

Dear Depression,

Presence

Dear depression, do you think that you can stop me?
I know the answer, but I see you getting cocky
I've seen you win this battle numerous times
But you ain't ever gonna take a life that's rightfully mine
I understand
That your intention is to infiltrate my mind
And plant these little seeds of doubt that grow into a massive
vine
That wrap around my head until I can't get loose
You started doing this already so you cannot lose
At least you think
But who's the one that's in control everything
That has to with I how I function
Right, that's me
See I have grown an understanding of the things you do
You're a part of me, but not me
So I cannot lose

Yeah we gone be alright
Just give it some time
The more that we fight this fight
The more that depression dies

I'm a product of an illness I was born with
My momma has anxiety and that's what I was formed in
I tried to live a life that I was constantly ignoring
The truth about my mental state but that wasn't rewarding
The way that facing up to it is
And understanding that it's not a shameful thing to admit
I'm not okay sometimes
And that sometimes is a bit
Daunting
And at times it makes feel like a kid
The way that I create imaginary scenarios in my head
And fear them to the point that it gives me an existential dread
That's greater than the fears that I have grounded in reality
But that's just what it's like to be living in your anxiety (damn)

We gone be alright
Just give it some time
The more that we fight this fight
The more that anxiety dies