

Don't tell me that you understand, don't tell me that you know.
Don't tell me that I will survive, how I will surely grow.

Don't tell me this is just a test, that I am truly blessed.
That I am chosen for this task, apart from all the rest.

Don't come at me with answers, that can only come from me.
Don't tell me how my grief will pass, that I will soon be free.

Don't stand in pious judgment, of the bounds I must untie.
Don't tell me how to suffer, and don't tell me how to cry.

My life is filled with sadness, my pain is part of me.
But I need you, I need your love, unconditionally.

Accept me in my ups and down, I need someone to share.
Just hold my hand and let me cry, and say, "My friend, I care."

-Unknown