

All Walled Up

A good chunk of my life is made up of sitting around, thinking about all the faults I've made in my time. I'm still very young, eighteen years of age, but still, this fact doesn't change that I am afraid. Of whatever is coming, of whatever will be, because I know somehow, I will never be free. Free to do what I like, cause there's nothing to like. I may never feel real love as it seems, because inside I am empty, you see? Everyday I wake up, do things I usually do and then go back to sleep for as soon as I wake up it all starts anew. It isn't really a cycle. I can't call it that, because while it's always the same the clock's ticking fast and it doesn't stop. No matter my feelings, all people rush, it's forever me, who's come to a halt. Don't know what to do, don't know how to act. People around me, they always expect. My mother wants me to study and after getting a degree I might work as an *office drone*?

That sounds ridiculous, but really, I can't tell if I deserve better. I don't like myself the way other people do. I might've put too much thought into myself and my surroundings. As a result I just see myself as a blob of consciousness, without any meaning, without any drive. I'm really just here in the end to survive. It's true what I say and it's true about all. Nothing can change it, nothing at all. I still miss my ex. I still miss being alive or feeling fine. I just live my life. It goes by, like nine seconds ago, I swear I was still sitting in school, working my ass off to get my grades up, but all of it stopped. Don't even know what to learn anymore. The last test of high school is awaiting me and after that I've gotta find where to be or where to go. But before you know, I might land on the streets. My dad's been bothering me lately...

What I'm gonna do, when all of that's passed, I have no way to really grasp. Maybe I'll end it in time to dodge the greatest pains and take a rest in young years instead. What do I know...

Nothing will change. Nothing will change. Nothing will change!

I am to blame. I am to blame. I know I'm to blame!

I'm just so scared. Of taking the next step, of going out of my way and out of my comfort zone, to find comfort without being alone or sit still like a stone. I'm writing this on my phone and it just comes show, that I don't really know what I'm talking about. Most people out there would be happy without even half the things I already own. But to me in this lies the fault. I was always taught to be happy when I ever get. When I ever receive, because that's what my momma never got to feel. Now I get, but mostly things I don't really need. And don't get me wrong, I'm not really rich. Nor are my parents, they really just want to fulfill all my wants and do whatever it takes to do so. It makes me feel even worse about myself. More guilt that is creeping inside. And to tell the truth, the things I care about amount to about none. Sometimes they give me a bit of entertainment, which might be called "fun". But whenever I speak up about my real feelings instead, they look at me crazy, like a maniac, I'm scared.

What if someone tells me I have some kind of sickness? What if I really am one of many wicked children? And then I'm closed up, and I'm really alone, in an empty room with one bed and one stool. Oh well, maybe it wouldn't change at all. Just me and the darkness. Just me and the walls. What would my friends do? They'd probably be nice, but I know it would all just be a facade. Oh, what a fraud.