The Prozac People

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Every morning, I pretend I'm a junkie or a rebel.  
Got to start the day right, got to stay out of trouble.  
I take the several pills I so desperately need, I need.  
For my mind cannot be what it wants to be. Freed

From all of the horrors and pain, I crave to release
Victimhood, a statistic of violence, self-hate, to appease
My mother, my father, my humanity as they inspect
Myself. To be normal without fear, regret, to reject,

My awkward body, my trembling words that get caught,
In my mouth, a desert of haves and have not's.
But those pills don't get me high; all they do is rot
Away my brain, chemical by chemical, and they will plot,

To turn me into a citizen in a country of liars,
Who say how I'm feeling cannot be right, I must decypher,
As they jeer at the blasphemous sight of the frozen,
Hear me!
The sanctuary of the unknown. That is what I have chosen.