

# 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 drea  
d  
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 (da  
mn)

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