

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