



Open wounds deep in my heart.

Bleeding, crying, torn apart.

Lonely, helpless, all confused.

Filled with hate, at being used.

Crying tears of aggravation.

Calling out in desperation.

Broken wings, laying on the ground.

Once been used, but yet to be found.

Bits of broken glass shattered.



**Shattered glass from my broken heart.
Tears of pain sinking under the sand
Never to dry; no helping hand.
Scars of mourning cutting my soul.
I'll never be healed, never be whole.
Crying out, hopeful, wanting to be heard.
Tired of just existing,
a thing that once occurred.
And so a cry turns to a moan.
Reality strikes; I am so alone.**

(Written by: Lost soul – dedicated to those, who understand)