

On The Inside

By Mark Ulfing

LATELY I'M CONFUSED,
MY MIND GETS RECYCLED AND REUSED,
THINKING OF ALL THE TIMES,
I'VE BEEN NEGLECTED OR ABUSED,
THINKING OF ALL THE PAIN AND THE HURT,
ALL THE TIMES I'VE BEEN TREATED LIKE DIRT,
CONSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR A CURE,
TO CURE ME OF THIS AILMENT,
ONLY TO REACH A STALEMATE,
MY SHOULDERS CARRY HEAVY WEIGHT,
IT TENDS TO WEAR ME DOWN,
I CAN BEARLY WAIT,
FOR THE WEIGHT TO TEAR ME DOWN,
SO I CAN SEE, WHO I AM,
AND WHAT I'LL BE,
ON THE INSIDE...