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Poem by Jhana Matthews & Rob Bissonnette

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These Walls



These walls are watching me.

I can't accept the air I breathe
These walls are watching me bleed
These walls are making it hard to breathe
These walls are watching me bleed
I'm slowly dying
I can't take the air I breathe

These walls are watching me as I cut myself into pieces
I feel like I'm breaking
While I hold myself together

I can't take this anymore.

These walls are watching me bleed

These scars are too deep to hide

I can't confide, for these walls are watching me bleed

My lungs are filled completely with dust

That these walls are watching me bleed

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