

There All Is Aching

Crywank

Waking panic soon drifts out, I inhale the teapots
Spout
My shit impending doom, impending blaze dazed and con-
Fused
Into my seat retreat, from fears and procrastinate

Bubbling up inside, find a way to calm my mind
Is set on dark, roll and blaze, make me happy staring straight
Dazed for days.
I return to sober states, just to face my comeuppance
All my failures in abundance
Lazy oaf lazily blames a substance
As if my pain makes this my reluctant indulgence
I am full of shit is my first utterance