

Wednesday 13, Skeletons

They come and talk to me
When I am all alone
They always remind me of
All the things that Ive done wrong
Its scary disturbing but somehow Im not sorry
The only thing thats even real
Is the feelings that I dont feel

Its all the same, but theyre so different
Bury the evidence, of my darkest secrets

I hear them, theyre calling
The skeletons in my closet

Its taking parts of me, into the unknown
Its like a void inside of me
That goes on, and on, and on

Now I just cant pretend to forget
These voices in my head
And they just wont stop screaming