

The following book that you have downloaded for FREE isn't your typical E-Book from Shane Diamond nor is it a typical E-Book that you would normally find being released by 4E Inc, the following E-Book is a mix of poetry that both rhymes and doesn't rhyme.

When Shane first stepped into poetry a while back he wrote to have a Emotional Outlet, however as of March 1st 2007 he's actually been debating about putting the pen down and never writing again because at times he feels that he has nothing more to say although with this one last attempt at seeing if he has anything left inside him you will see through the following pages of this E-Book.

I guess you can call this E-Book classic's reborn even though each and every bit of poetry that you read in this E-Book is not old, but it certainly is new.

I hope you enjoy it, be sure to give it a rating and leave your comments about it as Shane Diamond as well as everyone else at 4E Inc are interested in what you have to say in regards to this.

When it comes down to everything the emotions expressed by Shane Diamond can be a mix anger emotions and confused emotions and any other emotions that gets conjured up inside of him.

Hope you enjoy

- Shane Diamond -
<http://4einc.info>

Just Don't Listen

Why is it that some people just don't listen.
No matter how hard you try they just won't.
You try to help them out and help them cheap.
But yet they won't listen.

So I'm tired of trying to help people like that.
I'm tired of tossing in my own hat.
Trying to help out, trying to show that I care.
I can't help but just ignore them when they ask.

I just want to scream at them when they do.
I just want to show them that they need to just shut up and listen.
When they claim that I'm too fucking pig headed an always want my way.
Stand back an take alook at the one who is saying it.
I just don't understand anymore.
So if you choose not to listen then I choose not to suggest.
Since no matter what I won't get the anger off my chest.

- Shane Diamond -

Scream

It seems like I'm trapped.
Having to struggle for people to listen to this kid.
But for some reason they don't.
They think I don't know anything.
But in fact I know more than they want to believe.
Just cause I'm the one you want nothing to do with.
Doesn't mean I can't help.
It just means that they don't want me to help.

I just want to scream at them.
Perhaps then they'll listen to me.
Perhaps then they'll see what I'm saying.
Perhaps...
But only if they want to listen.
But I guess they don't want to listen to me.
Why would they want to listen to me.
If they did then things would be different.

- Shane Diamond -

Just Dont Know

At times I just don't know what to think.

Just don't know what to do with myself.

I feel as if everything that I have done with myself is wrong.

Always playing the same record, listening to the same song.

I just don't know anymore because it seems that everything that I do makes people upset.

I'm never really happy an what does make me happy, I just don't know.

I'm unsure of myself in everything that I do.

I've always lacked in confidence with everything.

I don't know where to turn, I don't know where to go.

I'm just confused, I just get yelled at day in a day out.

Do I want to release my anger, I just don't know if it'd be a good thing.

I've always kept things on the inside, which I never know what to do.

I just never really do know what I want in life, I just never really know.

Why is it that I'm just confused all the time, not bein able to answer the simplest of questions.

I just am unsure of everything, I'm just unsure of it all...

I don't know where to go I don't know who I am.

I just don't know anymore.

- Shane Diamond -

Why ?

Why is it that I'm always stressing out as of late.

Why is it that stupid people make me so irrate.

I just don't understand why these things happen.

I just don't know.

At times I think I have things figured out only to turn another corner and have another problem.

I can't solve anything that comes my way.

I just sit and wait for things to happen.

As if I'm unaware of the fact that I dislike what's about to.

I just am so unsure of what I maybe doing.

I sit and stare and not move, I barely breathe.

I hardly make a noise, I never really do understand.

I sit and wonder where is my life taking me.

Should I really follow my dreams, or should I let them die.

Does it really matter if I talk.

Why is it so important for people just to yell at me.

Perhaps I just become a mute.

Do you really think anyone would care about that.

Or am I just walking around with a bullseye on my chest.

Unaware of what choice may lead me to death.

Death or uncertainty, does it really matter.

- Shane Diamond -

Alone

Sometimes I feel so alone in my mind.
Like I'm a star that never got my chance to shine.
Never knew the feeling of love.

Just feeling alone as I sit alone.
In a house so quiet.
My emotions always having a riot.
Never know what I should feel.
I feel like nothing ever does work for me.
Many things go through my mind.
At times everything does seem fine.

No matter if I'm around people or not I always feel alone.
Will I ever feel the total opposite.
Is there a void in my life that I need to fill.
Perhaps there is something I really want to do with my life an I'm lacking in that skill.

- Shane Diamond -

Frustrated With Life

Why does my life have to be this way.
Why is it that everything bad always comes this way.
I never could understand why I always got dumped on.
Parents of my, Parents of friends...
It seems like I'll be dumped on till life has signalled the end.
If I was layin upon my death bed would it really stop.
Would they really apollogize for putting me there before my heart stops.
Or would I go into the after life thinking that nobody really gave a fuck.
Thinking to myself that I really didn't know what to do with my own life.

As I look at myself I can only wonder what was the cause of her choosing to be my wife.
Is she really going through the same shit that I am.
Or is it what really is ment to be.
Sometimes I wish I could forsee.
Forsee the future an find out what's really going to be.
How will I end up, how will I spend up my life.
When my last coin of life gets used up.
Will I be the same man I am now or will I be bruised up.
I won't know till my time has came an gone.
Are things going to be over drawn.
I won't know anything till it's too late.
Even though the smallest things seem to make me irrate.

- Shane Diamond -

The Internet

What the fuck is wrong now.
If it's not one thing it's another, so how
Do I fix this problem or isn't it on my end.
It has to be, it's never on there side don't you understand my friend.

No matter how many calls I make.
It don't ever amount to the stress I have for fuck sakes.
When do I ever get the chance for things to work.

I just never know when I'll have a connection and when I won't.
I just never know what I'll need anymore.
If it's not one thing it'll be another.
But it's always a consistant bother.
When will this trouble actually stop.
Will I have to format for things to work again.
Or will things continue to get shitty.
As time grows do I get all spitty.
Wanting to spit at everything that doesn't go my way.
Not knowing if something may go my way or if something should flop.

- Shane Diamond -

Gettin My Write On..

Walking up all laughin an happy when the pen hits the paper my mood changes.
You don't want to get on my bad side as you'll quickly see that my anger has various ranges.
I may look friendly up front but when you have my pen to the pad.
You won't want to fuck with me, from nice shy to don't make me mad.

When I'm gettin my write on don't be saying anything wrong.
What comes from me next will never be "the same song"
Reconize that I have no equal.
But all my writings are linked by my life,it's my life sequal.

Invisionin big things for myself anytime I release.
Millions upon millions need to read these words.
Since it's true it's my pen that is mightier than the sword.

Each word laced with just that much more frustration with one thing or another.
Why would I even get violent that won't even bother.
Anything that I have to say if it wasn't for the words in my mind.
I would have grown up normal an kind.
Even though silent I'm deadly.
The doctors will tell you that I'm not all there mentally.

- Shane Diamond -

One Year Ago

One year ago you killed my father by thinking you could jump a yellow.

You walked off with a broken leg and continue to be mellow.

Did my Father have a chance to walk out, no not a single chance.

90-5 the speeds between the two, no chance for any resistance.

Now it's been a year and now I'm forced to live without a Dad.

You never had the balls to send a fucking card to show your sympathy.

You must have been drunk as fuck.

Either that or you're so fucking pathetic that you just plain fucking suck.

Having to live the rest of my life with only one parent.

When speeding up on that yellow you weren't sure of it.

If I had the chance I would beat your fucking ass.

To teach your fucking bitch ass a lesson for pressing down on the gas.

Never once had the chance to survive.

Never had a chance to be revived.

Now I look down at the spot in which we buried him.

Knowing what I have to live with for the rest of my life.

Knowing that I'm forced to tell my kids they'll never meet their grandfather at any time in life.

Having it slapped in my face anytime I go anywhere seeing families so happy.

Hugging and loving each other at one time I thought so sappy.

Now I can't do anything more than sit and glare.

Saying "fuck off" when Christmas time comes around, just wanting to be alone.

Now the realization of losing him is always swimming around my dome.

Having to work just a stone throw away from the scene.

Damn near in tears every time I look at it, but having to deal with it to make the green.

The only thing that was pushing me was wanting to do it for him.

Then wanting to be just as good as him, but knowing that those thoughts will be slim.

Having to deal with a ton in a half of shit no matter where I go.

Writing off 2006 because of you fucking up the end of my 2005, now look how slow.

Things went for me, not working for damn near a year.

Taking care of my wife with the broken leg, just like what you had but yours you deserved.

I wish I could just grab life's remote and reverse.

Go back to the time so it wouldn't have happened.

Know that right now I would still have a father and my wife could have gotten to know him.

More so than just a few times that she did meet him.

I now know that I just don't want anything to do with Christmas.

I don't want to open gifts I don't want to put up a tree or do damn thing.

Just leave it alone, it means nothing but bad memories.

Burn the tree, never send out the cards, never do anything.

It may mean things to others and religions may have different meanings for it.

To me CHRISTMAS = SHIT.

Nothing more nothing less.

I want fuck all to do with the holiday seasons.
I want you to give me a billion fucking reasons.
That you did what you did.
Tell me why he's not here right now.
Tell me why he won't meet any of his grandkids.
Tell me why I been through the worse year of my life.
Having to deal with that an look at my wife.
Laid up in bed with a broken leg.
Me having to take care of her.
Us having to put our lives on hold.
While you continue to grow old.
But yet I never will see my own Dad, but I hope that you have fucking nightmares.
That night I fucking hope that it haunts you at night.
Causing you to wake up an scream at the sight.
Knowing the type of shit you have fucking caused.
I fucking hope that you have to deal with that shit.
Knowing that you have made me loose countless hours of sleep at night.
Shaking thats fucking right shaking no doubt in total fright.
Having to go through the rest of my life.
With just a mother an my wife.
Knowing she will never meet my Dad other than those 3 times she did.
Now I'm forced to try an explain my emotions.
When I get all quiet having to explain why when there are no reasons.
It's nothing more than like having an un-cure-able disease.
Being the Doctor to tell his patent that they don't have much time to live.
My shakes turn from night to day time as well.
Job hunting with my wife, shaking in the car an can't explain.
Just knowing how shitty my fucking life is, knowing that I'm nothing.

- Shane Diamond -

Wants Me To be Fake

All she wants is that fake shit in me.
She doesn't want me to even be free.
Nothing but bitching and complaining about every little detail.
How I'm no good in various ways.
Knowing that I'm useless every other fucking day.
I don't know what to do with myself because all I do is sit in the dark.
If I was a dog I'd do nothing but bark..
Releasing my frustrations with noise.
Instead of spending my time playing with toys.
No wonder why I sit here with the darkness all around.
My face always got a constant frown.
I never am happy anymore.
Perhaps I should let the alcohol pour.
Be drunk like all the fuck up relatives that claim they're related to me.
Maybe then they'd like me and want something to do with me.
Do shot after shot after shot.
POP, POP, POP
Would they be happy after that.
Doubtful cause they'd still be talking behind my back.

- Shane Diamond -

Murder The Major Influence

Now tell me how are we suppose to take the murder charges seriously.
You kill somebody and you get locked up and charged with all these degrees.
The biggest murderers in the world get away with it Scott-free
Bush, Saddam, Castro... many other higher forms of power get away with it don't you see.
The thought of being locked away for a life for taking a life seems hazy to me.
If it was suppose to be a real charge then they should have been locked away.
They've killed more people than you can imagine, but they're out running the countries.
I never could understand the power that is hidden behind the president.

It seems strange, strange to me that they could do it and walk around with a smile.
What they don't realize is what they've done is really vile.
Taking millions of lives.
Innocent an not.
Getting other people to pull the trigger an hear the shot.
They call it war.
They hung Saddam cause of all the gruesome shit he did.
Big mistake in my eyes.
Retaliation isn't far from a surprise.
Charles Manson killed people, they got him LOCKED UP.
That was way before my time an he's still locked up and living.

To stop the killing you must stop it on all fronts.
Not just in the streets but world wide.
Otherwise the world will end with death.
Truly not the intentions of us being here.
Truly not the thought of everyone who is sincere.

Murder Major Influence.
To lead by example is the best way to do things.
If the major influence continues.
Then the small people will too.

- Shane Diamond -

Wasted Life

Life is enough to stress me out.
Making me want to constantly to scream and shout.
I never know where to turn for help so I usually just write.
Like many artists but this doesn't end up as a sound bite.

I feel as if I've wasted my life.
Here I am sitting as 25 with nothing to show other than a wife.
Always struggling to pay bills.
I always seem to have alot of spills.
Nothing ever going my way.
Not knowing what to do or what to say.

I know I've wasted my life an had to put everything on hold for a year didn't help.
Been out of work for a year who would want to hire me.
Now it's getting to the point of nobody seems to inspire me.
If anything I look at it that they've done alot more.
Than I have, an that's why I'm sitting here all poor.
Let's not to mention I'm also sore.
Having to deal with my life the way that I have.
Nothing ever goes the way that I want it to.
That's why I'm always blue.

- Shane Diamond -

Frustrated

I don't know how much longer I can do this I'm getting frustrated with everything.
It seems like when I get up it's yet again the samething.
Same bullshit morning, afternoon and night.
It's becoming a real fright.
Knowing what lays ahead of me as I go through each day.
No matter what I do it seems as if I can't change it.
Each day more and more shit.
All people want to do is complain about the way I do things.
Or various other aspects of my life, but since when are there lives so fucking perfect.
They aren't perfect, not saying that I want to live the perfect life cause that's a pipe dream.

Just for once I would like something of mine to work out.
Knowing that I would have to do nothing more than drop out.
Quicker than I did from high school knowing that shit wasn't for me.
Knowing that I had to get out of that place to set my own life free.
I couldn't deal with the shit back then an nothing has fucking changed.
I'm the same kid, same fucked up voice with thoughts that are nothing less than deranged.
Although I don't know what the hell else to do.
I'm just fucking frustrated.

- Shane Diamond -

Get Ya Write On – Part #2

Making the whole world shake.
Knowing that it wasn't even a predicted earth quake.
Looking at serving up a real dish of poetry.
Rather than them bitches who don't understand the concept of the word.
But when it's all said and done Shane Diamond is the one you heard.
Knowing that he's the one whose just melting the world with the hot words.
Firing off the words and poppin off his issues all in one without using the sword.

Pass me a drink.
An I'll give you a rhyme that'll make you think.
Hypnotical unlike anythin you have ever read.
At which point you can consider that pen dead.
I made it bleed to get my words out.
It's nothing for me to kill of pens, make them bleed for my life.
In there death others learn what's on my mind.

- Shane Diamond -

The Unwanted Feeling

No matter where I go I seem to get the feeling that nobody wants me around.
They claim they're all happy an laughin but I see through that to the true frown.
Why is it that they just dont' tell me that they don't want me around I already know.
It's not like it's a big secret to me, it's not like it'd have an affect on me, I guess it's sorrow.

Thinking it's going to have a bigger impact on me in my syposid young life.
Not knowing what to do when I feel unwanted since the feeling seems to be everywhere.
It drove me so fucking nuts it caused me to shave my hair.
Givin me the ability to get up and out in a hurry.
Without having to give a fucking worry.
About what was said or what I did.

It'd probably be best for them to be rid.
Of me so that they wouldn't have to worry.
About someone like me so that they wouldn't have a blemish on there personal story.

I guess I'll just always have this feeling of being unwanted no matter where I go.
I guess I might as well try to make myself get use to it.

- Shane Diamond -

The Blackness...

It's the blackness that consumes me.
It's the blackness that assumes me.
People thinking that what they see before themselves is something they know.

The blackness continues to grow upon me just like the darkness continues to swim in hell.
Pouring into hell quicker than tears pouring out of someones face.
Not knowing that what they've done is a total disgrace.
To the world around them however they feel as if things are just fine.
As they continue to pour themselves another glass of wine.

Just one more for the road it'll do me no harm I feel good.
You won't be when your as stiff as wood.
Knowing they have to scrape your body off the concrete
With all your friends saying "Remember him, he was really neat"

Never know when your time is going to stop.
Always whoring yourself out for just one more cock.
You wish you would have chose one less.
Right now you just made a choice.
To take the virus known as AIDS.
From one and he passed it onto another.
It's all your fault even though to him it was no bother.

Passing of another disease is killing off the population slowly.
Forever you shall wish you would have chose someone different.
But you never seen it coming just like many.
Nobody sees it until it's too late.
When it's too late then you'll be irrate.
Wishing you had that choice back again.

But you don't, because the darkness has consumed you.

- Shane Diamond -

The Forced Feeling.

It seems anywhere I go I'm being forced to do something I don't want.
They all claim different things but they all want me to do something to make me better.
Little do they know that it's killing me on the inside anytime it's brought up.

Not realizing that, they continue to ask me to do so.
But there askings change to them forcing me more and more.
Never know what's next to be in store.
If I can't do it I can't talk normally and probably can't eat either.
They would never understand why I don't want to.
Sometimes no matter how much I explain they don't care.

They want nothing more than to have the power over me to crumble.
Knowing that once I had ahold of my life then I fumbled.
Wanting to scream that I need help in there eyes.
But at times I just want to leave.
Not wanting to believe.
Making this so called family get on without me.
Each night I feel like praying to be taken away.

Off to another land is what I would like so that I wouldn't have to worry.
About the shit that goes on with it.
When things go back to "normal" will things really be any different.
I doubt it, this shit will still go on because we'll never be able to get things back.
I never wanted to see this day but it seems that everyone is coming down on me.

I don't want anything to do with a world like this.

- Shane Diamond -

Feeling Unwanted

Why is it that whenever I go back to the place that claims it's my home I feel unwanted.
Feel like I'm more loved elsewhere but I'm not.
I'm always being pushed out of one house and not into another.
I always feel as if nobody truly wants me around.

Sometimes I wonder if I will ever feel like I'm ment to be.
Or will I continue to feel this way even after me an Jessica are moved in together.
Or will nothing seem like home to me.
Will everything have the feeling of wanting to push me out.

Will things ever change will I ever feel wanted in a house.
Or should I just realize that I'm stuck in a cage like a mouse.
Always feeling like I'm pushed out, of one since it's not where I should be.
Always looking for spots to hide when the voices get angered.
Always looking for a spot to cry when the anger gets turned toward me.

Is this really the life that is here for me, can't it really be changed..
Sometimes I think that it can't be changed no matter what.
It's like wanting to run away and never come back.

Never looking back at what it was.
Never knowing what to say or wanting to put life on pause.
But part of me is quickly realizing that I'm here for nothing more than to be shit on.
Constantly over and over as life goes on.

- Shane Diamond -

Feeling Of Failure

Everytime I see hits on my counter I always think that nobody is really coming to the site for my writing.

I know they're just coming for other reasons to get information about Our Pets or Tools that we speak of.

But no matter how hard I try no matter how hard I struggle it's always something different. I have many talents and to help one is a talent that I'm good at. But to help myself achive something that I have been dreaming of, is something I am not. It's something that I feel that I'm failing if it was my job it would put me into the mud. It would put me onto the streets with nothing for me or my family.

I feel as if nothing is working it's way in my favor and I hope that something changes. It is the winds of change that I continue to hope to blow my way. To take all the hits that have brought into the site and bring back the hits for what is mine. The hits to help us get our writing reconized. In hopes of getting things up in the air quicker and quicker.

Why is it that the feeling of us failing is forever looming amongst us. Why is it that when ever we choose to adapt something and feel good about it. It always fails, it never takes off the way we think in our minds. The fact that what we think is something that we know doesn't exist.

I never know what to do, I never know where to turn. How is it possible for the dream of one family to go up in smoke. To allow us to choke.

How is it that we constantly feel failure.

- Shane Diamond -

Confusion

Why does someone like me always get so confused.
Never know where to turn or which direction to take.
I try things but I always seem to fall in the same pit.
I look for direction but I never get anything except for shit.
I try everything I can possibly think of to allow myself the freedom of what I want to do.
But it seems that it just sinks me down lower, deeper even blue.

I haven't decided what I really want to do with my life.
I have chosen the one who I want as my wife.
But what to spend my life doing is something that'll remain a mystery.
It seems that everything I try I come down a failure don't you see.
I try hard to do what I do and make myself known.
Although as far as I'm concerned I won't be thrown.
Beyond my dreams what they maybe at that time.
Even though at times my poetry doesn't rhyme.

I have tried everything under the sun in order to keep.
Myself from getting down in a heap.
Never thinking that I have gave up my last drop.
Even though at times I feel as if all I do is flop.

Where do I turn when I get to this point in my life.
Am I the one whose holding back my wife.
Or do I continue to sit here and look at the fact that I'm just a confused man.
Living in the shell of another broken man.
Piece by piece I should continue to find.
That through my whole life I shall remain blind.

- Shane Diamond -