Psycroptic, Netherworld Reality

waking in the morning, affected by your sleep,
your vision is blurred, you cant feel your feet.
your body is cold, you dont feel quite right,
you cannot what happened during the - night
you get off the floor- trying to stand, it is so hard.
your circulation, seems to have stopped, whats going on?
you feel your way- to wash your face- It takes forever
On the way you fall down, straight onto something wet.
It smells like blood, a smell you can never forget.
You stand up again- you're nearly there
but you cannot see- or feel your legs
but you know you are close- living there all these years
but now you enter, the room you seek
hoping that water will help you see
you stumble across the room.
the effort has left you weak.
you search blindly and finally turn the faucets on,
underneath you hold your hands,
then splash it on your face
panic flows within- something's not right.
You can only see from one eye-
you think thats because theres just one.
You turn around to find the mirror on the wall,
the reflection makes you retch,
"what the- fuck is
going - on here?"
You scream.
Then a memory from the night before
makes you look down at the gun on the floor
standing there with half a head
you wonder why you just didn't stay dead.