

# Origin

Dayseeker

This is the death of my origin  
No rest for the sick and weary, just a rope growing tighter around my neck  
For twenty-five years, I've tried so hard but now it feels like twenty-five too long  
Just for a moment, I wish that I could breathe without the weight of the world crushing down on me

Better off dead, no burden to my friends  
No more days of wishing I won't have to wake up the next

Does it matter if I am dead or alive?  
The future seems so dark but I'm trying to keep my head above the water

I am so sick and fed up with the burden of my consciousness  
The voices in my head, I only hear them say that I'll be dead before the dawn  
Wave goodbye to your sanity and just remember you'll never truly be at peace  
No one knows how it feels to hate the one that lies in your own skin

I'm trying to keep my head above the water but the tide keeps rising and rising  
So safe, so small with the rope tight around my neck  
One last goodbye to remind you that although I'm sick,  
I love you still and I hope you won't forget me when I'm gone  
The proper way to die was not a choice for me to make  
I held on as long as I could but I lost my grip  
The anxiety that plagued me is but a bitter memory  
I'll reap what I have sown and take that step to bring me peace  
God help me if you exist, this is not a world I'm meant to live in