

Enough.

By: Zaine Eback

Day by day, I wear a mask,
To hide away from people who hate me.
Keep my head down,
Surely that'd do the trick.

No one bothers to care about me,
That's normal, right?
Everyone just thinks you're a nobody.
Surely that'd do the trick.

Running home, to finally let my mask down,
To cry all the pent up tears I've hid,
Letting myself feel something again,
Surely that'd do the trick.

Scrolling through social media, to find some kind of boost,
To make me happier than I was at school,
Something to give me a smile,
Surely that'd do the trick.

But the hate keeps coming in,
Like a swarm of bees from a disturbed nest,
I'll act like their punching bag, to release their anger,
Surely, that'd do the trick.

But they know where to punch,
How to break and bend your own emotions,
Break you down until you are no more...

...enough...

I can't take it anymore, I'm not a punching bag,
I'm not a door-mat, I'm a toy to throw away.
I'm my own person, I have feelings too

Stop the hurting, stop the fighting,
I don't want to be this way anymore.
I'm tired, this isn't how I'm supposed to be.

Enough.