

Wither

Counterparts

I am more than familiar with feeling empty
The conduit, I allow myself to drain
My mind is the trench in which I will be buried
Watch me wither away

Put me our of my misery
I can only find solace in sleep
A sub-conscious sanctuary
I am longing to be set free
Yet I am the one who holds the key
I am the one who holds the key

A lifetime spent trying to place the blame
On anyone or anything
This is not who I am
I am not who I used to be
Set me free