My time grows closer as my sanity fades.
I pray for relief
     no one listens…
     no one stays.…

**Soon the rain falls,
as it's shelter we all seek.
Mother Nature screams her call,
lightening crashes at our feet.**

The flood begins to flow,
stealing everything it desires.
The water takes control,
like the wind, that spreads the fire.

**Soon the calling will come,
for everyone to leave,
but when that time comes,
no one ever sees.**

Desperately my times becomes a waste,
as I wonder how long it will last.
I look back across my life,
only to prepare for death.

Let the river flow, where it wants to go.
Let the water rise, to be our demise.
Let the seas destroy, all we have today.
Let our life drown, to ease the pain.

It seems with my busy schedule of surviving, I'm losing my creativity. Did I have any creativity to begin with? Or was I just another mind thinking the same things that everyone thought? If I was, then I was a mind that thought of trying to express how we all feel or I was reminding everyone of those little questions we all try to answer by ourselves. Giving a possible chance of an answer or at least helping to suggest something that makes sense. For so long I wanted my work or anything I do creative to be seen. I wanted the respect and admiration of society, and of course the fame. Doesn't everyone? It's all a suppression of my abused childhood. I just wanted to be popular. Like everyone else. But now I'm starting to feel different. Knowing my small desires and problems couldn't compare to society's. I'm just one of billions, expendable. Here we worry about who's in control of the country. The condition of the environment. The future of our economy and of course everyone else's personal problems. But my problems do mean something. I live with myself every day. My major concern is my own survival and when it comes down to it, so is yours. I try to help society in the ways I can. I listen to what people have to offer. I try to be environmentally and politically correct. For what? For you? For me? For them? For us? Prejudice, self-centered, worthless, non-caring, hypocritical, helpless bastards. Destroying the Earth and society. Conforming to what we don't like or believe. Minding everyone's business. I just want to get out! Free myself from every ones's persecution. But I can't. It will be wherever I go. Wherever people will be. So I need to go where there is no one else. Isolation. Yea. That's it! I'll be insane in no time. Or am I already?