

Dark hopes

Feeling like nothing,
A shell without soul,
Like everything inside
Is just a big hole.

It's dark and so cold here,
Just as her mind,
So ugly and old, weird,
No light here to find.

So, sitting and crying,
Wanting so hard
To just stop this stupid
Life, as a reward
Finally dying
And at least some dark
hope seems to appear,
But like from the start:

Again, good old fear.

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