It's Too Late

Majority Rule

So here I am. Again. Alone.
The light is broken. Too hard to see the page.
I broke it. I broke it.
Too tired to read. Too awake to sleep.
All the time. All the time to think.
How did I find myself here again?
There are times. When I dream of this.
But not here. Not here.
This is success. This is how it feels.
No one knows.
I've succeeded in killing it. This is success.
This is how it feels. It's numb. It's cold.
This is just the help that I needed.

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