

Midline

Deviates

I need help I can't leave I can't breathe.
I see my way out but I'm in too deep to care.
Emotionless, I feel myself about to break.
Self-destruction, self corruption, this life I know, this life
I hate.
With each passing day my outlets slip away.
I believe the lies and I dig myself in deeper.
I play a daily game of tug a war between
What's in my heart and what's on my mind,
Not weighing circumstances, passing blindly by my chances
Knowing some day I might die.
In the silence of my nightmare no one else can hear me scream,
No one else knows what I need, no one else believes,
I could die and not care.
I need something to set me free.
Reflections from my past that seem so unreal to me,
I'm out of touch I can no longer feel me,
My heart is sick and my mind is reeling.
Don't know myself, don't know why I still don't care.
I'm the only one that's paying, and I'm the only one that's pla
ying.
The more I struggle the more I lose.
I dig myself in deeper and still don't care
Then the moment comes when you reach for my heart,
I know it's to hard to find