

mellow/dramatic

atlas

4 years since I last had medicine
Aside from acetaminophen
New day, same question, "what hell is this?"
Half-inch-cracked door, let the devil in often
Cracked lid, bottle full of options
I fucking hate feeling nauseous
Even pre-quarantine, I was inside all the time
Need to exchange my jealousy for pride

Need change
But don't want to
Work on
What I need to
Change, it's
Hopeless
Never honest

6 years of an uphill battle
Same climb, same drudge, same judgment always
New vices, the cup left hollow
Wall stained, same spot, puked blood in the hallway
Last night, bed is a mess
Last night's drink still fresh on my breath
Past lives fill my shoes in my stead
I could swear that's not what I said
Sorry

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