End of a Short Rope

Indecision

Waking up suicidal
penniless, broken and a wasted
getting used to the desperation - the sweat, the panic
can't find a reason to maintain this charade
why the fuck should I keep going when every day gets more meaningless?
what do you want me to say? everything is not ok
I used to think that I was good enough
but now the easiest decisions are just too much
you have your status and all of your money so don't presume to understand
so don't patronize me privileged fucker
you could never know what it's like to feel so starved
at the end of a short rope
at the end of every night - ask yourself
what is left of your life?
it's a disease

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