

Abandon, Trauma Is The Trigger

A step towards tomorrow moving slow from yesterday
Never again the darkness seems to follow
I have no future I just want to die
Heavy guilt mine to keep
Weight of depression cannot rise above
Try to hide as it drags me deeper
Mind full of hatred suicidal urge
Aching eyes count deceivers
Tried so hard nothing works
Crawling towards a fairly grave
Trauma is the trigger the aim you gave
Life so meaningless day by day
Different shades of rage
Cant think cant think straight
I laid on you all the things i miss
Precious death set me here
Fragile little mind blessed with a fist