

I hate the rules

why do I feel so sick inside, so mad at myself?  
And why do I want to take out my feelings on someone or something?  
Why am I so confused about what is right & what is wrong?

God; if my parents ever knew some of the things that go on in my head  
I think they would disown me  
They taught me the rules  
Don't steal, don't swear, don't answer back, don't be rude  
And every time I break the rules I sin they say. i am guilty! I am wrong, I am bad  
But sometimes I'm not so sure about the rules, or my parents, or the church, or being  
born, or me  
i hate the rules because they are just rules.  
they are like squares on the floor  
like the circles of a target at the rifle range  
like the lines running down a highway