

Rock Bottom

AK

Feel like I'm at rock bottom, not a dollar in my pocket
Every time I feel okay, I just point me to all my problems
Why the fuck can't I just stop it? It's so fucking toxic
How could I wanna be okay so badly and still make no progress?
And some days are worse than others, I admit (rock bottom)
I'm there for you of course but I'm who I forget (rock bottom)
I never show up for myself, it might seem like I'm doing well
But you'd dodge me if I ever let you in (rock bottom)

Put my life in God's hands and pray to him that he don't drop it
At this point I feel so heartless, blame the life I'm stuck in, fuck this
No one ever would survive if my road was what they walking
Why the fuck would I tell someone let my problems be my problems?
That's my issue from the jump, I never talk about shit
Throughout my life I never thought that anybody'd understand
Then I picked the microphone up and I got it off my chest
And found so many people fighting demons too, now I'm with them
It's us against the world now I know what this 'bout 'cause I know how it be
when the lights go down
And the thoughts come out, feel like no way out and you just can't breathe
Tryna get calmed down but your eyes ball out till you feel like you're drown
ing
In all of your tears till you fall asleep
Then you wake from dreams and you feel like shit 'cause it's make-believe
And then it's fuck it, I'm done, I'm going back to sleep
Don't wake me up if you see the sun, that's my biggest enemy
Give me time, I'll figure it out, no really, I'm fine, don't think I need an
y help
Just let me rot 'cause it ain't like I

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What's it like getting outta bed
Rubbing the crust outta your eyes and feeling refreshed?
Last night I went to bed around seven PM
Woke up at noon feeling tired, mad it happened again
I woke up, goddamn it, now I gotta get up, acting like I'm fine
Let my face show motivation while this hell invades my mind
Embrace the struggles, that's what makes you
But what happens when you try and they become the closest thing to your exis
tence? Sick of trying
What's the point if it's a cycle that I know all too well?
Maybe the fact it's consistent gives me comfort in its hell
I made friends with the monsters even though I hate how it feels
They're all I've known for so long, it makes it so hard to rebel
But if I keep believing maybe one day something will change
I only try 'cause dying means my name will carry that shame
I have a family that loves me even if I can't say the same
About myself, so time will tell if I get out, I

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