



# R.I.P to "The Feeling"

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In the dark, looking for a way out  
Trying to reach for the door and fumbling about  
I desperately needed to move out and leave it behind  
This room of darkness was a prison of the mind  
Killing my sanity with strangers' words  
I long for the soothing songs of chirping birds  
As I was walking closer to the door  
With hope to leave the feeling I hate  
It furiously pulled me back inside  
Still with anger that didn't subside  
It grabbed my neck and tried to pin me down

I heard voices again and a creepy sound in the background  
I had to fight "the feeling" with fearless rage  
My determination was my only courage  
And it's my helping tool, no doubt  
So, there from my pocket, I took it out  
And with it, I stabbed "the feeling" multiple times  
And I'm proud of this crime  
R.I.P to the deceased  
May it rot in peace

I'm glad "the feeling" is gone and dead  
"This feeling" that ruined me so bad  
I hope it rots in peace  
I'm now at ease  
Its death gives me a new life  
Thanks to my determination, my deadly knife  
After an aeon of gloom and doom  
There, "the evil feeling" decays beneath the tomb  
Where I laid its corpse with disgust  
May it soon turn to dust  
But I'm here standing tall and proud  
and never again will I let myself fall apart