

# 13:13

Sólstafir

13:13

Woke up on a winter day.  
Feeling fucking mean,  
decided to stay.

13:24

Feeling sick and tired,  
can't take this any more.  
Presence no longer desired.

13:43

The thought keeps hunting me,  
burning desire to break free,  
to get away, to escape, to flee.

13:51

I see it so clear  
By now all hope is gone,  
there's only fear.

14:02

Can't delay this much longer  
It is clear what I have to do.  
The feeling's getting stronger.

14:12

Got out of bed, still no sun.  
Decided to kill myself.  
Picked up a gun.

14:28

Felt a sudden urge to live on  
but it was too fucking late.  
Half the head's fucking gone!