

SHELF LIFE

Composed by Emily Fleming

I have a barcode on my wrist
Like an item in a store
And just like them I'm not quite sure
I'm human anymore

I have a barcode on my wrist
I'm being bought and sold
To be played with
Like a broken doll
I was only 12 years old

I have a barcode on my wrist
That's tied behind my back
I'm bound here
Never to have
The freedom that I lack

I have a barcode on my wrist
It's all that I can say
I read my lines
Can't cry for help
They're never too far away

I have a barcode on my wrist
A stain that's become my skin
It won't wash off
Or scratch away
It's what I'm forced to live in

I have a barcode on my wrist
Just one that you can't see
It's who I am
They took away
Anything that was me

I have a barcode on my wrist
I've lost the life I had
There's a gaping void
Where my future should be
So bleak and dark and bad

I have a barcode on my wrist
And so do thousands more
Each singing our song
Of suffering
Too painful to endure

A shelf life
Is a half life
Wrought with pain
And endless strife
It hurts...
Like the slicing of a knife
But if only it would cut through these chains
Instead of my sanity
If it would sever the bonds
That imprison humanity
And take some steps
To end this calamity
If they would only help...
Instead of be mad at me...