

Masked

Sing that sweet lullaby again,
Of hope for the future,
And greater good for us all.
Rest my soul in lies
Graced by the light
Of your benevolent smile.
Shield me with your hollow hope
As ignorance strengthens
All my twisted, selfish thoughts.
Never mind, I will wake to Hell.
I turn my blind eye
On your blood-stained hands.
For now I will believe in you
And let deceit
Slowly tear away the hope
That never was true.

—*Rachel Schade*

Pain

Life's a thief tiptoeing silently.
Open your eyes,
Just to close them again and deny.
Truths become false;
Nothing looks familiar anymore.
Pieces are missing.
Fight to hope but despair is strong.
Wait
Weight
Crushes.
The light is there,
But so is darkness.
You're still here.
But rising up to breathe, I wonder:
Where am I?

—*Rachel Schade*