

They mistook my dramatics for passion and now here I am. Alone and burned up in the stratosphere of academics. Floating in the ocean of stress, deranged anger, and shameless tears. Am I any of them? Many tell me I'm not but the taste of the salt in this place is familiar. The tides of my emotions throw me across the many places in this ocean but I never seem to feel at ease in any of them. I cannot find solus in hopelessness, I only find rage. I cannot find reason in stress, only exaggerated dilemmas. I cannot find companionship in tears, they only isolate me further. The fish whispers in my ears of the sophistry in this pond. I can only see partly what they mean but they expect me to give them my faith as much as any church. I cannot move against these things that circle around me, these things that exist just below the surface waiting to expose their mania to the world. I'm simply junk in the ocean floating and waiting for those with wings to grab me and take me somewhere new. I have no control over my own fate. I am metal that knows how to lie and nothing else. They mistook my dramatics for passion and now here I am more manic than those who lie at the bottom of the sea. I writhe against my fate hoping that I may find something to truly care for and succeed. I know no one will care about me, and at many points I don't want them to. One day I will wash up on an island, I don't know where that will be or if I'll care. I'm mad, not at those who placed me in this situation but at myself for lying to the world that I was capable of handling anything. I wish I wasn't metal. I have no greater drive. I'm without soul and without reason.