

# Ugly

When I get ugly, I get really ugly.

I have those days, those days where I leave my hair,  
I leave my hair to wire, to tangle, to panic, to scare!

In those moments, those moments where I drop my conscience,  
Drop my conscience to the ground, to flee, to quit, no innocence.

At those times, those times where my feet drag with weariness  
Drag with weariness, to stop, to rest, to drowned, to emptiness.

In my glance, my glance where the eyes burn with being too tired,  
Burn with being too tired, to sleep, to wake, to look, to be admired.

I feel my breath, my breath beating at my punctured chest,  
My punctured chest that weeps, to fill, to live, to do its best.

In my mouth, my mouth that drools, breathes and even sags,  
Breathes and even sags to choke, to eat, to bleed, even brags.

In this voice, this voice that whispers and blurs what it has to say,  
What it has to say, to beg, to fetch, to stutter, to grovel, never to pray.

All on a journey, a journey to suffer and subject to suffering,  
Subject to suffering, to please, to prove, to play as with string.

At the brink of me, the brink of me where I almost cease to exist,  
Cease to exist, to fake, to hurt, to quit, to hide to cut at least a wrist.

Then I get ugly, I get ugly where I rest to regain my lost joy,  
My lost joy, to drink, to eat, to have, to give, to be God's toy.

Then I get ugly, I get ugly when I can no longer stay pretty,  
No longer stay pretty, to show, to share, to love or even pity.  
Then I get Ugly, then I get really ugly!