

A Life Once Lost, Meth Mouth

A Life Once Lost

Iron Gag

Meth Mouth

These problems exist inside my mind like a heavy New Orleans fog
My thinking has slowed itself down to a crawl unwillingly

Compassion fueled

By Depression

My savior is death

Does this make sense

The wind has picked up

Since last night

And it carries with it grief

Our worried nature drowns us in a frigid ocean of regret

My breathing stand still just long enough to feel inept

Compassion fueled

By Depression

My savior is death

Does this make sense

Me on the receiving end of honest hostility

And you

On the giving end of frustration

Compassion fueled

By Depression

My savior is death

Does this make sense

My love is silenced

By ignorance

My answer is death

Does this make sense

Does this make sense

Does this make sense

Does this make sense