

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.