

The Beauty and The Beast

There's a villain in every story.
The Wicked Witch of the West,
A Wicked Witch of the East,
The evil stepmother,
A monster, a beast.

What does the villain look like?
Some people may ask.
It doesn't always have a black cape,
Or a witch's broom,
Or a big and scary mask.

I have a villain of my own,
But she's kind of hard to see.
She has a really good disguise-
She looks a lot like me.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who's the fairest of them all?
Or maybe it's
Monster, monster inside of me,
Tell me, tell me what you see?

Rip me apart,
Tear me to shreds,
Make me a prisoner,
Inside my own head.

Tell me what I am
And tell me what I'm not.
Tell me what I need
And tell me what I've got.

Deprive me of my confidence,
Take away my self-esteem,
Cause me to fear judgment,
And make me yell and scream.

You taunt me with your words
Like this is some kind of game.
But when it comes down to it.
There's no one else to blame.

This villain isn't a creature.
Or a devil sent from hell.
It isn't a witch or demon,
The villain is myself.

I try to fight it but it won't stop
It's never going to cease.
It's mean. It's a liar.
I'm the beauty and the beast.

There's a villain in every story,
A statement that is true.
But how do you kill the monster,
When it lives inside of you?