

## My Demise

### Suffocation

The thought and the chance. To lose or perhaps to gain  
A new found worth or disgust. None the wiser could know

Why is it my burden or blessing  
to be the one to go through this loss  
To lose or gain a chance at living,  
why must I be this barer of such burdens?

To be this fortunate or cursed  
I know not the difference with such weight on my shoulders

Again I must continue on the quest given to me  
It is not a question, it is the answer - I will be the victor

I'll die too many times and not have learned  
the lessons forced upon me  
I live not for myself  
but for some greater good in this hell we call home

I no longer exist here among men  
I've succumb to an unknown force  
I't s reduced me to nothing

I am not here even now, where am I? As I still breath

I'm not alive, not to feel. But rather to suffer and die  
A lifetime that spans eternity.  
Too strong to selfishly close the book of life

This terrible nightmare that I'm living must be all in my head.