

Inhale The Grief

Boundaries

Allow myself to inhale the grief
Before it clouds every memory
Let me lay where I fall

Not everything can be caught before it hits the bottom
Maybe one day I'll find a place
I'll find a place to call my own
Ordinary and content
The familiar descent

I'm the worst to myself, the last person I'm willing to help
No empathy, no understanding
All of the things I offer (Always feel like a failure)
To everyone else (Let me lay where I fall)
So many behaviors to unlearn

Coming to terms with a life twice as hard and half as long
I can't stand to be alone with my thoughts
Always feeling like a fraud (Feeling like a fraud)
No longer am I reserved for the undeserved

I was taught to hate myself before anything else

Living a life of quiet desperation
Waiting for something to come and take us away
A fantasy (A fantasy)
Just a dream (Just)
A savior would present if only I believed
Nobody gives a fuck about me
Nobody gives a fuck about me and that's how it should be

I was the worst to myself
The last person that I would help
It's taken me until now to dig myself out
I feel like a fuck up
I feel like a failure
But at least it's not every day
And I am getting better