# Epitaph

## Introvert

Starry eyed explorer found another flag to drop
In the form of loose pills to conquer her America.
One straight to the head; a tight grasp towards her pocket:
An archetype for innocence with diamond eye sockets.
No longer interested in soft words or sonnets,
Only cares about the war she's lost and when she'll find her coffin.
Will any words be etched in the granite to whisper her legacy?
A legend in her own terms utilizing Athena's jealousy.
It's sad to see the day when the sky falls like this:
Clouds retreat to avoid the crash but the comets will not miss.
In the crater we will find a body if we're lucky
Label her a misfit and another helpless junkie.
But I can see better, past black and white shades
Into the gray area in which her mind lays
I don't think I can save her, but I hope that I'm led to
That little lonely girl just begging to be rescuedYou don't have to go through this yourself,
All you've got to do is ask for help.This fairy's broken wings don't flap like they used to,
Writing diaries in angels' dust but the meanings misconstrued.
And after her pen bled all the ink that she could use
She starting using her own blood to write the feelings that she knew.
Now the page is full and there's so much left to write.
Carves the meaning of her story on her skin and swears that she's alright.
It makes me see the world in a completely different light,
I hate to see you hurt yourself but whatever helps you sleep at night..
It's scary asking all the places that you've been
When rings aren't the only things that are piercing your skin...You're having dreams now, so there's progress to attempt
The road to recovery is plagued with hurdles and missteps.
I am here to catch you if you ever start to trip
And help guide your arrow towards all the targets that you've missed.
You can ask for anything, I'll do what I can
So don't be hesitant if you need a helping hand.You don't have to go through this yourself,
all you've got to do is ask for helpThe funeral was silent, sky was overcast
Cast over cloudy hearts and a less than sunny past.
Sent shivers down our backs as wind whipped our spine
Standing shoulder to shoulder in a large circular line.
Preacher said words from a bible, every one read
If God loves all his children then you have been adopted
Placed in a foster home your self esteem depleted,

Practically given up at birth, now I hope that you can see that
The mistakes that they made were much more than monumental
You are living proof that life isn't always gentle...
But you have your own touch have so much left to give
So many things to say and so much more life to live
We buried the body so nobody could see
The shell of what once was and who you used to be
And all you did was smile as we made our way home
To scribble I survived on your empty headstone.

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