

Without Closure

This Is Hell

You cant keep me here any longer
In spite of all your wishes
I've been imprisoned, but I'm breaking out
Nevermore will I know this guilt I've carried
For trying to find a comforting moment
A reprieve from the somber onslaught
That's always following, following me
While my obsessions held me hostage
Shackled by old habits
Self-doubts grip keeping me from seeing any other way
All the words I left unsaid
I know now are better kept
On a list of things