Skeletons A.d.

Wednesday 13

They come and talk to me,
When I am all alone,
They always remind me of,
All the things that I've done wrong,
It's scary, disturbing, but somehow I'm not sorry,
They only thing that's even real,
Is the feeling that I don't feel.
It's all the same, but they're so different,
Bury the evidence, of my darkest sercets.
I hear them, they're calling,
The skeletons in my closet.
It's taking parts of me, into the unknown,
It's like a void inside of me,
That goes on and on and on.

It's scary, disturbing, but somehow I'm not sorry,
They only thing that's even real,
Is the feeling that I don't feel.
It's all the same, but they're so different,
Bury the evidence, of my darkest sercets.
I hear them, they're calling,
The skeletons in my closet.
Now I just can't pretend to forget,
These voices in my head,
And they just won't stop screaming.
It's all the same, but they're so different,
Bury the evidence, of my darkest sercets.
I hear them, they're calling,
The skeletons in my closet.

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