

## Thoughts of What Was Once Mine's

A hundred thoughts filled my mind  
These thoughts are nothing but fiction  
Thoughts about being free and escaping  
Away from your uttering maledictions

These thoughts all started when I was brought out of the city  
Brought on your car's cold leather backseat  
That night, I saw my privilege...  
Being swept right off my feet  
Swept away and hidden, never to be seen again  
I was given empty promises of money by these terrifying men

What was once mine's starts going against me  
My body, my mind, my life  
They were being sold for quite a penny  
I was now one of 40.3 million victims  
Women, men, children  
Forced into labor and sex in this continuing system

I wanted to scream and cry  
I wanted to take back what was rightfully mine

By now, all my hope has dispelled  
Around me, all these men do is sell  
They sell a body for touching,  
A brain for working,  
A life to the rich  
A life with hopes too far to reach  
With expectations too far to meet

I don't want to be imprisoned in iron chains of lies  
These chains leave marks that tell a tale as old as time  
I was once beauty  
Now I'm the beast  
I'm living a life of curses and repeats

Every night I hear your demands,  
The hundred thoughts don't seem too bland  
*If I run and never look back,*  
*Can you return what was once mine's?*  
*My life, and with it my body and mind.*