

Lyrics and Poems

Posted by Jj123 - 27 Mar 2020 13:56

Hi all!

Personally, I find that finding expression for strong emotion has a calming effect.

This is true for both the "good" and the "bad" ones. Running from them never seems to work.

Hence this thread.

Please post any lyrics, poems, short stories or anything of the sort which has helped *you*.

If you want, you can add when it hits hardest.

Looking forward to reading 'em all!

ps. the stuff doesn't have to be inspirational. when I feel numb the sad stuff is what helps me most.

Cheers

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Re: Lyrics and Poems

Posted by Jj123 - 27 Mar 2020 14:03

For when the ups and downs wear at me.

Waves

There is a swelling storm

And I'm caught up in the middle of it all

And it takes control of the person that I thought I was

The boy I used to know

But there is a light in the dark

And I feel its warmth

In my hands, in my heart

But why can't I hold on?

It comes and goes in waves

It always does, always does

We watch as our young hearts fade

Into the flood, into the flood

And the freedom of falling

The feeling I thought was set in stone

It slips through my fingers

I'm trying hard to let go

It comes and goes in waves

It comes and goes in waves

And carries us away

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Re: Lyrics and Poems

Posted by Jj123 - 27 Mar 2020 14:07

For when I'm grateful for how much progress I've made, and how my life has made a turn for the better due to this fight.

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Re: Lyrics and Poems

Posted by Jj123 - 27 Mar 2020 14:11

After a fall

I wish that I could turn my heart to stone
So I don't have to feel what I feel when I'm alone

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Re: Lyrics and Poems

Posted by StrugglingTeenOneMillion - 03 May 2020 04:30

I DID NOT MAKE THIS UP; IT WAS FROM A GYE EMAIL. WHEN I READ IT, IT SENT CHILLS UP MY SPINE. IF WHOEVER WROTE IT SEES THIS, PLS CONTACT ME. PM THRU GYE. ANXIOUSLY AWAITING TO BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU! IT IS DEAD ON. WITH ALL THE EMOTIONS!

How Addiction Feels

Posted by a GYE Member

Pushed down a hallway that I was never supposed to be in, pushed further away from life, happiness, fulfillment, reality, toward a place of dark twisted things, rotting dreams and fake smiles, tortured screams and wild inhuman laughter, echoing faintly.

There are rooms in this hallway, some I've been in, some not, but this is no hotel, once you enter, you stay, not because you're not allowed out, no, the front doors are open, of course, you can sometimes catch a glimpse of the outside street, maybe even see people walking past, real people, I think, I can't always tell, maybe today will be the day I walk outside.

But then the push comes again, stronger than ever, the curiosity of what's around the corner, the world can wait, there are rooms I never tried yet.

I can leave at any time. But I never do. There have been times, I've stood by the front door, unable to walk out, hidden in a shadow, wrapped in the silence of my shame, staring out at the world, the scary, real world. One day I'll go out, I promise myself.

In the hallway, hearing the shrieks of pain, the sobbing, the repetitive mumbling of those once sane. But the insides of the rooms look so beautiful.

I will leave, I promise myself. There's the world out there, a real world, where people are people, not things. A world in which there's love, two people respecting each other, giving to each other, where smiles can be found on faces without glazed eyes. A world where life has meaning, purpose, hope, growth.

This hallway threatens to choke me in its shadowy depths. Does this tunnel have a light at the end? Time will tell.

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