

Nothing remains.
Was there anything anyway?
Why prolong the painful existence?
Emptiness is not a reason for me to continue.
How long until I end it all?
It's all disappearing.
Withering and slowly dying.
I watch it die.
Cast aside as demons feed upon my grief.
This may be too much for me to bear.
I should be optimistic but escapism is far too tempting.
How long until I end it all?
My world is cold and without hope, this emptiness will be forever.
I watch it disappear.
How long can I hold on to something that was never there?
How long until I take these matters into my own hands.
I watch it disappear.
I see it slowly dying.
I watch it wither away and I'll watch it die.
And I'll watch it die.