

## 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.