



I was alive, but dead.
My soul left me a long time ago.
I was alone, but in crowd.
And so, I was afraid of the crowd.

My tears dropped like from melting ice.
I could hear screams here and there.
And so, I couldn't put my head down.
I was shivering because of the visions -
That's going through my head.
When I close my eyes,
I could see the devil digging up the past.

The pain made me weaker.
My eyes were bloodshot.
Tears tore me apart.
Drained my gloomy eyes.



Every night I would sit at the corner of the ~~room~~ room
And for the sake of mine
I would try to fall asleep
But It wouldn't leave me alone

There were scars all over my body
It didn't bother me that much
As they would ~~would~~ heal by when the time flies
I was frightened of it coming back

sweat, tears and blood

They were draining out of my body

I was anxious like

I was drowning in the ocean of anxiety

Thought I should kill myself

But I didn't

Maybe I should kill the pain

But I couldn't



Right now I was useless

And so I was hopeless

All I could do was weep and sneez

In the corner of my room

They say 'pain makes you stranger'

But all it did to me was making me weaker

It is still stuck on me

And would never leave me

Maybe the only way to get rid of this
would be death...

But No! I should survive the pain

So I shouldn't regret-

missing what fate had for me