# Bottom

## The Bran Flakes

My compassion is broken now.
My will is eroded,
And my desire stolen and it makes me feel ugly.
I'm on my knees and burning.
My piss and moans are the fuel that set my head on fire.
So smell my soul burning.
I'm broken, looking up to see the enemy.
I have swallowed the poison you feed me
But I survive on it,
And it leaves me guilt fed, hatred fed, weakness fed.
And I feel ugly, and dead inside.
Shit adds up at the bottom.
You've left me no choice but to go inside and rebuild
What's broken.
Too much, too far, too late to lie down now.
I must arm myself to fight you
By making weapons out of my imperfections.
It's all I have left.
There's no other choice.
I'm shameless, nameless, nothing, and no one now.
But my soul must be iron for my fear is naked.
I'm naked and fearless.
But I'm dead inside.
You see, shit adds up, now I'm dead inside.
Hatred, weakness, and guilt keep me alive
At the bottom.

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