

# 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  
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I hate you, depression  
I hate you