# Questioning My Sanity

## L7

I'm saving my piss in a jar
This depression has gone too far
I'm lying here in bed
Am I alive or am I dead?I'm questioning my sanityThe paint chips are kicking in
Desperation bubbles my skin
There's stuff crawling on the floor
Crackers with black books knocking at my doorThe TV's talking to me
I'm questioning my sanityEverybody have a breakdownI haven't changed my clothes in weeks
I'm wallowing in my own stink
My ass is sore from lying in bed
Am I alive or am I dead?

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