

## To The Bottom

Turnover

I wasted time and I won't ever get it back.  
I tried to twist the hands back to where I wanted,  
but I know that I can't.  
And I keep turning it over and over,  
again and again now in my head.  
I feel a sense of remorse,  
but what's the point if there's nothing that  
I could even try to do anymore?

Cold, I feel so cold.  
Drug to the bottom with no motivation to move from the floor.  
Left with no air in my chest,  
with nothing to keep all my blood pumping  
throughout my veins anymore.

I wasted time and I won't ever get it back.  
I tried to twist the hands back to where I wanted,  
but I know that I can't.  
And I keep turning it over and over,  
again and again now in my head.  
I feel a sense of remorse,  
but what's the point if there's nothing that  
I could even try to do anymore?