

Stabbing Westward, Darkest Days

There are times when I'm just a shell
When I do not feel anything for anyone
All I feel is hollow and bruised
Used up and misused
Forced to be someone I don't want to be
Have I failed somehow or some way
Will the weight of today finally pull me down to drown
In the depths of despair
Where I am alone
Except for my rage

My rage
My pain
I hate my darkest days
My rage
My pain
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My darkest days