

Sleep

Casey

If I'd had known, that from the minute I was born,
That the price of my existence would be the weight of expectation
Then I wouldn't fucking be here.
How can I focus on the life I'm "supposed to lead"
When everyday I struggle with existing?

I've dug a hole so deep in my mind,
That I can no longer see the light of the sun;
I can no longer hear the voices of people I love.

I've been breaking my hands
Trying to carry the burden
That I've placed on myself.
I'm so afraid of the end
I've lead myself to believe
I may never be happy again.

I think the hardest part of all is trying to justify self-deprecation
When I am constantly surrounded by sources of love and affection.

I know that I'm not on my own,
But I can't shake the feeling
That I'm in this alone.
There's no one that I feel safe with.

All I've wanted for so long
Is to succumb to a sleep
That I am not afraid of.

Give me the strength to love myself,
As I am told that I am loved.
May I believe, despite my doubt,
That someday I'll be good enough.

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When you don't know where you're going
And you don't care where you've been.

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