

Personalities

Who am I? Who's this girl
That always does, what's other people's will?
Why's this girl, who some years before
Completely ignored, what she shalt be,
Who gave all to feel free,
Why is this girl, now in the end,
A puppet like everyone, full of pretends?
Full of anxiety and terrible pain,
This thing called 'her life' slowly began.

Soon, desperation followed hard,
And so did the hate,
But five years of silence,
Pretending to feel great.

All her life, she drowned in her lies
And endless silent, nocturnal cries.

Through switching her style
In what she likes,
Without caring at all
About other's minds,
She felt able to breathe
In this slipknot of life.

But no matter how much
She outsidersly changed,
Inside, she always drowned in pretends.

Always she wished
to just be liked,
But then she was,
And still she cried,
She needed to get
This feeling of love,
But all she did
Was falling apart.

Being loved by everyone,
That shalt fix her broken soul,
Never back to well-known hell,
Doing anything to reach this goal.

So she changed and changed,
Built personalities,
Nice and cute, dark and bad,
Calm and funny, angry and sad,
And all those voices in her head
Wanted her to call for death.

Today she's a mess
Of all her personalities,
Her masks stick so tight,
Just wants to get out of this.
All her lies, her fearfilled pretends,
Made her go crazy in the end.
She's not like she was, this girl disappeared,
And lost in her body, nor soul nor personality,
The so called
'Me'

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