

Slowly

I want to help because I love them.
Because if they're ok, so am I.
So, I swallow my feelings
I flash a pitiful smile

And I tell them everything will be ok,
that tomorrow is a new day, a better day.
I tell them that things will slowly get better.

Even if I don't really believe so.
Even if I know it will get worse.

I just want them to feel better, to have hope
Hope that one day they will truly be happy
Hope that things will slowly sort themselves out.
I give them advice, which I don't even take myself
and I hope that it helps.

I sit and happily listen to them talk for hours.
If I can help make their lives less stressful
Help them not feel alone
Make them feel wanted, then I'm happy.

If not to help others, What's the point of being here?
What's the point of still living?
I know that this won't last forever,
that one day they will slowly forget me.

But it doesn't really bother me.
I'm glad to help.