

Searching for inspiration coming up empty handed I'm running out of patience. I feel so fucking stranded. I killed myself in my mind at least a thousand times on all those nights where I just couldn't fall asleep. Sitting there gritting my teeth watching the clock. Couldn't help but think about all I lived, loved, and lost. I beat the piss out of myself. I toss and turn inside my shell. Just don't know where I'm headed. What's the point? I don't get it.