Relinquish Your Power

I tear at skin that is already burned red.

I trap myself inside of my head to escape from terror,

But even then the screams continue to ridicule me.

I look in the mirror and see someone who is entirely made up of flaws.

I can't be that person.

I need to be perfect, so I must starve to fit the public's ideal.

I must cut out the marks that make me ugly.

It's what everyone wants,

Nobody wants imperfection.

Months pass on,

Yet I still grimace at my physique.

I'm supposed to be beautiful.

I thought I would be happy.

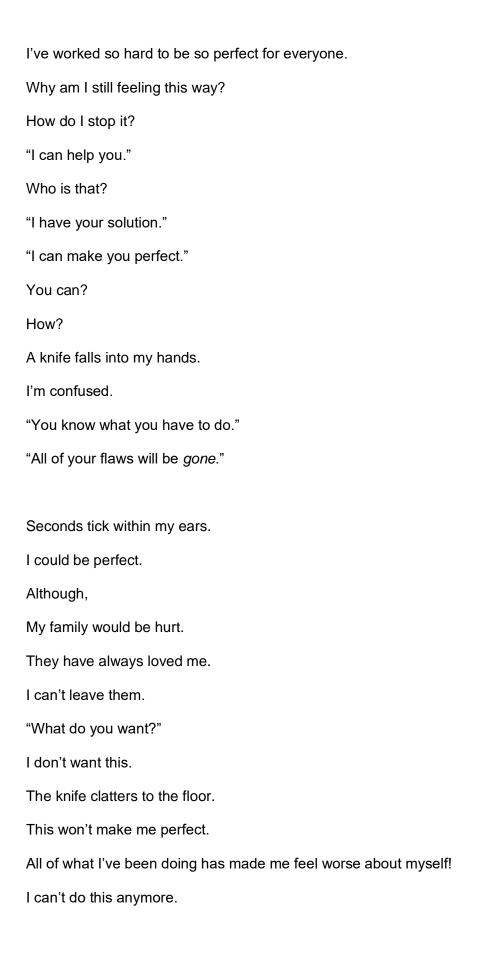
Shouldn't I be happy?

The voices still torture me when I'm at my peak,

And they kick me while I'm down regularly.

My ripped skin glares at me each day reminding me that I will forever be miserable.

I can't stand this feeling!



I need help.

Real help.