A Declaration Of Sorts

Small Brown Bike

This is the last time that I feel lonely and sorry for myself
It's getting worse without your help
This is the last time that I feel tired
I've tried to sleep at night and days walk by without much lightLet me give back just a little
Let me give back just a little this time
Let me get back to the middle
Let me get back to the middle this timeThis is the last time that I feel broken
I've tried to fix this mess
For years and years I fight my stress
This is the last time that I feel helpless
I've forced out every word and it still feels like I won't be heard
Won't you help me?

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