

Mid-Death Crisis

Stampin' Ground

Another day, another trial
Another eternity spent in denial
Of the fact that we mean so very little
Face up to your mid-death crisis
The darkness, it blinds me
The misery always finds me
The soul dissection
Try to ascertain mid-death crisis We think we're living, I wonder why?
We're just killing time until we die
Is this all there is?
There must be more than this If there's a light at the end of the tunnel
Then I must be facing the other way
All I can see is yet more turmoil
One long ordeal of endless grey
The turning of the century
Should have meant the world to me
But could've meant so much more
If the world wasn't just as fucked as before Another year of nothingness
Another test of our strengths
How to deal with realisation
And face up to a mid-death crisis
Like a beggar, doubt comes creeping
Cloaked in ice, devoid of feeling
I try to learn to cope with the
Fear and guilt of this mid-death crisis

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