

Who Is This?

by Battle of Lissa

A question I repeatedly ask my mirror.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Why does life sometimes make you want to turn your back and hide,
From everyone, everything,
A fire burns deep down inside.
No matter how fast you run,
You scream, you cry,
There is no escape from the hole within.
My energy spent all day and night,
I live my life to deny.
I live too much in fear of the Creator,
To choose to die.
I love my family far too much,
So I lie.
You see me, and I am happy,
I am perfect, I glow inside.
Every step I take is a small,
Insignificant preparation for the life I will truly live.
Does that make me, as a whole, insignificant in itself?

You are as your actions dictate,

You feel what you allow yourself to see.

I see far too many bad decisions that I did not make,

Yet they affect me.

As much as I don't want to run,

From the problems in my life.

As much as I try not to deny, to hide,

To push everything inside.

I look at you, my love,

And I tell another lie.