

Anxiety is  
when you're asking people for help,  
but when they are actually helping you,  
what's on your mind is,  
they are trying to drag you down  
and destroy you.

Your imperfection is something that I like from you.

Without it,

you would be incomplete.

They say, you're too young to have thoughts.

They say, you're too young to understand life.

They say, find a friend and you'll be good.

They say, change the way you think and you'll be happy.

But truly words just can't explain the feelings.

Emotions — happiness, sadness, loneliness, confusion,  
depression.

They just kinda mixed up.

And i'm messed up.

There will be a day that I feel fucked up —  
I'll start to sigh a lot,  
I'll stare people down,  
I'll hear voices inside my head,  
I'll feel unwanted, abandoned and unloved.

Depression is killing me slowly.

I want to get rid of this illness.

I wanna cry my lungs out.

I'm tired.

I'm not feeling good.

I feel low.

The sky is getting dark.  
Clouds are collecting drops.  
Wind is getting cold.  
Storms are raging, too.  
They ask you, are you okay?  
And, if only yes is an option.  
Emotions, they play you hard.  
You're panic.  
You're angry.  
You're stone cold.  
You're anxious.  
Your eyes suddenly get watery.  
You keep telling yourself to keep calm.  
But clouds, they have limits.  
Tears just constantly falling from your eyes.  
It's getting worse and worse.  
Your thoughts just won't compromise.

You've reached your lowest point.

You're done.

Your tears dried up.

But it's still a gloomy day.

The thoughts just won't go.

They keep haunting you throughout the day.

You keep calming yourself, telling yourself that you're fine.

You call a friend.

She says, you're gonna be just fine.

But you know you won't.

This is the cycle of depression.

Help yourself.

Have a reason to live.

Look around you.

You're not alone.

You're loved.

I suck at being a friend.

I suck at being a living human.

But,

I suck because I care.

I suck because I'm afraid.

I suck because I'm scared.

Scared of being lonely.

Scared of facing changes.

Scared of losing people that i love.

I don't wanna lose dreamland in just a snap.

I'm sorry.

I'm just,

Scared.



Are we all illusions?

Are our emotions real?

Those have been the questions that stuck in my head lately.

The happiness I felt, was that real?

It felt crazy.

It felt fictive.

It just, went too fast.

Can I turn back the time?

Can I undo my mistakes?

Time got jealous of them.  
It wanted their happiness to go.  
But time couldn't tear them apart.  
Cause they just won't let go.  
The young man is now happy.  
And they are now best friends.  
Their friendship escalated quickly.  
Now they are brothers instead of just friends.  
Here goes time's evil plan.  
It's time to let them end.  
Now that brothers are apart land.  
Sure they miss each other then.