

Stronger Than You Think.

They lay there awake,  
With tears stinging their eyes.  
But they wipe them away,  
And say that they can't cry.  
They keep trying and trying,  
To hold those tears back.  
But whenever they try to speak,  
Their voice just begins to crack.

All they can hear,  
Are all the voices that cry,  
They're too fat,  
They're too ugly,  
They don't even know why they're alive.  
They've learned to hate themselves,  
Because they're a mess.  
They're too shy,  
Too awkward,  
And feel like all they do is cause stress.

For no one really notices them,  
For no one really even cares.  
They feel invisible like a ghost,  
And are living their own nightmares.

To you they're just fine,  
Cause that's what you see.  
But deep down they're in pain,  
And wishing they were free.  
Free from their thoughts,  
And free from their cares.  
Free from society,  
That only compares.  
Free from their flaws,  
That get stuck in their head.  
Keeping them up at night,  
So they lay there awake instead.  
Wishing they could be someone they're not,  
So they don't have to keep pretending,  
Or have to deal with their thoughts.  
So as you can see.  
People aren't always how they appear to be.

You just have to look close enough to notice,  
The little signs that they will leave.  
So show them that there really is hope,  
And that they only have to believe.

~Sarah Jean 2016