

Grief, Fucked Upstairs

well now you've really had it
locked in serious distress
all your words are gibberish
no longer making any sense
self-induced paranoia
don't have a fuckin' clue
too blind to note your condition
choke on your own misfortune

solitude you hope for
too blind to see it's true
your dying from your own poison
no one to blame...but you

you're fuckin' wacked

thought you were indestructable
superior in every respect
now I watch you wither away
a victim of constant neglect

solitude non-existent
an empty shell you've become
dominated by won self-pity
alone, exhausted and numb

horror abundant - all by yourself
a battered man - screaming for help
but no one's there - alone in the dark
time flies on by - you've wrecked yourself