

## Secret Tragic Fiction

InMe

I've got one simple statement to make (I am never going back 'c  
ause I am finally awake)  
I've reached my limit now and its all I can take  
I've been living in a bubble whilst the trouble amounts (wasted  
seconds, wasted minutes tasted empty and dry)  
I was looking in a mirror thinking "I don't know who you are" c  
ould it be this is all I am?

Every single day I wasted I am never getting back, but there is  
not a single thing that I can do about it  
Every little drink that didn't satisfy me I cant unsink but now  
I think it's time to move on and prove myself wrong

I was living in a secret tragic fiction I was never a best sell  
ing just a shelf dweller I had to kill the author of my addicti  
ons I'm rewriting every word  
I am the story teller I cannot blame her I can only blame mysel  
f for her choice (she was crying to me why did I not hear her s  
weet voice?)  
If I find a glimmer of hope I know that I will rejoice

Could it be this is all I am? Wont you turn my pages I've got s  
o much more to tell now that I've been through hell I wish to o  
pen all of the cages