

My Mind's Story

I've been runnin'
Out of breath,
Cold sweat, lungs burnin'
But these legs, they move but they ain't goin'
No place, no distance can be found between the chased and the chaser
Cuz they're one and the same
The hunter is the hunted
The stalker the stalked
The predator the prey
They're all the same
Maybe someday, I'll be free
But it's hard to run from the person that you see
In the mirror

Two years
Builds a masterpiece of beautiful potential
Ten hours
And that world begins to crumble
My mind unwinds
Rewinds
Declines
Resigns
Beelines
Then redefines what's real
Me is history
I can't even feel
Fear
Of what's uncertain
Doubt, despair, confusion, manipulation
What is this new sensation?
I can't breathe
I can't even cry
Two years and an eternity
I watch them drive right by
Yet I try to move forward
Keep pushing that wheel
Make a heart made of steel
And I start runnin'

I'm grounded to a hope that's suffocatin'
Trying to distract myself from the sting
That threatens to poison me
But can it corrupt a steel heart?
Still, I'm falling apart

Can't remember my past life
Who I was
What I felt like
A month rolls by
Shoulda told the devil to take a hike
But it's no use
I'm so confused
He laughs in my face
A disgrace, a worn out shoe
Let him have every hair on my head
I don't care
No
I just I don't want to
Problem is I do
So much it bites
Clothes soaked red from threads once white
A soul once bright
Smite me down
Burn the witch inside
This ain't no Jekyll and Hyde
Cuz Jekyll's gone
Up and died
And all that's left is darkness to hide
Or so says my mind
So I keep runnin'

Mama always taught me to do my best
No problem
I give things my all
Problem is
I don't know no limit to how much to haul
I work, sweat, struggle, bleed till I ain't got no energy to crawl
Shoot
What does "best" mean after all?

Man's not meant to run faster than he has strength
Guess I don't know my own
Strength, that is, has its limits the mind doesn't know
Can't even know itself
Is it friend or is it foe?
No, there's no friend here
Only an illusion of what should be
A mind void of cheer
Dreary place to be my mind
Fear takes control
A prisoner to its power

Powerless at its pull
The only thing to fear is fear itself
So call me fear

“Good enough” turns to wishful thinking
A fairytale
Cinderella, Ariel, Belle
Likely stories those three
Just as likely as Mary Poppins on her carousel
Swell
Guess I’m living up to the impossible
My mind can’t accept my efforts
Can’t even tolerate itself
I’m a savage, a bum, a creature of desire
These thoughts live with me
Have me walking on a tightwire
Sets a fire in my brain
One that can’t be tamed
Guess I better keep runnin’

Running taught me to bury
Bury and manipulate
Anything to keep me from feeling
I’m peeling
One emotion after another
Till I’m empty, numb
Feels like spiritual suicide
Not a bad thought
To die
When you fear the very thing that you are
Your very existence
Your mind telling you lie after lie
About yourself
Oh what the heck
Put that thought on the shelf
Keep moving forward
That’s what God taught me to do
And if I can’t believe in Him then who in Heaven and Hell can I turn to?
My mind’s a fool
Stirring battles turned endless
And for what?
A girl left senseless?
Beaten, bruised, broken
Wounds left unspoken
Hidden
So no one can tell

No one must know I'm livin' in hell
Give up
These words, they run
Up, over, around
Through my mind each day
With a price to be paid
Exhaustion
Is the price of runnin'
Runnin' from what runs through you
Fighting everything else you think you do
Who you are
What you think
But I'm tired
And full of scars
Still,
If you don't keep trudging through mud, you sink
And you fear if you take even one moment to blink
You'll disappear
Oh dear
What must others think?
Freak
Is what they'd see if they knew the real me
Can't tell the truth
I keep runnin'

Will I ever stop runnin'?
Is hope like a desert rain?
Or am I destined to feel pain forever?
It's now or never
Death or life is the choice
It's time to let my voice be heard
An encouraging word
To those lives broken and blurred
Absurd
The pathways of the mind can be
Anything but happy and free
You see
Rihanna?
She be friends with the monster underneath her bed
But mine?
Mine's in my head
It's got a needle and a thread
Sewing patches of pain, panic and dread
'Nough said
This ain't no game I'm playin'
Just want one to understand

Don't even need to hold me by the hand
Just need a kickstand
Somethin' to hold me till I can hold myself
Or at least be a bookstand on my dark and dusty bookshelf
A support when I can't feel
Someone to acknowledge my monsters are real
And quit with the "What's the big deal?"
To conceal is the alternative
To other's ignorance, indifference, insensitivity or fear
Just tryin' to make that clear
Taking the risk
To let my thoughts be known
My experiences, ringing loud on a megaphone
Just want one thing, ringing louder and clearer
We can't be runnin' this race alone