

Meth Mouth

A Life Once Lost

These problems exist inside my mind like a heavy New Orleans fog
My thinking has slowed itself down to a crawl unwillingly
Compassion fueled
By depression
My savior is death
Does this make sense
My love is silenced
By ignorance
My answer is death
Does this make sense
The wind has picked up since last night and it carries with grief
Our worried nature drowns us in a frigid ocean of regret
My breathing stands still just long enough to feel inept
Me
On the receiving end of honest hostility
And you
On the giving end of the candid frustration