

## Yearning

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Sometimes the darker side breaks out,  
sometimes I cry and scream and shout.  
Sometimes the urges reappear,  
sometimes I scowl and often sneer.  
Sometimes the evil comes to play  
and all the churches try and pray,  
but something's locked inside my head  
something in there wants you dead.  
Something wants to spill your blood  
drag your body through the mud.  
Something's eating at my sanity  
I'm consumed with unsound vanity.  
Sometimes the evil side prevails  
sometimes I peg them down with nails,  
it's pitiful their helpless cries  
but there's no tears in my eyes.  
Something in here wants you dead  
something rotting in my head,  
darkness churning in my brain  
I just want to taste your pain.