

A Letter From Prison

Boy Hits Car

Sometimes I wonder torn between my heart,
Torn between my heart and my mind.
And I feel my body to see if I'm in,
If I'm in tune with what I find.
But I don't know how to feel.
And I don't know what to feel,
Anymore.

Anymore.

Wanna be the decision-cision
Kill free things. I feel a difference inside.
I'm a boy who's so sick of searching.
Maybe there's a heaven nearby.
So should I let these thoughts out,
Or should I let you in?
It's so easy to be alone.
Look within.
Will I find home?

I just don't know
How to feel.

Feel
How to feel
How to feel
Feel

Feeling so afraid like I am stuck here,
Like I am stuck here and can't move.
I like to watch the sunsets lighting the warm colors.
The warmth it blinds the truth.
But I don't know how to feel, don't.
And I don't know what to feel anymore.

I keep on hurting myself.
Tearing off the skin, I let it burn at the touch.
What I've lived, what I've learned
Though it may be the truth, truth it hurts.
When we have something inside that no motherfucker will touch.
No I won't think like you.
If I did what am I trying to prove?

I just don't know...
I just don't know how to feel.
I just don't know what to feel anymore.