My Mess

Tuesday

It's days,
meaningless like this one,
that seem magical in ways,
no one else can see, no onebut me.
As if I wasn't scared enough.
And these days just won't change.
These days,
sick and sore I swear I'll end it all,
I know how to quit,
or call in sick to everyone.
And I'll be moving on.
Except these days just won't change.
Forever doesn't look so good,
so forever I must try and think of ways
to clean up my mess,
unlock the door,
it's time for me to try to leave.
These days,
long and uninspired, I feel empty and so tired.
Nothing to show for what is now
just a lack of strength.
And these days just won't change.
We're in Hell,
Will it end?
Will I ever control myself?
Will I ever find my childhood strength?
Will these days ever change?
Will it end?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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