

Jeffroe May 1, 1958 -- April 23, 2012



My thoughts My thoughts

these thoughts I want nobody to see for the just the thought
of them judging me.

These thoughts of amassing wealth, these thoughts I keep
to myself. With these thoughts I am emotionally drained
My thoughts are not the same
It's like a parasite in my brain, thoughts reserved only for
the insane. With these thoughts I feel alone

These thoughts I never condone Yet they are always there

The emotions on my sleeve I wear I am stuck an don't
know what to do. Will these thoughts go away if I only knew

These cuts take away the emotional pain If only for a little
while I run the thoughts away if only for a mile

My thoughts they are starting to consume For good
thoughts there is no room

For all my friends I hold dear Soon I will be gone For as
death approaches may I hold no fear

