

Who's to judge.  
By: Cierra Jones

Who's to judge they don't know who you are,  
They don't know your falling apart.  
Walking around with these giant scars,  
Dead inside with a broken heart.

Who's to judge because your so confused,  
Wearing whatever you can to cover the bruise.  
They say don't try your just gonna lose,  
But guess again that's just another excuse.

Imagine a world of happiness  
Only to watch it drown  
To rise back up and show them  
Who wears the crown  
You try your hardest to prove your the best  
Only to be pushed back down and told your just like the rest  
Failing school, don't make the team,  
Come back home same old routine

Remember that old balcony?  
The one you'd sit on every night  
Praying the hurt would go away  
Maybe there won't be another fight  
Counting scars instead of sheep  
As hours continue your losing sleep

So who's truly to judge when no one seems to ask  
When all they do is focus on the past  
Thoughts overflow with tears pouring down  
Because you were the one left at home  
When your mom went out of town

Now who's to judge, you just learned the true story  
And yes it's only one of many categories  
It seems to be so fitting  
Because that,.. Is only just the beginning.