There's been a lot of upsetting, very upsetting things that I c an't allow to happen any more.

I have to be like a soldier and march away.

'Cause I'm very delicate in a lot of ways, and things get to me, and affect me in a very adverse... manner.

I don't need that; don't need that.

I feel now like minus something, you know, I feel faded; I don't feel like I'm all here.

I think it'll come back; I hope it'll come back.

There's a lot of color missing, from the way I feel, and from.. . my face, and, you know, just everything.

There's some kind of zest, or some kind of, um... life, you kno w, that seems to be faded temporarily,

because I've been so drained, emotionally, by a number of thing ${\sf s.}$

That has to slowly build back up, and then it has to be kept su stained; it cannot be allowed to be diminished.