

# Medium Unwell

## Mad Caddies

in a world where logic and proportion dies  
the dark side laughing as it lights the night  
with its evil eyes  
it comes around when you are least expecting it to strike  
it grabs you by the neck  
and takes your soul with all its might  
the voices haunting me  
the fear is here come around and see  
no slumber anymore  
demons in disguise  
knocking at my door a small piece of advice...  
ignore! my head is hurting  
my eyes are growing cold  
the strength increases  
when it fired a shot into its hold  
the burning version of a man whose lost his will to live  
the fight is over  
when there is nothing left to have or give

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