

Hooked up & sucked dry.
And yes it pried my eyes open wide.
But I couldn't make room for the fear inside.
I shut down.
I went numb.
Tried to escape but I couldn't outrun.
Stressed my head until it broke.
The days slipped through my fingers like smoke.
It's a lesson that I won't forget.
You haven't seen the last of me yet.
Sometimes I wish I'd been a fisherman: patient eyes and callused hands.
Move with the sea & hold the line.
Sitting still isn't wasting time.
And guess what?
I'm (apparently) not too young to die.