

Who am I?

Growing up, everything changes,
hasn't been always in the best way.
My body envelops my pain
it's difficult to explain, anyways.

Growing up has been hard,
learning from my mistakes was a task.
Everything that made me who I am,
absorbed my soul and has left me "high and dry".

I don't know anything of who I am,
I look at the mirror and I don't know what to look at.
Maybe I have become what I used to admire,
or maybe I have become what I used to despise.

My body has bloomed,
like a petal falling out of the blue,
that was created from tears and despair
from the ones I used to call friends.

My manners have changed,
everything inside me screams rage.
My body is made from crushed little stars,
and my life date has expired.

I want to feel high as the sky,
but my heart's still on the earth.
Growing up, everything changed,
and I can't stop thinking, how should it end?