

Words Hurt by Jemma Baston-Williams

You look down on me 'cause I dress like this
I wonder when they'll stop taking the piss
A dyke you saw, but I didn't
Let me tell you, you don't know my bus...iness
Can't know what I went through, know what I did

I think you'd be shocked if you heard my story
And you know what, I don't tell or speak for glory
U see them pause and they start to listen
I'm thinking now that they'll see my vision

They 'ent never been there 'an that's what I pray for
That's what I hope
That they don't ever witness stuff that I saw
it sticks in ya mind and tenses ya jaw

I try and block it out and I have for years
I close my eyes but I still shed tears
I plead with my mind to get rid of that demon
Would it have been better to join as a seaman
To work on a ship
to take a little dip
And maybe I wouldn't have to deal with this shit

But I chose this path back then as a youngen
And I got lost in Afghan, all among 'em
how did I feel when I carried gun
I asked do I stand there corporal, or do I run

where can I go now, where can I hide
Don't be silly, you stand there with pride
U rep for ya country, u fight for our Queen
U get paid by the government what did u think that would mean

If u leave now, I'll do ya for treason
Is that why I stayed, was that my only reason
Listen private, now you're a soldier
this will make u so strong when ya older

Trust me, I've been where u are you
But I'm looking at u and u seem so far
Gone from reality
away from normality

Is that what I've got to come
Cus if it is, then I'll be sure to run
Run away, run away I wanna get lost
I don't care now, whatever the cost
it won't be more than I've gone through
It can't be more than I've lost

YES ALREADY, we're all the same kind
I've gotta keep steady cus I'll lose mind
But I kept going, kept on showing
Showing up showing up that's what we did
We were hard and tough and never fucking hid.

Look at me now, you've witnessed my demise
Look closely, you'll see I never won the prize
I know what I chose, and I live with it
Don't mean that I don't hurt and sit with it

Freedom

Freedom

You Think about that while I'm full of regret

Sat here with my scars trying to forget

Freedom

Freedom

Yeah maybe for YOUR life

Freedom...over time

It's worth it you said

But what about mine

U think about that when u next call me names

Don't come crying when I burst into flames

Ash, fog, dust...and the smell of burnt skin

That's all that's left

Please think...u don't know what's within!

©2024 *Jemma Baston-Williams*