

# Reveling in the Abyss

## Dying Fetus

Sunken and swollen, left to sink in bed  
Numb to all the pain and shame  
Procrastinate every thought every breath  
Zombieland playground is what you have earned till death  
Lost in space where depression fails to grab hold  
Dull, dim-witted, slurred drivel to behold  
Dazed, confused, you are checked out  
Forgot what the stress was about  
Lazy and crooked doctors give in to  
Your pathetic cries of forfeit  
Built-in ready excuses  
It was subscribed to, I'm not going to die today  
Oblivious to any criticism  
Legal and ordered to consume  
Given up for all accounts  
Deadly brew of pills, I deny

Self-subscribing, pain or mental?  
Extra ground up in how many bumps?  
Closest thing to rapture enjoy  
Ignore disgrace, it's non-existent

Lonely place of degradation, misery likes company  
Tell their story to each other, their modified history  
Junkie birds of a feather, new lies weave easily  
So proud of the victim status, share the pain and believe  
Sum of the day's score is how content you're meant to be  
Hiding in your dungeon, gloomy place of depravity  
Sickly and contagious, aura of negativity  
You're drenched in the squalor, state of degeneracy

Baffled by being avoided, family and friends look for the exits  
In denial of excessive self-loathing, looking for pity and any will do  
Trying to force people to sympathize, putting on the show of your misfortune  
No one wants to hear about your decline, or wants to watch your self-destruction

Reveling in the abyss, the vacant stare, almost unconscious  
Forget about all the shit that's piled high  
Hoard the stuff that's not enough, then the trash is adding up  
Preying on others' understanding, single out who will empathize  
betray the trust of dispersed pity  
Squander any currency you think you're entitled to receive  
Pessimist till the end, Debbie-Downer is not your friend  
Manipulation to the highest degree

Lies you tell are eventual truth  
Piece of shit you don't even fucking know it  
Forsaken and marooned

Time is running short on feeling sorry for yourself

Your body's failing not made for the insalubrious  
Your weakened state, the result of neglect  
The toll you have taken from self-medication

Sleeping in garbage, and effectively abandoned  
Fuming alone about everyone's callousness  
You are the trash that others have taken out  
Removed the burden, that's had them weighed down