

Depression

RÉN

My thought patterns are composed by a time-bomb for an author
Like pigs to the slaughter
A symphony of self doubt sings out
Breath starts getting shorter
Running water
Is the state that I wish to become
Instead concrete envelopes my movement
And I am rendered deaf and dumb
Unable to heed the advice of others

Don't tell me things will get better
'Cause so far things haven't got better
I've got the sweater
Poster child, bipolar, ADHD, therapists' wet dream
I don't wanna talk about my father
I don't wanna talk about my dead friend
I don't wanna talk about myself
I'm sick of talking about myself
I'm sick of talking about myself
And realising that talking about myself never, ever helps

Still, I call for help
'Cause I really want help
But the pills didn't seem to help
And the therapists didn't seem to help
But still, I want help
I've danced with the devil in hell
I've sat in a prisonless cell
And here I always dwell
In this prison in myself

I do this thing where my mind travels back to the golden age
You know those times where you were carefree
And everything was Golden?
The golden age
You know those times where everything was golden?
Where you were carefree and everything was golden
The hardest thing I ever had to do
Was come to terms with the fact that

That time never really existed
I've always felt so fucking detached
And broken, bruised and mismatched
Find it hard to relax
Living under the cracks, try to fill in the gaps
Lying here on my back
Still, I can't find it
Sense of peace, yeah, my mind declined it
Pulse increased and my sweat combines with
A feeling so deep I fall inside it

Depression
I hate you, depression
Your constant oppression
Respond with aggression
They say depression brings you lessons
Constant stressing conceals blessings

You will grow in broken settings
Fuck those lessons, fuck depression
I've been living in your shadow for so long
That I forgot how I can shine

How I can find a refuge in my mind
How am I meant to sit here and unwind?
The planets align
I feel like I'm cursed
Feel like I'm cursed to just be here to hurt
I feel like I'm cursed just to be here to bleed with my demons
Been feeling this way since birth

Depression
I hate you, depression
I hate you