Skeletons

Tal

I thought that I could hold my own.
I mean, you shouldn't feel like you're behind enemy lines inside of your own home,
But every time that I'm alone,
I feel as stable as dust
Subject to wherever that wind blows
And my mind pretends that this is a new home
And I'm just that curious kid that just wants to know
Where every door and passageway go
But I've been living up here for 22 years so...
I know.
I know what lies behind all of these doors all too well,
Most of them are great, but I don't open those so much, so I couldn't tell.
You see, the door that I know all too well is this little closet at the end of the hallway.
It welcomes me like a holiday,
but always leaves me feeling like hell.
And history has given me countless reasons of why I should avoid it at all costs
Yet it seems my countless demons continue to contradict that with addictive thoughts
And before I can stop
I find myself hesitantly opening that door, locked.
I glance back as if it's too late.
It's not!
But I've let this thought become an action
And now this actions gaining traction
And as I twist the handle and they all come crashing out,
skeletal hands surround
trying to pull me down
I turn, try and close the door,
or at least scream for some help
But there's a vicegrip around my neck so nothing comes out.
I try to run,
but the deed has already been done.
It was a choice that I made.
Now I'm going to fall prey
to the skeletons.

And now I am struggling to breathe
but I keep quiet so that nobody sees me.
Nobody needs to see these skeletal beings fighting to death to keep hold of me.
I make promises I can't keep

I'm a zombie by day because at night I don't sleep
Embarrassment is my camouflage
I don't hold hands because of my damaged flaws
I need the hand of God
I need a hand to God
I don't need a hand, I'm all good.
For the millionth time I whisper this lie to myself as I push the hands back
And slam the door on this hell, exhausted.
I stagger to the end if the hallway, breathing a sigh of relief.
Just another days work, utterly isolated thinking
"what could be wrong with my nature?"
I mean how else does one get picked for this great curse?
Disoriented and lost I make my escape
towards the first door that I find,
turn the key,
twist the knob,
only to reveal yet another army of skeletons behind.
No! I didnt mean to go back.
I didn't mean to go back!
I can't last another attack.
I'm falling victim to my present.
All because of my past.
I'm falling prey to the skeletons.
So all I see are ruined reputations,
Scandals and defeat.
Not that I failed to plan
Just that my plans failed me.
Scratch that!
Cuz I'm done with these cycles of saying sorry.
No more falling prey to the other side's army.
And so yes, I need support I need more than my words can say.
I need words that can change,
The kind of words that made this world in six days.
And just then I heard em,
From the voice of a friend,
Full of confidence and love.
It was the voice a parent uses when enough is enough,
And he said his grace is enough
and sufficient for me.
That his power is made perfect whenever I am weak,
And if thats what makes me free I will scream about my weakness.
So his power will always walk with me
This will no longer be the sound of me being beat down.
This is the sound of me rebounding,
The sound of me coming back to life,

Like a former addict who says he's gotta new lease on life,
Or the sound of a soldier coming home to his wife,
Or hear the momma scream when the doctor says "your baby's gonna make it through the night."
This is favor that we don't deserve,
Saving grace that you cannot put into words.
So it's time to open my closet doors
And let the light shine through.
Cuz I want you to know you aren't alone in your struggle too.
You see a secret is only a secret as long as you're willing to keep it
And freedom will only come when you release it.
I need you to believe it.

Lyrics Submitted by Joseph R. Schuck

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