lost them long time ago...

& forgot how to use them..

I get tolled away in different ways...

trying to show a way...

persuaded of another..

feeling mindless...

That lack of confidence..

hate that lack of self esteem..

HOW???

Where???

Why can I not stand up...

see what others tell me they see...

all I get is a vague sense...

something isn't right...

and I don't know how to find the path out of it...

Im a coward...

But...

Ive got this far...

They say Im a survivor..

and I got those behind me who stood up for me before...

I owe them my life...

& I owe them not to get back in same path again..

Im stronger than this...

so Why am I getting lower...

How could I become this sad...

is it then all my fault??

Or is it me that lost smth on the way??

What was my intentions...

then??

now??

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