

Thirteen Days a Week

Soilent Green

Enslaved In The Mind For Longing Days
Miserable Is The Slowly Ticking Time
Alone At Points When Needing Help
Dragging
Everything Deeper Down
A Little Life Left To Slip Through Fingers Upon The Ground
Bending Down To Pick It Up, Nothing Left, Blown Away
Sympathy Not There For The Sickness
Complaining Of The Saddened Times
Desolate Urges Only For Surviving
The Ways Of
Life Untimely Change
An Attempt To Upstand All
To Only Downgrade The Self
Pushing Self-Esteem Lower In The Dirt
Decaying Soil,
Unalert Life
A Day Older For Dying Inside
Blame Everyone But Yourself
Help Being Tired, No Acceptance
Ending Your Life Would
Be The Best
Enslaved In The Mind For Days
Miserable Is The Time
All Alone At Points When Needing Help
Dragging Everything
Down
Sympathy Not There
Complaining Of The Saddened Times
Desolate Urges Only For The Ways Of Untimely Change
Numbered Are The Days, Same As The Slow Moving Hands Of Time
Longing Hours Of Sense Trapping The Self Into Misery
Line Your
Head With The Loaded Drug
Content To Live The Silver Red
Weak And Utterly Stupid Accusations
Not A Single Voice There To Help
This Time
Care For The Pathetic Bitching Of Worries Exist
Time Has Come To Let This Senseless Waste Pass
Care For Pathetic
Worries Will Never Exist
Not A Single Voice There To Help This Time
Weak And Utterly Stupid Accusations Of Discomfort
Pathetic
Bitch