

I'm here today, just like every yesterday.  
Heavy heat, and the sheets stick to my skin.  
Can't get away from nothingness.  
I try to get up, but I have to give into the force that is keep  
ing me down.  
I overcome gravity, I look outside.  
A cat cries out, trapped upon a window sill,  
but its crying's drowned out by my screaming inside.  
What will it take? I wonder what it's like exposed outside,  
would I be safe? When will it break.  
Try to look out, I see reflection I just want to break.  
Sirens moan. They're forever crying... someone's probably dying  
.  
The sound sticks inside my head. Talk to myself, I'm company,  
but who is to say if nothing is said?  
Two windows stare back at me.  
Three stories high and nothing is new.  
I may sit, but someday I'll stand.  
I'll muster up the will and fire myself through.  
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