

“Misplaced”

My life has been an endless storm
Though like it holds a mystery unknown—
And all the emotions I wished to wield
Have broken into shards of steel—

As the angels watch and the demons prowl
All I can do is sit and scowl
At the horrid thought of losing my mind—
And it's all because the people are blind—

No one can see my pains nor afflictions
As the storm grows stronger and the rains pour editions
The summer falls short and the winter has begun
And I feel just as if I should have run—

And as the clouds darken and the lightning strikes
The fires of anger grow brighter than bright
As I lay in agony from the chains weighed with fright
All because of the people with spite—

But as the sun starts to rise I'm no longer misplaced—
The storm starts to weaken and the birds start to soar—
And I realize that I am not alone forever—
But when they are absent I have no more endeavors—

And the birds start to go and the sun starts to die
And the clouds return dark and the rain starts to spry—
And all I can do is start to cry—
As I'm misplaced once again
And want this to end—
The cycle goes over and over again—