

Crestfallen and dejected
Wracked with disorder and guilt
Fleeting successes are empty and crumbling
On foundations of trivia, built
Pills to ease your suffering are Pyrrhically proposed
Clinically depressed or just feeling morose? Up the dose
A cursory inspection and you'll be diagnosed; up the dose
Anxiety eats at your stomach
A feeling you've come to accept
The ephemeral comfort of self-aggrandizement
A promise not easily kept
A life spent with banality and platitudes, engrossed
Clinically depressed or just feeling morose? Up the dose
A cursory inspection and you'll be diagnosed; up the dose
Apathy, passivity
Vexation is enshrouded in a chemical gloss
Impenitent, irrelevant
Your lack of personality is no great loss
The potions take their toll
Your will is bought and sold
And broken mind made whole

Tablets imbibed with detachment
A fixed and emotionless smile
Reality looms with a tenebrous grin
From the dregs in the pharmacist's vial
Refill your prescription for the spectacles of rose
Clinically depressed or just feeling morose? Up the dose
A cursory inspection and you'll be diagnosed; up the dose
Drifting through life in a fugue state
Your brain all but rotten away
To audit behaviour was never an option
You opted for mental decay
Hazy dreams of life before your mind was comatose
Clinically depressed or just feeling morose? Up the dose
A cursory inspection and you'll be diagnosed; up the dose