

I Shall Hang Myself

Gory Blister

The ceiling of my mind is a banqueting hall
Thousand cockroaches shift on the floor
I had a night in which everything was revealed
Cockroaches comprise a truth I'll never speak
They were there, and knew my name
Don't let me forget

I'm sad, I feel the future is hopeless
I'm bored, I'm guilty and I am being punished
I've lost interest in other people
I cannot make decisions, I can't sleep, I can't think
I cannot love, overcome my loneliness, my fear, my disgust
I would like to kill myself
In darkness!

Four-forty-eight desparation visits, I shall speak no more
I don't want to die
I've become so depressed by the fact of my mortality
I don't want to live, I don't want to die!

I will drown in disphoria
In the cold black pond of the self
The pit of my immaterial mind
How can I return to form?
Not a life I could countenance
They will love me for that which destroys me

The sword in my dreams
The dust of my thoughts
The sickness that breeds in the folds of my mind
Ask me why!

I shall hang myself

Sertraline: insomnia worsened
Citalopram: morning tremors
Prozac: weight loss, homicidal thoughts, believes consultant is the Antichrist
Thorazine: slept calmer

My body decompensates, my body flies apart
Like a bird on the wing in a swollen sky
How can I return to form?
My mind is torn away by lightning
As it flies apart from the thunder behind

Four-forty-eight desparation visits
I've become so depress by the fact of my mortality
Warm darkness, which soaks my eyes, I know no sin

The capture, the rapture, the rupture of a soul
Validate me, witness me, see me, love me
My final submission my final defeat
Watch me vanish, watch me vanish, vanish
I'm in my right mind
I can see myself