Solace; in Soil

Loathe

I drag my hands through the soil in hopes
To find my solace
An answer to this empty shell

I rub my fingers across my face
To remind me of myself
A reminder I can't bare to recognise
That once was there is now gone
I resemble emptiness
A perfect picture of denial
What's happening to me?

I'm staring into this void of existence
Fading into an empty space
An empty space made just for me

I'm so sick and tired of this disease
When will this emptiness be erased?
I have lost my lust for living

No hope, no serenity
Life has lost its meaning

I've forgotten what it means to be alive

No one should ever have to face this
No one should ever have to feel this
I can't help but feel so hopeless

As I shed a poison tear, I can only question
Where was my chance to bloom?

As I shed a poison tear, I can only question
Where was my chance to bloom?
It was never there
It was never fucking there

I'm so sick and tired of this disease
When will this emptiness be erased?
I have lost my lust for living

I'm so sick and tired of this disease
When will this nightmare be done with me?
I have lost my lust for living

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