

Depression

I think I was a mistake
Just why was I born?
I think that life's a piss take
That leaves you old and worn
It's said that there's a reason
For each man to exist
I've seen so many seasons
My reason must be missed
I have no destination
I've never had a clue
I have no inclination
What it is that I should do
I passed on education
It left me paralysed
Born out of frustration
But no one realised
I tried to earn a living
To help me make my way
And found I'm always giving
For very little pay
I found myself a lover
That made me feel complete
But she dumped me for another
And made me taste defeat
People try to show me
The error of my ways
Do their best to make me happy
To get me through my days
I try my best to hear
What they have to say
My confusion and my fear
Keep getting in the way
Suicides a notion
Selfish though it seems
Pop some pills and potions
And lose myself in dreams
Or run myself a hosepipe
From the exhaust to the car
Set the engine running
But I don't drive very far
Run a sharpened blade
From my elbow to my wrist
Find a way to numb it
It's easier when I'm pissed
Thoughts keep popping up
Going round in repetition
Just want them to stop
That's the joy of my depression