

"getting a grip on things"

~Raleigh, 18

the important things decay, rot, and fall away

my eyes are black my lungs are cold my heart stops

I try to grip but I can't hold

I feel so alive I let the smile drive me up

I let the thoughts drip down, I really did it this time

My intentions were good, but I'm breaking

This is really beginning to eat at me the important things are decaying

Her love is mine but never mine to own...and I'm barely dreaming of
better things

Finally such sweet music the sound of braking

I'm sailing out to see where everyone else is

In this deep and empty

I really did it this time

I'm aching in the in between pulling

Pain keeps me alive, aware

Angels dance on my back

Demons dig at my ribs

Face down and feeling heavy

I really did it this time, the important things just had to rot and fall away