

No matter how mad I get it doesn't change how things are. Life has to go how life has to go no matter what. There once was a time when I could make them turn, rush or stop because of my anger. All that has disappeared now and I'm left alone just me.

I can constantly find parts to crawl into in my mind to re-live them so that I may disappear from this hell. But I always come back similar to a boomerang or a frisbee thrown high to come low with time. I lost track of all the times my doubts got the best of me and my fear decided me.

Yesterday I was the yellow stone national park all beautiful with family and the dog, today I'm the volcano erupted to kill many and leave few. My self destruction only destroy from within busting out like a light town.

calm water rucked gently against my shoulder until the waves came to bully them away splashing and laughing as they hit me

over and over a gain. But no matter what,
I still stand shining lights on the lost even
though at point in time I'm all alone again
if just for one minute the noise Repent
Flash back of a time when I was Cared about,

Blue means appear to be sad with color,
one day I saw the sun and the moon
play together. They laughed as the moon
chased the sun away but no matter what
the sun ever lasted lasting all of his light
time.

Then I was gone left alone with the
big dipper whom guarded the ~~big~~ ^{little} dipper
as they gladly watch the school of fish come
and go never missing class with big promise
to see the teacher.

