

FLOW

EMOTIONAL FLOW HAS ALWAYS BEEN.
I FEEL AND SUPPRESS, SUPPRESS BECOMES RAGE,
TO RAGE IS TO FAIL; BECAUSE ONE DOES NOT
THINK.

THE NOW IS THE TRUTH OF WHERE I AM.
MY FLOW IS I FEEL THE TEARS OF PAIN, FROM
STARVING CHILDREN.

I LISTEN TO SONGS THAT MOVE ME TO TEARS, MY
DAUGHTERS CAN SAY ONE WORD THAT CAUSE ME
HURT FOR YEARS.

MY LOSSES OF FAMILY ARE SO SEVERE, THAT I
FEEL LIKE I AM THE ONLY ONE HERE.

I SCREAM AT THE SKY TO GOD; I FEEL IT'S MY ONLY
WAY TO SAY GOODBYE.

MY FLOW IS REPRESSED SCREAMS OF UNTOLD
DREAMS.

OF WHAT IS LOST AND CAN NEVER RETURN.
MY AGONY IS SO COMPLETE, I CRY OUT IN HOPELESS
DEFEAT.

EXPECTING NO REPLY; I SCREAM AT THE SKY IT'S
MY ONLY WAY TO SAY GOODBYE.

I SCREAM AT THE SKY BECAUSE IT'S
MY ONLY WAY TO SAY GOODBYE