# new low

thrown

If I'd known it was all in vain
I wouldn't have gotten up just to fall again

How could I trust myself when
I've never been right about anything and
Always hanging by a thread?
Feeling so fucking inadequate

What is real?
I can't tell the difference
Between dreams and reality
And my own thoughts and the voice I hear
If the mind's an endless sea
I'm about to drown in it

I don't recognize the voice in my head
Is it even me or is it somebody else?

It's breathing down my neck
Watching every move, every single step
Is it guilt? Is it regret?
Or something else I cannot shake?

If I had known it was all in vain
I'd never bothered trying

It would be so much easier
To numb myself and live in ignorance
Instead of drowning in self-contempt
Watching myself decay

I don't recognize the voice in my head
Is it even me or is it somebody else?
I keep telling myself that I've been here before
Even though I know
It is a whole new low