

# Empty soul

## Written by Brittany

when you are growing up  
into a lass or lad  
they try to teach you right from wrong  
and what is good and bad

i understood most of it  
like why you should not steal  
if you got your stuff stolen  
how would it make you feel

and how could any person  
get the urge to kill  
murderers used to scare me stupid  
they must be mentally ill

family always come first  
to them you should not lie  
never say bad things to them  
you'd regret it if they died

school also taught us about drugs  
and told us to say no  
you are stupid to say yes  
and could even die ya know

i had to ask a question  
that was going threw my head  
why are people making them?  
they could make good things instead

drugs make people millions  
my teacher simply said  
but why are people buying them  
if they're gunna end up dead?

if i knew then  
what i know about drugs now  
i would of said no  
but the hard way i found out

if they're just for making money.  
how come my first time was free?  
i was awake the whole weekend



but

wouldn't stop, wouldn't give up  
wanted to push my limits

tired, weak and empty  
i started loosing the plot  
fuck i hit the brick wall  
wasn't what you want

reality creeping in the picture  
scared to face my issues  
petrified of facing everyone

didn't know who to trust  
paranoid and jumpy  
what the fuck was going on?

seeing people surrounding my house  
hearing them talk, hiding in my room  
just waiting to see who it was  
but when my dad took  
me out there  
everyone had gone

my mum and dad angry and ashamed  
to watch their daughter go insane  
trying to explain there's no one there  
then would see girls walking around  
i run towards them and

hear them talk

so real to me, so scared and unsure  
what was it, am i seeing things?

lost and confused,  
freaking out bad

didn't know what was real

i swear heard them there

i watched out my window

all hours of the night

seeing

people out their

scared to be home

no idea what to do

had i really lost my mind?

i tried to bring you up so well

my mother used to cry

your not my daughter anymore  
that part of you has died

right back then i was in denial  
and ignored what she was sayin  
i am no drug addict  
and at least its me who's payin

soon lost my job, lost my friends  
and all respect people had  
emotionless is how i felt,  
didn't give a fuck  
because drugs i still had you  
you took it all off my mind

you may not of killed me properly  
like i thought you would  
but you killed the person that i was  
now i understood

when i had no more of you  
coz i had lost my job  
you told me to get money

so i started to sell drugs

here and there i went

i was not hurting anyone

                  blinded and selfish on what was going on  
it was the only choice i got though

soon i had stopped thinking

of who i used to be

you told me i had no one

its now just you and me

people started to surround me

i felt so good inside

everyone wanted too kick it

                  but they just wanted all my ice

i heard your voice tell me

                  we can sell lots off puff

                          to friends who you know

                                  that smoke allot

started introducing it to

                  the young and naive

got them on a phat addiction

but i didn't care

i got to smoke for free

blowing tumblers

one after another

no care about anything

no time to wonder

people started to hear

that i was buying in bulk

people were curious

keen on what i got

i was stood over and told

what to do, to frail to do anything

just laid there

and passed them

whatever they want

when i didn't have you

i didn't feel whole

if satan was real

i would of sold my soul



i had lost peoples trust  
and the ones i love the most

i hit rock bottom  
cut contact from everyone  
apart from the people who  
i met in the end  
that where no good at all

they were on my level  
and it felt good to see  
that they would do anything  
to get drugs like me

[addiction](#) laughed at me and said  
from deep inside my mind  
i'm not going anywhere  
i've got you and your mine

it said when your mother begged you  
to go back to your home  
i told you stay with me

but you really were alone

could of had good friends

but i told you i was better

and you believed me in the end

and now look at you

nothing good achieved

an ice addiction is all you've got

when you tried to OD them times

when things were getting bad

i told you to cheer up

and take all the drugs you had

when your mum saw you

the tears filled her eyes

i told you she was ashamed

that you were still alive

she taught you right from wrong

and tried her very best

but coz you are addicted

you listened to me instead

when she really needed you  
safe home tucked in bed  
so she did not have more sleepless nights  
i made you shake your head  
and just got high, so you forgot  
the past 2years you  
hurt and lied  
to the woman who gave birth to you  
the girl your mummy was proud of  
slowly has died

before drugs you were an angel  
a young lady with a job  
but now all you do is fail  
cant even get up

forget now, who you used to be  
focus on drugs, its all about me  
for years you've hurt those who cared  
your on your own, but ill always be on the side

i may not of killed you

but i bet you wish i had  
your little sister can't  
understand why you're bad

drugs aren't a fast killer  
we like to play  
so that when you DO die  
no one has nice things to say.

now you have read this  
you know how bad things get  
                                    and its only getting worse  
so do the right thing  
don't fuck around  
say no to drugs  
and be the opposite to me  
**BE FREE**