

## Wither

## Keepsake

Nothing remains.  
Was there anything anyway?  
Why prolong the painful existence?  
Emptiness is not a reason for me to continue.  
How long until I end it all?  
It's all disappearing.  
Withering and slowly dying.  
I watch it die.  
Cast aside as demons feed upon my grief.  
This may be too much for me to bear.  
I should be optimistic but escapism is far too tempting.  
How long until I end it all?  
My world is cold and without hope, this emptiness will be forever.  
I watch it disappear.  
How long can I hold on to something that was never there?  
How long until I take these matters into my own hands.  
I watch it disappear.  
I see it slowly dying.  
I watch it wither away and I'll watch it die.  
And I'll watch it die.