

## When Will I Be Free?

Everywhere I go, it will be there. My past running after me. Will they let it go? I will never know. Do I have to get down on both knees and beg you to forget it all? It shouldn't matter to you, it happened to me. I don't remember asking for a second shadow. I know it's disappointing to see a delicate pink lily growing in a vivid green field, only to see it bloom into a black rose full of thorns to take it's place instead. Some people will actually like the change. While others will sit in the darkest corner of their mind wondering, what went wrong. It's not my fault, I swear! But would I go back to my old ways? I wouldn't even consider it.

I know that's how I was back then, when I was *young*. But I'm older now, so don't you dare compare me to someone I'm not anymore. I'm aware that I traded Kelly Clarkson and Plain White T's for Mayday Parade and My Chemical Romance. I replaced pink for red and black. Rainbow colored beaded bracelets for cold, gray, thick, and thin chains. I traded my sweet, innocent, and naive world for the harsh and brutal reality. It wasn't a choice I got to make, I was forced. My perspective has changed. "Why aren't you the same gullible little girl you were before? The one that liked trends, lip gloss, was obsessed with her looks, and cared of what others thought of her," you may ask. Well, here are some better questions: 'Why do you care so much? I've got my life and you've got your own. So why are you paying so much attention to mine instead of yours?'

I'm a bird trapped in a huge, heavy, thick barred, and metal cage. Being captured all the time is horrible. To make matters worse, not only are you prevented from being free, but you've also got a large crowd watching your every move, while jotting down notes. I made a stupid mistake, using my skin as a canvas and a razor as my paintbrush. That was a long time ago, so you can quit your job as my bodyguard. Hand over the key. You have no idea of what it's like to be me. Can't I just express

myself, without being questioned all the time? Gerard Way once said, “Anything can be art. Anything can be self-expression. Now take your weapon and run with it.” As you can see I can’t run, at least not underneath these circumstances. It’s not a crime to change or to be different, so why does it feel like I’m in prison? When will I ever be able to spread my wings and fly in the singing wind again? But believe me, one day I’ll have enough and I’ll find a way out myself. Whether you like it or not.