

Empty

Catie Turner

Absentmindedly saying affirmations
Try to smother all the negative vibrations
Three years of CBT, sometimes twice a week
Healing must've thought I wasn't worthy to receive
Guess I'm paying up my karmic reparations

Stuck in the in-between
Of burnout and apathy
And what a joy it'd bring
If I could feel all the way empty

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Fell on top the sword of unattained perfection
Still tried, even when I saw the rows of skeletons
The stock in what I'm worth inflates with the hurt
Got a healthy appetite to eat my just desserts
I'm an anemic, former bulimic, hell of a demon

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Out of alignment don't know
If I was inside of it all
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Imagination, won't you come in
You left when I was a child, I never saw you again
Folding over, mindless fodder
Same old feeling sorry for myself to which I contend

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