

## Sale At The Misery Factory

Illdisposed

I've cleaned out my closet.

But to be here and start again, it's almost like it'll never end.

You see me as a form and not the man I really am.

It takes some company, but not from you.

It brings me down.

Misery.

Factory.

Misery.

There's a sale at the misery factory.

There's a yard sale in my head, but no buyers seem to come my way.

When we were young and not abducted, by our lives of misery I acted out but now there's just pain.

Won't go away.

It's like a weight of guilt, pressing my shoulders.

The broken promises.

The lies we choose to deal with this in different ways.

Accepted.

And now alone, I choose to be.

Just let me be.

In misery.