

The Best In The End

Cerebral Turbulency

How is my grey world good for me?
And the memories that I can't remember?!
This world that I can't even hear?!
Destitution, wrath and envy
That's the language I speak
I feel pain in any movement,
Any inhale, any exhale
My mind is filled with thoughts about death
All the money I have saved
Is for my cremation
I wish I was a year young
A month, or at least a day
I suffer
I wish I could fall asleep and never wake up