It all started with a heartbreak, but I was happy I was tryna take it all. I dropped low to a deep point, learn from the pain it was getting old, feeling lost so I started questioning, what it was, what I deserve.

Long nights, running thoughts, trying to find myself I was ways apart.

A kid from a family of three, my mama was working my bro a was a teen, so I was alone inside of my mind, I cried but here yeah no one would see. I was emotional, I was an enemy.

People telling me it was sad to see, and I would just listen, because there was too much missing.

Learn from all the pain, it happened so I’m not the same, people that told me that I had to change. All this sympathy I wasn’t new to it, but who would be righteous for me? I don’t see nobody comforting me.

I was the one that was running from me. The man in the mirror was coming for me. Couldn’t go through with it, he was the truth, mad for somethings that I couldn’t choose

Fighting for my love it’s a new beginning

Fighting for my soul that’s the way I’m winning

They don’t really understand my pain, they don’t really understand my brain they don’t really understand that… that I don’t feel the same. Like late nights when I’m staring at my ceiling, wondering why no one else can feel what I’m feeling. In the world people dying, loosing family. Got kids but they still living in the streets. Racism in the world from the east to west, people living with anxiety always feeling stressed.

Every time I open my eyes I may be awake but I don’t feel alive. Still kind of feel like I’m living in hell and these people don’t get it they telling to kill myself, tell me I’m worthless, tell me that I failed, tell that all my pain is not real cause I’m am 15 “I don’t really know what real pain is”

Screw you, you don’t have to deal through what I must go through, you don’t understand all the things I have been through

Wouldn’t last a day if you had to live in my shoes, wouldn’t want to start a day looking through my view.