

# In Solitude

Esoteric

Inside and around I see misery, suffering.  
A new level of depth for my depression.  
Thought I could only climb from now.  
Unable to see below its depths.  
Got used to it so that it wasn't as bad.

Now on my dark ledge I am falling further,  
Where are my friends? Someone grasp me.  
But no one reaches for I have nothing left to give them.  
My use for them is gone and so is their respect for me.

Hitting a deeper level I crash hard.  
My anger screams, sorrow and hate contorting together,  
In a fit my temper explodes, tearing my hair, punching my face  
,  
Ripping my skin to release it from within.

Screams of sorrow increasing my hate,  
Sentences flash through my mind of all that they said,  
Of those I regard that hurt me.  
Emptying my soul, devouring my will.

I'm alone and always will be.  
I've known no one who hasn't hurt me - and often with intent.  
I walk through crowded streets of faceless people,  
Their whispers haunting me:

Trapped in a void with myself who's not me.  
My knowledge and power are all that I own.  
My compassion is destroyed, my hate free to explode.  
Now I will always destroy those who try to hurt me.