

Feelings

I look out the window and all I see is rain

Running down the windows running down the hills, it is personified by pain

The winds are always getting stronger

Every problem seems to be getting longer

But I still cannot say it's over

When will the sunrise come

Every thought seems to be clouded

By the dreaded things made by our imagination

To make us doubtful and not prosperous

A plethora of negative accumulation

The things that are portrayed

By this fragmented world illusion

When will the sunrise come

My heart burns with a passion

To change the worlds fatal outcome

But the challenges keep coming

Strongly influencing ideology enforced upon society's morality

Giving us no space to breathe

When will the sunrise come

They say you have freedom of speech but when you speak

The crowds seethe as you speak the truth, but the truth is now ugly

When will the sunrise come

When will you feel a part of something that is not impartial

When will you do something to change that

When will your opinions be valued

When will your sunrise come