

I have been hurting for years for God only knows why,

I haven't hurt others consciously but in my head and mind I try;

I am sore because I can't achieve what I want to achieve,

Because I want the time to love and money as well is hard to believe.

But it's beautiful to just let go and let yourself live life,

It's beautiful trying to be better than what could possibly be strife;

It was a glorious way and beautiful thing to try to be the best,

But the pleasure and pain must balance and hurting for years the test.

I tried to get my own way and go only the way I wanted,

But that to was unkind and not what everyone and all else wanted;

I tried to do it that the way I should and someone always said no,

I tried to follow and not lead but it was whether I could really know.

Now I had to do lots of things again for everything I did wrong,

And it was for hurting for years following my own way trying to love long;

And I loved to live and play and give and try to become like God,

But really all I had to do was try to be me and hurt for years quiet odd.

And all the things I loved so much and tried so hard to hand onto,

Was keeping my mind and heart on myself, hurting for years for you;

Yes you were the reason that I was hurting myself to be happy,

And all I really thought was if this is hard for me, are others happening.

So now as I put this down in my pen from my hand,

I think about all the hurting for years and what goes on in my head;

And I know it is really right and wrong and I have to be right for God,

And do if I sin and go wrong I'm hurting for years to pay back to be one.

Signed,

Playing with pain

