

Psychosis

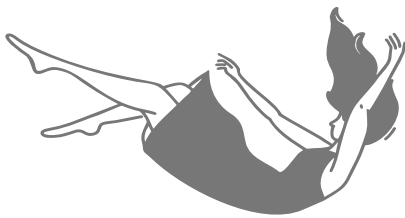
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What's there to believe
Anger, frustration
All this angst that's killing me
I couldn't hear
I couldn't speak

The only thought was being free
Happiness in momentum
I was falling by the string

Voices in my head

Or in reality
I couldn't tell the difference
I couldn't breathe
So, what can I believe?



Self-love is self-poetic
Sometimes I felt so free
Young and alone
It's hard when there's no given
Delusions of every me

The only thought was being free
Happiness in momentum
I was falling by the string