

Life.

It is a short word.

With a meaning that no one will ever figure out.

People with a religion think that they know why  
life is the way it is.

But it's all just an imaginary story.

The Bible. And everything.

What the fuck is life?

Who the fuck is God?

Why are some people embraced by love, laughter and happiness  
while other people are suffering in some sort of darkness?

Why is life so unfair?

Why can't things just work out?

Cause that's the problem.

We all create a world in our minds and want it to be real.

As soon as we discover that, that won't happen, we die from sadness.

We panic. We defend ourselves in every way that's possible.

Even if it means, we're destroying ourselves.

It's self-defence.

We cause ourselves trouble, we break our own hearts, we sit on the  
edge of our beds wondering why everything goes wrong.

And the answer?

No one knows.

Some are raped. Some are bullied. Some are destroyed by  
this filthy world. This awful, disgusting and fucked up world.

Some cry in their beds at night. Some cut them self. Some  
almost jump right in front of a train. Some drink their problems  
away. Some use drugs.

We all fucking do something to take the pain away.

To get rid of the trouble.

But it doesn't work.

It all keeps coming back.

And in the end, we all think that one sentence.

That one sentence that freaks happy people out.

That makes them wonder how someone could think:

**"I want to die."**

**“A sharpening pain”**

A sharpening pain.  
As I stood on the scale.  
Watching the weight I gained.

A sharpening pain.  
As I cut my arm open.  
Trying to open my vein.

A sharpening pain.  
As my tears were rolling down.  
Washed up by the rain.

A sharpening pain.  
As I end my life for good.  
I'm the only one to blame.

*cjw*

There's a problem in my head,  
I have to work for school,  
but I'd rather be in bed.

There aren't any fucks to give,  
I don't need Geography as a writer,  
and Math can suck my non-existent dick.

There's a problem in my life,  
I have to work for school says the law,  
cause otherwise, I would not survive.

There's a problem in my head,  
according to the law: you don't work for school,  
you're just better off dead.

*cjw*

The people I meet,  
The people I see,  
I wish I could delete,  
I wish I was free.

The times I talk,  
The times I laugh,  
I refuse to walk,  
I die to have.

The people I lose,  
The people I keep,  
I wish I could amuse,  
I wish I could sleep.

Of every one I might lose,  
Of everything I can't,  
You're the one I'd choose,  
to be my everlasting friend.

*cjw*

I wonder  
if this chaotic  
messy stressful daily business  
is my future  
cause if it is  
I don't want a future

*cjw*

How can I live  
when my life is a mess  
How can I eat  
when I'm so full of everything  
How can I walk  
when my body is breaking  
How can I speak  
when my thoughts are fighting  
How can I breathe  
when the air feels like gas  
How can I think  
when my head is only nonsense  
How can I sleep  
when I have to work  
How can I work  
when I have to sleep  
How can I function  
when I am dying  
How can I move on  
when you are 'that person'  
How can I give up  
when you are my missing puzzle piece  
How can I love you  
when you make me sad  
How can I hate you  
when you make me happy  
**How can we lose us**  
**when nothing else is more right than 'us'**

*cjw*

My whole life  
I have been searching  
for something that made  
me survive.  
I found it  
when I was thirteen.  
It's called  
"self-destruction"  
and people define it as a  
"mental illness"

*cjw*

Last night  
after we had sex  
my heart fell  
because  
I realized that  
this could be the last time  
and that realisation  
made me want  
to die

*cjw*

I tell myself daily  
to not overthink  
life and death  
and the things in between  
cause I feel empty  
realizing  
*I was born*  
*to live*  
*and I live*  
*to die*  
and that realization  
makes me want to  
end it even more

*cjw*



*"I've got good news"*  
She said  
as I felt my heart ache  
with these words  
I knew which words  
would come now  
*"You're going to move  
somewhere else"*  
I felt completely lost  
as I knew  
she wouldn't be there  
with me anymore

cjw

I cried  
till there were  
no more tears  
to shed  
and I also stopped  
because I realized  
even though  
you won't be there  
when I move  
out of here  
**I won't lose you**  
**cause you can't**  
**lose someone**  
**you never**  
**had..**

*cjw*