

I've been hiding the idea of hiding
To myself
I've been yelling and screaming to avoid facing
But that's not me

Another day, another chapter
I'm never done...Another layer
Another self-imposed cell with no hint of a way out

Been trying to work through it
But do I need to work with it?
My writing is fighting
I hope there's a right thing
To do...

...But I'm scared

I'm committed

Time is not moving, but each moment I'm closer
Each moment the pressure builds
And in the moments of quiet I ask the questions...
Is there a way out?
Is there a way through?
It doesn't feel up to me
I've been running from the truth

Each letter is a delay
I'll find a new excuse
If I'm not better than this
Then what's the use?