

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.