

# 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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