

Poetry Series

**Marco Jimenez**  
**- poems -**

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## Marco Jimenez(6/3/92)

my poems are my biography  
my poems are me  
my poems are my inexperience  
and my experiences

# A Dream Where Dreams Don'T Exist

I feel the wind rush across my face  
And it takes me away  
To a once invisible place

A place the world has never seen,  
With running mountains  
And tall rivers,  
Jumping birds  
And kind killers,

A place where dreams rarely come true,  
And the stars are always falling upon you,  
Colors for millions of miles,  
Silver trees and plains of golden tiles,

Leaves of birds,  
Roses of water,  
Feelings of words,  
Colder of hotter,

Energy of wind,  
Treasure of sky,  
Life of earth,  
In peace to die,

But no dreams,  
No friends,  
No family,  
Is how this life ends,

And I once again feel the wind rush across my face  
In hope of returning to a once familiar place,  
But I am not taken back to the home that I now dearly miss,  
I have been given a lot here but I have not been given this,

I hated my life before  
But now it's even worse,  
This field of gold is my cemetery  
And the water of air is my hearse,

Even in a place of dreams  
Where dreams don't exist,  
Happiness isn't what it seems,  
Anything is better than this,

I didn't know what I had  
Until it was taken away,  
I forgot who I was for a second  
And now I'm in a different place than I was earlier today,

But now I know  
That family and friends can't be replaced,  
By golden grass  
And silver lakes,

Or by trees of silver,  
Or tiles of gold,  
Or water of air,  
Or fear of old,

Not influence of mind,  
Nor age of time,  
Not the strongest powers,  
Nor history's greatest hours

Marco Jimenez

# A Rebels Creed

stop pushing me down  
stop holding me to the ground  
let me stand on my own two feet  
when i get up i hope its the devil i meet  
because im gonna get up strong  
im gonna get up right  
this wont take long

im getting up with a fist in my left hand  
and a hammer in my right  
im gonna be smashing the devil all day  
im gonna be smashing him all night  
but i suppose i should be thankful  
because the devil gave me hate  
something to let loose  
somethin with which to devastate

nothing will brak my path  
i tear down the road with wrath  
my dreams can't be shattered  
broken, beaten, or battered  
everything in my way will be killed  
nothing and no one is stronger willed

I live between the darkness and the light  
I am no angel of heaven  
or demon of the night

i do not kill for pleasure or smiles  
i do not save lives for rewards that stretch fo miles  
i do not hide in secret because of fear or defeat  
there are reasons why i run and retreat

to most i am evil  
i am the devil within  
to most i am the devil himself  
i am each and every sin

they are wrong

i cannot be defined  
my life cannot be waved off and signed  
i cannot be controlled  
i am driven by the fury of the warriors of old

there was a time when wars were fought with sword and shield  
and such a power that made their enemies yield  
lives weren't saved out of simple care  
they were saved for the good of everyone everywhere  
their hope was always hanging by on tip of a string  
but they knew the future can be changed by even the smallest thing  
and even though life barely hung by a thread  
they lived and fought as long as they weren't dead

Marco Jimenez

# A Toast To Poetry

fate put a pen in my hand  
and a paper in front of me  
fate told me to pour my heart out  
so i wrote poetry

fate gave me a tool to record the thoughts of time  
and the visions i see  
so i recorded it with rhythm and rhyme  
and the passion within me

i reflect the light of the sun  
from pen to paper  
i spread the smell of flowers  
to make it even greater

i write the sound in the water  
i write the movement in the sky  
i write the touch of grass  
and the way the birds fly

i write effects and feelings  
i write expressions of passion  
i write what hope brings  
i write my imagination

each word i write  
brightens my heart alittle more  
each phrase that takes shape  
opens up another door

so i give a toast to poetry  
my friend  
my buddy  
the one who sticks by me  
the who always helps me

you always have an open hand  
you always make me feel happy and free  
you always help me stand

when standing isn't easy

let us now raise our drinks together  
and dedicate this moment  
to poetry  
may it live through our hearts  
for all of eternity

Marco Jimenez

# An Example Of My Dedication

What should I do when I like a girl?  
What do I do when this feeling is honest and real?  
When I know what I want but not how it's supposed to feel,

I know what I can give her,  
And I don't have much to give,  
But I know that she  
Is the only one with whom I want to live,

Then I found that she is taken,  
And my heart was pulled out and violently shaken,

Any hope of seeing her again  
May still be,  
But now it will be only as friends,  
And not with me,

And though this is crushing,  
A natural sense of protection has formed,  
So that if she ever gets hurt,  
I'm ready to charge with raging horns,

I'll fight anything with all my strength and more,  
I'll fight one, two, three, and even four,  
And if four don't get enough I'll fight thirty-three,  
Just as long as she is safe and the pain goes all to me,

I'll happily die fighting  
If I know that she'll be ok,  
There will be a big smile on my face,  
And it will be there to stay,

The reason that I go through all this trouble  
To prove who I am,  
Is because I believe in the truth  
Whether I have to do it with soft words or a heart pounding slam

Marco Jimenez

# An Unbreakable Bind

i give my friends advice  
advice that i don't even follow myself  
i always try to be nice  
as im in this living hell

i have an image for my friends  
and its the only one i let them see  
because the other one si too disappointing  
and its always talking to me

it says things like  
haha thats a lie!  
you don't even know why!  
don't you just wanna cry!  
why don't you just give up and DIE!

you don't even know what to say  
you'll get rejected every single day  
your always gonna get pushed away!  
you can try but you'll fail anyway!

my lifes future events  
and stupid plans  
have me sad and alone  
thinking of a girl with whom i could still be holding hands  
but she doesn't care about me  
she can't see the things i see

i can see all that we can be  
but she can't  
because she's too busy being free  
and i had hope that we would get back together  
but now its not very likely

does anybody really care about me  
when did i become such an easy person to forget  
when did my life lose quality  
sometime i think giving up is my best bet

sometimes i don't care  
sometimes i don't feel like being fair  
sometimes i i care about who, why or where  
sometimes i just want people outta my hair

sometimes i just want to cuss people out  
i want to tell them i have it worse without a doubt  
i want to sock them in the face  
i want to put them in their place

but i never do these things i just let the tension build up in my brain  
and then i forget about it all  
then later i do it again

im just too weak to do anything about it  
but the hate keeps breeding in my mind  
and i can't live without it  
im wrapped in an unbreakable bind

Marco Jimenez

# Best Friends Don'T Do This

what did i do  
do you think it was me  
that turned you away  
because i never let you be  
when you complained every single day

was i supposed to just shut up  
and let you talk  
was i just supposed to sit there  
listening to your complaining never stop

did you think i'd hide my thoughts  
while hearing about every time you got stuck in a rut  
did you think i'd stop  
every time you added an if and or butt

i didn't give you my advice  
just to be a jerk  
i wouldn't have given it to you  
if i didn't know you were gonna get hurt

sometimes i think i should never have tried  
i didn't know you'd throw away my every word  
i don't know why i never thought you lied  
you probably think this is all absurd

but to me its everything!

why can't i ever say what i wanna say  
do you think i just dily daly  
every single day

do i have feelings  
do i mean anything to you  
do you just do what you want  
do you even think about what the effects do

don't even try to act like you know how i feel  
don't even tell me you understand

don't even say that you care  
when you pull away everytime i reach out my hand

why don't you just say it  
to you i am dead  
when you told me you haven't changed  
you didn't mean a single word you said

you're no longer the same person  
you're no longer the same friend  
that friendly kids life has come to an end

Marco Jimenez

# Cry

you've been stabbed in the back  
you've been pierced through the heart  
you've always been under attack  
you've never had a good start

you've been tossed to the floor  
you've beaten on the ground  
you've been hurt at your core  
you've hurt all around

you've experienced the bad life  
you've felt that hate  
you've felt that rage  
and you know what it can create

you've been insulted because of your height  
you've been stereotyped because of your race  
people have held you back all of your life  
you've lost a lot of chances opportunities  
your life has been through some terrible things  
things that some people should never have to experience or see

there's only one thing left to do  
and nothing left to say  
so do it now  
it will eventually happen anyway

Cry  
like its everyone's business  
Cry  
like the world wants to know  
Cry  
like you've got nothing to hide  
Cry  
like you've got everything to show

just cry

cry out with passion

cry like the rain  
just do it  
cry out your pain

let the dreadful memories of your past  
leave with your tears  
and free your mind  
of all your greatest struggles and fears

cry because you've got a family  
a home  
a bed

cry because your no longer homeless  
no longer alone  
no longer in a shed

cry because your strong  
and able to put aside pain  
able to conquer your fears  
able to start over again

Marco Jimenez

# Disappointment

i really wanna try  
i really really do  
i just can't face the fact  
of disappointing you

i don't know what it is  
that makes me just not go  
there's always something else  
that screws up my entire flow

the face of disappointment  
strikes straight through my heart  
it takes away my energy  
and tears my hope apart

i don't want that again  
not for the seventh time  
a disappointment for every day of the week  
and sadness will be mine

the value of my soul  
will fall below zero  
and will become unreachable  
by any given hero

and darkness will fall upon my diminished sun  
then i will remain the disappointing one  
and as i lay in this deep and heartless place  
i am once again dead upon your disappointed face

Marco Jimenez

# Everyone Has And Anyone Can

everyone has shed tears  
everyone has bore pain  
everyone has had fears  
everyone sucks at a certain game

but anyone can jump  
anyone can laugh  
anyone can smile  
because life isnt so bad  
so long as you choose  
to lister, to learn  
to honor, to learn  
to love, to gain  
to deal with pain  
to be strong  
to fight your fears  
to defeat your demons  
and let them fall with your tears

but ultimately

be true to yourself  
be the free person of your choice  
and help others to be happy and rejoice  
and help your self  
and others to know  
that this is not your last day on earth  
but it sure aint the first

Marco Jimenez

# Fear Is How I Fall

my hearts tower has been struck  
my face is crawling with tears  
my voice is stuck  
frozen be my worst fears

one million tons of weight  
coming down at once  
leaving me in a state  
of disbelief and distrust

people are falling on the ground  
and screaming in pain  
their falling all around  
again and again

smoke in the air  
black as night  
dust is everywhere  
blurry and white

im running away  
a rock falls and almost breaks me knee  
i hit the floor  
then a guy falls next to me  
rocks are falling everywhere  
and the guy looks at me and says  
what a terrible place to be  
i'm surprised i'm not dead  
i didn't reply  
i looked back thinking  
i wish i could just die  
my heart hurts  
my will is shrinking

a gigantic black cloud  
is charging my way  
its thundering and loud  
if only i could blow this one away

people run  
but i choose to stay  
it may not be a good choice  
but i think its better this way

fear is how i fall  
and i have fallen  
i will soon be dead  
but this i do not dread  
for it is not fear of death that caused this event  
it is the hateful acts of terror that have been sent  
they have violently struck the core of my heart  
i can't take it, it's tearing me apart  
please don't take this from me  
i may not die happy  
but at least i won't suffer  
for what would seem like an eternity

fear is how i fall  
and i have fallen

Marco Jimenez

# Have You Ever Wanted Something

have you ever wanted something  
something not for your eyes  
something of beautiful tears  
something of beautiful lies  
something that envisions the seas  
and encompasses the skies

have you ever wanted something  
something you cant touch with your hand  
something out of your reach  
a vision that will soon come to an end  
something that you need  
something that has only your heart to mend

have you ever wanted something  
something that you would put before your heart  
something that symbolizes a new beginning]  
something that symbolizes a new start  
something that symbolizes a that missing piece  
something that symbolizes a that lost part

have you ever wanted something so bad  
lying  
fighting  
breaking the law  
hurting  
killing  
taking no moral manner at all  
realizing  
seeing  
what is your worst flaw  
apologizing  
crying  
feeling bad enough to crawl  
recuperating  
regathering  
standing back up tall  
knowing  
learning

what is the law  
respecting  
loving  
only one and all  
waving  
saying  
bye to your worst flaw

have you ever wanted something  
something that you never reached  
something you realized you dont really need  
something that you would willingly help  
and give air to breathe  
but helping yourself  
to continue to live and be free

Marco Jimenez

# Have You Tried

when your down  
when your having a terrible life  
when you dont know what to do  
when you dont know what is right

just think to yourself  
what have you tried

have you tried finding someone thats worse off than you  
have you tried finding someone with the same problems too

have you tried exiling yourself  
trying to find out who you are  
have you tried going somewhere  
somewhere far

have you tried finding another person to care for  
something you wish someone would do for you  
something that doesn't take the loneliness of one  
but the friendship of two

have you tried finding out what it is you want  
have you tried thinking of somewhere you want to go  
have you tried goin there  
just knowing what you know

have you tried doing smoething crazy  
have you tried doing something no one else would do  
have you tried doing something near death  
have you tried doing something that outnumberes you twenty to two

have you tried actually trying  
have you tried not considering not one possibility but two  
have you tried not lying  
have you tried thinking of someone other than you

have you tried seeing that life isn't always so bad  
have you tried seeing that life isn't always so sad  
have you tried seeing all of the opportunities you've always had

have you tried realizing that family and friends are everything  
have you tried realizing that sacrificing their happiness wouldn't bring good to  
anyone  
have you tried realizing that you can do anything  
have you tried realizing that there is nothing that can't be done

Marco Jimenez

# Helpless

how can you hurt someone so much  
and just not care

how can you cause someone so much pain  
and later do it again

how can you willingly take such control  
how can you willingly live in such a black hole

it makes me feel the worst thing i can feel  
helpless

i just cant believe how its so real  
i hate this feeling  
i hate times like these  
i hate not being able to do anything

im gonna go crazy  
im gonna break loose  
im gonna break everything  
break as if i have nothing to loose

i wanna do something  
i wanna move  
a wanna effect things  
effect them how i choose

i hate this terrible feeling  
of not feeling good  
not feeling  
the way that i should

i feel like im in this black space  
i cant see anything  
i cant reach anything  
creating constant hate

their is nothing  
solid  
nothing to touch

no chair to sit on  
not even a floor  
nothing to stand on

no windows  
no doors  
no friends  
nothing more  
everything less  
nothing there  
only blackness

i feel like ive been put in this tiny box with no air holes  
and each time i take a breath  
i just get closer to death

do you realize  
can you see  
that this is happening to me  
just because i think differently  
just because i dont look the same  
just because i play a different type of game  
just because im on a different team  
just because i dont understand what you mean  
just because i step to hip-hop  
just because i head bang to heavy metal rock  
just because im addicted to MTV  
just because i dont have money  
just because i helped my little sister when she fell in the mud  
just because i picked up and threw away a cigarette bud

i feel so alone  
i need a mom or a dad  
i need a friend  
someone to be here when im sad

i wish that one day  
someone would stop staring and help me  
because whenever im helpless  
there's always someone there to see

i wish someone would unbolt the box

and give me a breath of fresh air  
and then tell me  
that the next breath will be waiting right there

i wish someone would show me  
that there are more feelings  
besides sorrow and pain  
more weathers  
beside lightning storms and rain  
better escapes  
besides violence and death  
better ways to end your crying  
and still draw breaths

most people don't understand  
that all it takes  
is one person  
to ruin a life  
all it takes  
is the push of the right button  
to bring someone down without a fight

but it also only takes one person  
to save a life  
to unscrew the right bolts  
and give some fresh air and light

to give hope  
to throw down a rope  
and pull someone up out of the dark  
and tell them that life doesn't always have to be hard

to show that there are people out there with more feelings than just hate  
people that can make you laugh  
and smile  
and make life worthwhile

these people are your family and friends  
these people can shoo away all your sorrow and pain  
these people can make you believe in good people again

-this poem has been composed of times i have witnessed and/or experienced-

Marco Jimenez

# High School Memories

the thing that connects us to our high school past  
is what we remember  
whether its the heat of August  
or the cold of December

will it be you high school sweethearts kiss  
that you will dearly miss  
will it be it be all the fun and romance  
that had you caught in a sweet trance

i can tell you now that the memories i will have  
will be that of the friends i had  
and the way they made me laugh so much  
so as for memories and good times  
these ones will be such

Marco Jimenez

# I'LI Never Leave You

my eyes cry a million tears  
my heart feels many fears  
my mind feels so alone  
my life feels like there's nothing left  
but im still going  
im far from dead  
no feelings left to feel  
few experiences left to have

i can only think of one more thing  
one that isnt so bad  
you are my final experience left to be had  
you make me happy  
you make me sad  
you make me feel everything  
good and bad

you make me love you!  
and its so sad  
because you have no idea  
and some would walk away  
and just say  
thats too bad

but ill stay here with you  
ill pay my debt to you  
and this i will never do  
ill never leave you

because nothing can separate me from you  
ive got one last thing to do  
and that is to fuffill my love to you

let the rain drip down your face  
let the tears drain all of your fears  
let the darkness fall to the floor  
and i will make sure that nothing will hurt you anymore

let the wind brush through your hair

let me show you i will always be there  
tell me what i must do  
to forever be with you

if your friends leave you  
and if mine do to  
that doesn't mean we cant be true  
beyond the end of time

your family might disapprove  
and mine might too  
this is gonna be difficult for me and you

but ill stay here with you  
ill pay my debt to you  
and this i will never do  
ill never leave you

and on the foggiest days  
ill make the skies look blue  
and on the darkest nights  
ill show you the sunlight

with one wing black  
and one wing white  
we will live between the dark  
and the light

we will live our life  
with strength and might  
and be in our love  
with passion and flight

Marco Jimenez

# I'LI Protect You

ill fight for you i swear  
ill protect every stand of hair

ill bleed and give you my blood  
ill die so you can live life the way you should

ill rest your head on my arm  
ill defend you from any kind of harm

ill let you sigh  
ill let you cry  
ill tell you the truth to every lie

its okay  
im here  
ill do anything  
just dont shed another tear

when it comes to take me away  
i want you to run  
ill lead it astray  
and dont worry  
ill come back for you somehow  
someday

run!  
just go!  
you'll be safe  
trust me i know

don't be afraid  
i'll catch you if you fall  
dont falter now  
ill let nothing touch you  
nothing at all

i already told you you'll be safe  
so just go  
but as for me

i really dont know

i promised him  
i'd bring you back safe  
don't you see  
my love for you doesn't matter anyway  
yours is the only life that matters now  
your getting out of here  
it doesn't matter how  
im gonna die here  
but my love for you wont  
my love will protect you  
dont push it away, please dont

your gonna make it out today  
and im gonna stay and die  
i wouldn't have it any other way  
because any other way you'd cry

Marco Jimenez

# Im Here For You

If ever you are in pain  
you can always call my name

if ever your heart runs out of time  
just ask and ill give you mine

If ever you choose to send me away  
ill leave in body but in spirit ill stay

If ever the word love loses meaning to you  
there is only one thing ill do  
ill still love you

Marco Jimenez

# Its No Use Trying

im a person of sacrifice  
i put other peoples happiness before mine  
i tell the truth  
i find no joy in lying

i take hits  
so others don't have to  
i block fires  
so others can walk through

i've done this all my life  
i've boxed in my hate since i was a kid  
i put it in a jar  
and i sealed it tight with a lid

i don't know why  
but i don't think im a very good person  
or a person that deserves  
i try to be someone good  
someone that serves

maybe one person can't do it all  
so why keep trying  
you'll just continue to fall  
and keep on crying

its so much easier just to die  
because there is no hope  
im not gonna say why  
because no one is going to help  
i won't say goodbye  
because not even I love myself  
my soul isn't gonna float up high  
because im going to hell  
there won't be a single tear in my eye  
because there won't be one in the eye of anyone else

i just want to be seen  
but it would seem

that no one's ever gonna care  
so ill die in the despair

if not believing in my is something everybody wants to do  
then i guess i will too

Marco Jimenez

# Ivy

there was a girl  
back when i was in kindergarten  
i remember her now  
but i knew her then

her name was Ivy  
and she was my best friend  
there were great possibilities  
but one day it all came to an end

she moved away  
i didn't know what to do  
because i didn't understand  
and neither would you

i was only five  
how could i understand what this was  
all i knew was that the wind blew  
i never thought about what it does

all i know is that she left  
but i never knew where  
but in my heart  
i can still feel the love she planted there

i remember that she was the most popular girl in the school  
but she chose to hang out with me  
she didn't care if i was cool  
because there were no two greater friends than we  
everyone treated me like a fool  
but not Ivy  
because to her i was no fool  
i was just as equal as she

Marco Jimenez

# Just Right

in the right days  
and the right times  
with just enough nickles  
and just enough dimes

with bread and butter  
and a knife to spread  
with arms and legs  
and alive and not dead

with clothes on your back  
and a roof over your head  
with soft pillows and sheets  
and a nice comfy bed

got some jelly and bread in the morning  
and a nice hot cup of tea  
got places to go  
and some friends and family to go see

always having some type of fun  
hangin out, rockin out  
usually something dumb  
generally interesting to more than some

fighting and arguing  
things that are sad and bad  
but happily ending  
things remembered only as experiences you've had

wills getting stronger  
wings growing wider  
connections going longer  
and friendships going farther

piecing puzzles together  
solving questions of life  
finding reasons why we even bother  
reasons why we even fight

balancing our thoughts  
between feelings of hate and love  
standing out  
like a beautiful white dove

everything is just right  
the world is taking flight  
with a righteous fist  
and a voice of might

Marco Jimenez

# Letz Do This Now. At This Point, Itz Dedication Now

letz do this now  
itz goin down  
were pushin foreword  
were goin to town

im done crawling to you  
as your pushing me away  
ive long forgotten  
why you say don't stay

you left my heart in pieces of metal  
and the weight iz to much from the inside  
so i tear it all out  
and am enlightened by this new divide

i have seen and experienced weakness  
anger  
and pain  
i have seen and experienced triumph  
and faliure  
again and again

and now i see what ive done  
ive let out the ight from the sun  
and this papercut makes me bleed a song  
making me feel like im somewhere i belong  
and i know ive done alot of wrong  
so ill open my mouth and put soap on my tongue

so lets do this now  
itz goin down  
im here with you  
letz turn this around

well swing to the beatz  
and well stomp on the ground  
and well hit the floor and bleed  
and well watch the world go round and round  
and well keep fighting

until were weak  
and our bodiez are numb  
and then well wake  
because no  
we havent given up

there will be no more sorrow  
and no more complaining  
because az you can see  
nobodyz listening

so from here on out  
were gonna bleed it out  
with our handz held high  
and were gonna scream and shout

and at the end of the day  
well all be one step closer  
to saying 'im by myself'  
because in the end  
well all be looking for something else  
and well leave out all the rest

and well come back  
on a valentinez day  
and well see  
the little thingz that give you away

and that one perfect something  
found in the purity of a diamond rock  
in between a special heart  
and an unbreakable lock

and well remember the day  
when we all dedicated a song  
and a part of us remembered  
something we've known all along

you cant get through real life  
singing the same song all the time  
you have to start breaking the habit  
and get some new beatz and rhyme

you have to go through a fight session  
a place where itz not easier to run  
you cant runaway  
you gotta stay and have sum fun

itz like ive said before  
everyone lovez knowing their not dead  
you gotta learn someday what itz like bleeding on the floor

thatz why itz goin down  
and were turnin this around  
and were bleedin it out  
and were gonna scream and shout  
and were gonna be fellin the pain  
all over our legz, facez, and armz  
but well still be rockin on

and well still be swingin to the beatz  
and well still be stompin in the ground  
and wel still be hittin the floor and bleedin  
if we have to well make the world go round and round  
and well still be fightin  
and our bodiez will keep goin numb  
and well keep gettin back up  
and shoutin out NO!  
we havent given up

because well be sayin  
therez not a fight i cant win  
therez not day that i cant live

therez not a word that can turn my head around  
there iz not a force that can bring me down

therez not a person that can take my turn  
therez not a thing that i cant learn

i admit there have been timez when i have given up  
but not today  
today im rockin it rough

(if you didnt notice it when you were reading it. i used the names to alot of Linkin Park songs this poem)

Marco Jimenez

# Live The Way You Want You Die

ok

lets start this now

c'mon

let me show you how

it goes like this

you lift up your fist

and you pound pound!

on the ground!

shaking the floor

up and around

swing swing!

hit everything!

break it all!

run through the wall!

smash!

scream!

destroy!

what would seem!

fake!

and dead!

in and out!

of your head!

what if we together walk alone inside this world

hiding in the shadows of this cold and pointless road

dreaming of the faces in our hearts we wish we had

thinking of the places in our minds don't feel this sad

wondering if this life will ever ever change

but when it does we feel so scared and strange

hoping that one day we will control our lives

and somewhere along the road we will finally realize

this road isn't gonna turn for us

we gotta turn ourselves

we will turn and thus

change the lives of sixties and twelves

and on this new road

we might think to go back

but were here  
and it isn't so sad

so live!  
breathe!  
receive!  
your heart!  
burn!  
fire!  
now!  
start!  
go!  
be damned!  
the ones!  
we fight!  
kill!  
destroy!  
in the dark!  
and daylight!  
never!  
quit!  
never!  
give up!  
don't change!  
just keep going!  
and never be shut up!

this world will someday come to a bitter end  
the day that disbelief becomes our closest friend  
so counter the shot, get pissed and shoot back  
if you have to, use your fists or grab a bat  
it doesn't matter, someday you gotta fight  
doing nothing just doesn't really feel right  
i don't get why people just let themselves die  
they take one hit, fall down and then cry  
they just let go and destroy their entire lives  
and let go of their husbands, kids and wives  
the tragedy of it all is that were doomed to die someday  
but that's the beauty of it because everything's more beautiful that way  
if we were meant to live forever  
the beauty of life would never get better  
we would be walking around immortal and painless

instead of walking honestly and shameless

what if we were born to live the way that we want to die

not to live forever

but so beauty cant live long enough in our lives to become a lie

so when your with death

and you're not who you want to be

just take a deep breath

and let yourself be free

Marco Jimenez

# Living

I see people alone, and in pain  
i see people walking with no name  
i see people forgetting what it means to live  
forgetting what the good life is

forgetting the taste of apples  
forgetting the taste of milk  
forgetting the taste of eggs  
forgetting how to cook  
forgetting warm water  
forgetting the meaning of soft  
forgetting how to soothe  
a troubled persons mind, or heart  
living as slaves to their past  
and dwelling on dreams of the future  
forgetting the strength of the will  
forgetting the potential of the heart  
forgetting the importance of the soul  
forgetting the power of love

only knowing the cold hard floor  
only knowing closing doors  
only knowing stupid games  
only knowing lots of pain, and no gain  
only knowing loosing everything  
only knowing hurting all the time  
only knowing loneliness is inescapable  
only knowing violence is inevitable  
only knowing people that don't care  
only knowing its all unfair  
only knowing dying is better than so much suffering  
only knowing trying does nothing

not knowing you  
not knowing the good you can do  
not knowing the lives you can save  
not knowing the lives you can change  
not knowing that there's someone out there that cares  
not knowing there's someone willing to treat your life as it it were theirs

not knowing someone so kind  
not knowing someone who wont stab you from behind  
not knowing you would be happy to make their day  
not knowing someone like you is only a breath away

finding a path they can finally walk  
finding someone they can happily be  
finding how easy it is to forget the past  
finding how easy it is to pursue the dreams of the future  
finding out the incredible strength of the will  
finding out the endless limits of the heart  
finding out the extreme importance of the soul  
finding out the infinite power of love  
knowing what they can do for you  
knowing the good they can do  
knowing the lives they can save  
knowing the lives they can change  
knowing how to care  
knowing that their willing to treat your life as if it were theirs  
knowing how to be kind  
knowing they wont stab you from behind  
knowing they would be happy to make you day  
knowing that someone they used to be is only a breath away  
knowing what to do  
knowing how to help the people they used to be  
knowing how to be free

whether its living for yourself  
living the dream  
living for the people  
or living for everything

living is being true to yourself  
living is being strong  
living is having the discipline to listen to yourself  
and having the courage to follow along

living is having no regrets  
living is being a kind and loving person  
living is being a part of everything  
and above all  
living is giving

and taking is not  
living is living  
and that  
is living

Marco Jimenez

# Look At Me Now

got my hands in my pockets  
my chin in the air  
my feet on the ground  
im on a mission  
a dare

got my hands in my pockets  
my chin in the air  
got my eyes fixed foreword  
like there's nothing their

nothing but my path  
my goals  
my ends  
my faults  
my treasure  
my money  
my friends  
my sweet jar of honey  
my strength  
my heart  
my strive  
to be a part  
of something big  
a part of something real  
a part of something special  
something that will make me feel

righteous  
and free  
in the air  
where nothing can touch me  
where no one can bring me down

i got my hands out of my pockets  
my head held high  
my feet steppin up  
and im wavin bye

bye to my world o fear  
bye to my world of pain  
bye to my world of dead ends  
bye to my world of never ending rain

bye to the darkness in the corner  
bye to the darkness under the sheets  
bye to the filling my head  
bye to the holding my feet

bye to the hateful swing that misses every time  
trying to hit me  
trying to pound me  
trying to deal great pain

i am above you now  
im standin tall  
nothing can hold me back  
nothing at all

Marco Jimenez

# Pay Tribute To The Dead

those we've loved  
those we've lost  
those we've hurt  
the lives we've cost

we've never actually taken the time to think about these things  
the good people  
the bad people  
everything real

there is a saying that states 'in a mans imagination is ehere ha can truly be free,  
thus is now, and thus will always be'  
but that doesn't change the real things in life  
it doesn't change what we see  
it doesn't change the reality  
it doesn't bring out more light  
it doesn't bring anything to right

but the power rests within our hands  
to act on what we feel  
to change the stars  
and make our dreams become real  
so that we may expand our thoughts  
expand our lives  
and remember those we've lost  
remember their lives  
and so they had not died in vain  
use their power  
use their will  
use their pain  
and give the world something to gain  
give it heart  
give it strength  
give it purity  
give it a life of greater length

pay tribute to the dead  
remember who changed our lives  
remember who we loved

remember who payed for our lies

pay tribute to the dead  
do something bold  
pay tribute to the dead  
remember the people of old  
pay tribute to the dead  
live our lives for ourselves  
pay tribute to the dead  
remember loss  
pay tribute to the dead  
know regret  
knoe the cost  
pay tribute to the dead  
we have strength  
pay tribute to the dead  
we have the power  
its in our hands  
sieve the hour  
change the land  
change the stars  
change the world  
the time is ours

carpe diem  
sieve the day  
take your life  
and never give it away

Marco Jimenez

# Poetry Can Set You Free

any poem can be read  
but are you listening to the words  
how can you tell what it just said  
how do you know if you understood it at all

how do you know whether it impacts you or not  
how do you know if it makes you move  
how do you know what its saying to you  
how do you know which path to choose

when do you get the message  
does it take you a few tries  
do you keep an open mind  
or do you just say everything is lies lies lies

do you know what you want  
what are you looking to find  
are you looking to broaden your experiences  
or expand your mind

if your looking for answers  
i can't tell you them myself  
i don't know what they are  
but i can tell you something else

poems won't give you answers  
poetry is simply a key  
what you must ask yourself is  
how do i find the answer within me

how do i know if i feel it inside  
what can i do to help myself decide  
i wont find the answer in a books many pages  
or by reading about life's many stages  
i haven't found the answer yet  
but i know reading is definitely not my best bet  
ink and paper cannot bring out my soul  
only the energy in each piece of cereal in the bowl

but if poetry can set you free  
then i guess poetry does open the door  
so ill use the poet within me  
to open it a little more

Marco Jimenez

# Rebirth

everything's blurry  
there's no blood flowing through my veins  
needles are poking me all over  
im drowned by every dropp rain  
but this is impossible  
because im not outside  
im dead all over  
but i couldn't be more alive inside  
Ive never been happier  
but Ive never seen so much hate  
there's not that much love  
and there's a lot more debate

i struggle to my feet  
my body weighs like 2 tons  
i dropp yo my knees  
i start to crawl towards the wall  
i reach out my hand  
i can actually feel it with my fingertips  
but there is no wall  
oh my god!  
what the hell is going on!  
it seems i have lost my voice  
so i cant shout or scream  
wait a minute  
i hear something  
someone is starting to sing

its a woman  
NO a man!  
its just so beautiful  
now its even harder to get up and stand  
how does something so beautiful  
cause so much strain  
so much anger  
so much pain  
i need to get out of here  
i am stronger than this weight  
so i block out the singing

when my head suddenly cracks  
then i fall to the floor  
in a million shattered pieces of glass

im in a gigantic field  
the grass is dark green  
one million pieces of glass  
stared down by the same thing  
each piece then melts into a silver liquid  
and at a certain point  
they all form an idol puddle  
i start to rise from the center  
i constantly stumble and fall  
each second becoming more solid  
becoming stronger, stronger  
smarter, taller  
gaining heart  
gaining soul  
gaining personality  
im almost whole  
im still learning  
still growing  
im getting stronger  
but  
im getting older  
my body wrinkles  
im getting weaker  
my body shrivels

i fall back onto a chair  
and im just sitting there  
im staring t the ground  
unable to sigh  
unable to frown  
unable to stand  
unable to walk around  
then suddenly an angel rises from the ground  
she looks at me  
and realizes im down  
she looks into my eyes  
and suddenly i can see  
she looks at my legs

and now their free  
then she looks at the rest of my body  
now i can stand up straight  
so i jump up outta my chair  
and i thank her right away  
im young again  
im strong  
i feel like i can do anything  
but i feel like doing something wrong

the angel then grabs me  
and she hands me a knife  
she says stab yourself in the heart  
but do it quick  
and do it right  
then she vanishes into a breeze of white feathers  
and im still standing here  
with the knife in hand  
my arms and legs are shaking  
i can barely stand  
i dont understand

she gave me my life back  
i guess she deserves a piece of my heart  
but only a small part  
im not gonna give it all  
what does she expect me to do?  
cut it out and leave it on the floor?  
then die!  
and do nothing more! !  
WHY! !  
why should i do anything for her  
as if she did me the ultimate favor  
why should i kill myself for a reason i dont know  
for a cause not of my own

im tired of this now  
i wanna hear the bell ring  
take me outta this place  
this nightmare  
this dream  
whatever this is

i want to be somewhere where i know who i am  
a place where i know what i cant do  
and what i can  
a place with only the good  
not the bad  
a place where everything i want comes to me  
a place where whatever i believe is the only belief

A perfect world

if only i were there  
but im not  
im still here

there are walls now  
they turn in patterns  
left  
right  
right  
right  
left  
left  
left  
right  
and then it starts again  
and each has exactly one colorless door  
only on  
when i suddenly come across a wall with one more  
the second door is green  
so i walk up to it  
i put my hand on the knob  
im afraid to turn it  
so i figure  
why dont i just knock  
but right before i do  
a voice says 'come in'  
it sounds like an elderly man  
so i walk inside  
and i feel this energy  
its warm  
its soothing  
its soft

its energizing

an old man sits in a chair  
then he asks me  
what the hell are you doing here! ? !  
this is my domain  
now take the angels knife  
and slowly push it into your brain  
and leave this place  
and never come back again

as i walk  
i unwillingly carve my memories out of my mind  
and as i do this  
my body loses time  
everything is getting bigger  
its getting harder to walk  
i no longer understand how to move and talk  
and just then it becomes very clear to me  
its been right there in my face  
that i am now a baby  
now i can start life again

Marco Jimenez

# The End Of All Things

How do you know it's all over?  
When darkness and time  
Are as infinite as death,  
And the world you know  
Is at its final breath?

When all the dark has overcome its foes  
To sink into your skin and between your toes,  
And shards of glass is all you breathe  
Into a web of despair that will never unweave,  
When all your family has turned against each other in disdain,  
And all your friends cause each other endless pain,  
When the air you breathe becomes what you believe you don't deserve,  
And your most horrible fears replace your every nerve,  
When such a time in the end of all things has no worth,  
And lives can only be returned ruthlessly to this dying earth

This is such a time  
To ask what questions I have that are mine,  
For I don't understand that in my heart  
Lies a sense of meaningless in why I played my part,

Did I add to this dying world?  
Did I kick the young and destroy the old?  
Have I become what I have fought for so long?  
Have all of my beliefs been proven wrong?  
Am I blind to all I have done?  
Am I aware that I hurt all and appreciate none?  
When did I join this dying planet?  
When did I receive my pointless part in it?

I just don't understand  
Why darkness and hate,  
Have become the foundation  
Of earth's final fate,

I guess when demons finally rid themselves of what their trying to kill,  
We humans will be at the mercy of our own will,  
And earth will either be dead or almost gone,

And we'll follow the road to the end of all things as it was meant all along.

Marco Jimenez

# The Painting

one perfect painted picture  
hung crooked on the wall,  
one day it will completely wither,  
and it will die and fall,

a new picture will be painted  
and hung in the same place,  
its memory tainted,  
by a once dead space,

it too will one day die,  
and another painting  
will be hung with another sigh,  
furthering the tainting  
of another painting that will die

Marco Jimenez

# The Strongest Among You

we see you more than you see us  
and we know it better than you think

we are the strongest among you  
you may try and break us down

you can beat us down  
you can drag us down  
you can talk us down  
you can pull us down  
you can stare us down  
you can cheat us down

no matter what you do  
no matter what you try

we will always come back  
and we will never die

you can send us to the edge of space  
you can send us to the center of the sun  
you can throw us out onto the street  
you can drop us into the depths of an empty well  
and even to the depths of hell

but we are back  
oh we are well

and there is something you lack  
and only we can tell

don't you feel terrible  
don't you feel sad  
don't you feel horrible  
don't you just feel bad

we can beat you down  
we can drag you down  
we can talk you down

we can pull you down  
we can stare you down  
we can cheat you down  
we can send you to the edge of space  
we can send you to the center of the sun  
we can throw you out onto the street  
we can dropp you into the depths of an empty well  
and even to the depths of hell

but we wont  
and i bet that you do't know why

its because you have something that we don't  
and that is the corruption of a lie

we have been beaten down  
we have been dragged down  
we have been talked down  
we have been pulled down  
we have been stared down  
we have been cheated down

we have been sent to the edge of space  
far from the reach of a friendly face

we have been sent to the center of the sun  
isolated, stupid, and dumb

we have thrown out onto the street  
cold and lonely, hungry for anything to eat

we have been dropped to the bottom of an empty well  
its cold and dark and everyone passing by just says 'oh well'

and we have even been to the depths of hell  
nowhere to run  
and constantly attacked  
always lonely  
and pain never lacked

always searching  
can never find a friendly face

can never come home to a proud mother and father  
cant even find a place to stay  
cant even find out why people even bother  
only able to find that everything's become harder

but there is always a loop hole  
always a break point  
always a loose pole  
always a loose joint

you will always find someone  
family or friend  
someone that has a hand to lend

but this person is not here to hold your life by the hand  
this persons job is to help you get up and stand

and its up to you to take the first step  
and live your life with no regret

so its not about being able to come out on top after bieng  
beaten down  
dragged down  
talked down  
pulled down  
stared down  
cheated down  
sent to the edge of space  
sent to the center of the dun  
thrown out onto the street  
dropped into the depths of an empty well

its about the fact that we stood by our friends  
we saw you more than you saw us  
and we knew knew it better than you did

you tried to break us down  
and that just makes it true  
that we have become  
the strongest among you



# This Is My Fear

i am not afraid of crashing in a plane  
i am not afraid of drowning in the rain

i am not afraid of gangsters in the night  
i am not afraid of bullies or a fight

i am not afraid of burning in a fire  
i am not afraid of electricution by wire

i am afraid that my last words will be i wish i had  
i am afraid that in my lifetime  
i will have done less good than bad

i am afraid of my brother going to war  
i am afraid that when he leaves  
ill wish i had loved him more

i am afraid of not giving enough to those i love  
i am afraid of not giving all that i can give  
i am afraid of dying  
knowing ill only be remembered for all the bad things i did

i am afraid that nobody will care when i'm gone  
i am afraid that life wont be very long  
i am afraid of being forgotten as easily as a song  
i am afraid of never knowing what i did wrong

i am afraid that my life will have never made a difference  
i am afraid of my loved ones hurting for even one day  
i am afraid of their hope fading away  
i am afraid of their life and love going a different way

Marco Jimenez

# This Is Our Time

these are our years  
these are our days  
to take control  
of this day and age

these are our moments  
these are our times  
to seize the day  
and show how much our generation shines

its time to show everyone were not just teens  
were women  
were men  
were human beings

its time to stand as one  
time to stand true  
time to show em  
show em what we can do

were not kids  
were children  
were not weak  
were not easily beaten

we will make history  
we are the future  
we set the standard  
to make those after us that much harder  
to make them better  
to make the faster  
to make them stronger  
to make them smarter

and like we are doing now  
they will strive to be truer to themselves  
to live with less regrets  
to be loving people  
to seize the day

and to be givers and not takers

Marco Jimenez

# Two

two be in love  
two eyes must meet  
two hearts must feel  
two minds must connect  
two make love real

one is not enough  
two are required  
three words to say  
for one two be desired

fire burns in our hearts for passion  
water soothes our minds so we can imagine  
these two together  
creates a world two live and die in

only two  
but who?  
how do we decide?  
when these two will collide

love wasn't created to simply move the heart  
love is the strongest thing in the world  
because nothing can tear it apart

and that is why  
two be in love  
all it takes is two  
because you need more than one  
two do things two can do

two at the start  
two at the end  
of every day

two as one heart  
two as one friend  
with only three words left two say

but i won't tell you them  
because you already know them anyway

Marco Jimenez

# We

we fight  
we die  
we live  
we cry

we earn  
we cheat  
we conquer  
we defeat

through our eyes we see the truth  
but through our lies we alter what we choose

we use  
we lie  
we change  
we divide

we corrupt  
we claim  
we destroy  
we cause pain

were killing  
were breeding  
were dying  
were feeding

were hungry  
were poor  
were rich  
were powerful

we move on  
we forget  
we honor  
we protect

we hate with fiery passion

but we love in the same way too

we kill

we deceive

we falter

we haven't been freed

freed from our past

freed from our hate

freed from our anger

freed from what we can create

we can create hunger

we can create death

we can create life

we can create breath

we can create slaves

we can create killers

we can create smiles

we can create healers

we can create passion

devotion

pressure

emotion

family

friends

beginnings

and ends

Marco Jimenez

# What I See Inside Of Me

I look in the mirror

it swirls  
swivels  
and shines  
but  
it starts to dampen  
darken  
deepen  
and die

in one million perfect shatters  
in one million perfectly falls  
it perfectly drops  
upon the one million perfect walls

it terribly shapes back  
it terribly comes together  
it terribly reconnects  
and i don't know why it bothers

i look into the mirror and this is what i see

i am drenched in black water  
i am drenched in young age  
i am filled with anger  
i am engulfed in rage

for within each piece i see a crack  
a flaw  
within each piece i see nothing at all

there are millions of pieces  
which my heart has been broken into  
none of which i am able to find  
none that it belongs to

i don't know what to do anymore  
all hope is gone

the time has come  
to sing my song

i lift my fists  
i smash the glass  
i scream in rage  
i scream my breaths to my last

i am a cast out  
my life is gone  
im someone else  
i am something wrong  
im alone on the street  
Ive had nothing to eat  
i hurt all over  
i dropp to the floor  
i scream in pain  
i cant take this any longer

so i take a piece of myself  
i plunge it into my heart  
followed my the rest  
tearing my body apart

as each piece of myself breaks inside  
as each piece shatters and dies  
as the darkness surrounds me  
the mirror is gone  
because it has nothing to show  
it has nothing to see  
i can finally be  
forever free

Marco Jimenez

# What It Takes To Be Me

i live each day by the hour  
sometimes on the tip of a string  
i live close to death  
i live damn near everything

i sacrifice daily  
i have to do so much just to keep my head from popping  
i have to remember who i am  
to keep my head from stopping

i have to remember what i have to do  
i have to remember what i have to say  
i have to remember where i have to go  
i have to remember what i have to push away

because what it takes to be me  
is not something anyone else can see  
its invisible to everyone  
but its known to be free

what it takes to be me  
is strength and desire  
a burning heart  
a will of fire

it takes hate, hurt, and pain  
tragedy, disaster, pouring rain  
crazy, angry, going insane  
finding what makes you into you again

i don't know why such a cold and hated heart  
can so simply take us all apart  
shoving our faces in the dirt  
inflicting unnecessary pain  
unwanted hurt

i don't know alot of things  
but i do know anger isn't something to be kept  
you have to let it out

fight, kick, punch, scream, shout

there's a lot i don't do  
but i know i gotta try  
cowardice and fear  
ain't something i can justify

i never just give up  
you may not understand  
this is my kingdom  
and i am the ruler of this land

you can't rule  
because you don't have the capacity  
just to see  
that you don't have  
what it takes to be me

because what it takes to be me  
isn't hate or anger  
not death or danger  
nor laziness or wasting time  
or violence and crime

it doesn't take shouting  
and getting in someones face  
it doesn't take smashing dreams  
and invading peoples space

it doesn't take holding a gun to someones face  
it doesn't take telling them how close they are to dead  
it doesn't take being a jerk  
it doesn't take me telling you what it takes just for you to see

what it takes to be me  
is not something anyone else can see  
its part of the earth  
and the sea  
its part of a bright future  
and a close memory

what it takes to be me

is heart and desire  
something you've never felt  
something higher  
higher than yourself  
and further than your sight  
softer than the water  
and brighter than the light  
and in the end  
you'll find something that isn't me  
something that feels better  
something that feels more free  
a part of you  
that makes you feel greater than the sea  
its you  
and that's someone no one can tell you how to be

Marco Jimenez

# What Would You Do (Hate)

what would you do  
if i socked you in the face  
what would you do  
if i filled you with hate

would you hate me till the end of your days  
would you get back up without a daze  
would you sock me back  
and throw me to the floor  
would you hit my head on the ground  
till i breathe no more  
would you stand up  
and let the blood mix with your tears  
would you smile  
and end all of your fears  
would you do it again  
and love it even more  
would you do it again  
even in the middle of a store  
would you even let him/her suffer  
would you even let him/her cry and curse  
would you even let him/her build his/her hat for the worst  
would you plant that seed of hate in his/her brain  
would you make him/her scream in pain  
would you not let him/her stop  
would you make him/her kill a lot  
would you let him/her kill anyone but you  
would you know what these monsters you've created can do  
would he/she tell you that you are not hate  
would he/she tell you are simply a victim  
an example of what it can create

would he/she tell you that this is your end  
would he/she tell that there's nothing about you he/she would miss  
would he/she tell you that hate has no friend  
would he/she give you a goodbye death kiss

would you feel betrayed by friends  
would you feel that stab in the heart that hate sends

would you be stupid enough to not know why this is happening

would you be sad  
would you feel bad  
would you go away and die  
realizing waht you've done  
knowing no one will miss you  
no one will cry

knowing all your leaving behind is hate  
only fire in the eye  
and a heart pierced by a steak

and the longer your in this hole  
the deeper it gets  
you know what it creates  
and it made you pay the ultimate debt

What Would You Do (Love) is in the works in progress

Marco Jimenez

# What Would You Do (Love)

what would you do  
if i socked you in face

would you forgive me  
knowing it was only an act of hate  
would you walk away  
knowing the terrible things it can create  
would you be okay if someone knocked you to the floor  
would you get back up with forgiveness  
opening up friendships door  
would you give him/her what advice you have  
would you try to prevent him/her from doing it again  
would you save a heart  
would you prevent it from further pain  
would you shield him/her from angers rain  
would you tell him/her that anger isnt the only way  
would you repeat it every day  
not letting a single heart go astray  
and if someone told you to stop  
would you keep doing it anyway  
would you remember right then  
that the only thing we must fear more than evil  
is the indifference of good people  
would you put more passion in your beliefs  
more than im putting in this pen  
would you become an unbreakable lightning rod  
would you rise above all evil  
and ascend as a god  
would you take your newfound power  
and help those with none  
would you sieze the hour  
and help those who dont get one

and would all the people helped  
all the lives you've changed  
would the look at you wierd  
would they treat you as someone strange  
no  
they would treat you as their friend

someone who helped  
when life seemed to be at it's end  
someone who knew  
someone who told you why  
someone who was there for you  
smoeone who would never let you die

Marco Jimenez

# Why Can'T Family Be Family Again

why can't family be family again  
we used to always be friends  
we used to huddle together  
whenever we got scared  
we felt the warmth in one anothers arms  
because we knew the love was there

we used to build forts out of whatever we had in our rooms  
and wage wars  
throwing pillows, books, and brooms

we used to have mini mosh pits  
with just the four of us  
we headbanged and pushed  
we screamed and pretended to cuss

we used to protect eachother  
we used to defend one another  
we used to stand together like brothers and sister  
when mom punished us we would all resist her

we used to be a family  
a family that would always care  
we used to be a family with more happiness than despair  
we used to be a family that never hogged food or air  
we used to be a family that told eachother we were there

we used to be a family  
a family that sat down together and ate  
we used to be a family full of our own ideas that we create  
we used to be a family that got along without debate  
we used to be a family with more love than hate

so why can't family be family again  
and remember why those times were so good  
why can't family be family again  
and treat eachother the way we should

why can't family be family again

and throw the hate away  
why can't family be family again  
and invite the love to stay

Marco Jimenez

# Why Did I Have To Die

they promised they'd be there  
for their friends wedding day  
they promised they'd be there  
for their friends wedding day

but they drank and drove anyway  
they crashed and died before the end of the day  
and death's hand took them away  
their family standing waving them away

they said they'd be with us forever  
they said friendship  
is the that keeps us all together

when we were kids  
laughing and talking away  
adults would ask us about drinking  
and never knew what to say

now we're older  
still laughing and talking away  
but when adults ask us about drinking  
we say we do it every day

why don't we just say  
yea  
i'm drinkin away my life  
i might as well be slitting my throat with a knife  
and erasing my future kids and wife

so now i'm gonna get in this car  
and drive  
when i told you i'd never do it  
i guess i lied

now i'm crashed and dead  
and why  
because to everyone i ever knew  
i fed a lie

and after the crash  
death stared me in the eye  
and refused  
when i asked to say bye  
and as i floated away  
i watched my friends and family cry  
then i asked myself  
why did i have to be stupid  
why did i have to die

Marco Jimenez

# Why Sacrifice When Its So Hard To Trust

you told me once  
and then you said it twice  
please tell me why  
why must i sacrifice  
i'm just too scared  
i don't see this as right  
i don't see this as fair  
and when your going  
and your in the middle of the air  
you'll want to stop  
you won't want to move at all  
you won't want to move forward  
creating a past  
you won't want to look back at all the faliures you've had  
and then you'll be asking yourself how things got so bad

you said everything would be fine  
you said it would fade away in time  
why hasn't anything changed  
its been so long  
everything just keeps going wrong  
its so hard to trust  
when what your told doesn't make any sense  
its so hard to trust  
when your forgotten by your family and friends

Marco Jimenez

# Your Kiss

life without your kiss  
is almost impossible to explain  
to think of life without your lips  
causes unbearable pain

your skin  
is softer than heavens tear  
your skin  
can take away anyone's fear

your heart  
i would put before my own  
your heart  
is the most precious thing i have ever known  
your heart  
is the most beautiful thing heaven has ever shown  
your heart  
turns my heart into stone

your eyes  
stare deep into my soul  
creating new warmth and light  
and eliminating anything bitter and old

your hair  
is something beautiful and rare  
you hair  
is captivating and fair  
your hair  
is so elegant i could just sit here and stare  
and you wouldn't have to move anywhere

your body  
was carved out of diamonds  
and made softer than water  
and it was so special  
that heaven couldn't figure out how to make another

but your kiss

oh how i could go on and on  
with an endless list  
but if i were to tell it to someone else  
then it would go something like this

its as if my body looses all ability  
to carry its own weight  
and then my heart starts to race  
at an incredible rate  
and then white lilies sprout up  
all around  
covering everything  
covering the whole ground  
and it feels great  
like I've been given new life  
all of my senses are clear  
I've taken flight

when we are apart  
there is nothing about you that i dont miss  
because I've got a brand new reason to live  
and that reason is for your kiss

Marco Jimenez