Impending Doom Theory

Turmoil

everyday i become more afraid of the form i take this person unfamiliar to me each waking moment fixated on past encounters as i sift through the ashes of who i used to be i fight this everyday more of the same bludgeon myself with the hope of resurrecting my dying dream i fight this everyday words were spilled carelessly i'm trying to remove the stain i don't want to know the answers you'll give i would rather kill the messenger killing me i fight this everyday i reach inside to remove the organ that's bleeding the life from this frame