

I think I am unwell,  
For your smiles haunt me like ghosts.  
I used to be someone that you'd want to know,  
Someone you might smile at when they feel alone.  
But now I am a thief,  
Stealing the smiles from your face,  
Making them disappear without a trace.  
I think I am unwell.  
The remorse in my heart so weighs me down,  
But those smiles in my pocket make such beautiful sounds,  
Like a poison, I crave them,  
I hate them, await them,  
I take them, I break them,  
I make them, you fake them,  
I'm shaken,  
I'll break and  
Then you'll smile at me.