

how do you stop the motion,  
the motion of drowning,  
the fear you experience when the water fills your lungs,  
making you pass out and wishing you were dead  
the world is spinning my heart is singing as i pick up the glass  
I'm ready to do it, to take the pills that will send me to my grave.  
i get my Valium, the razor to hand  
i break it open to reveal the blade inside  
i'm crying, i'm bleeding and i am screaming out loud  
no one can hear me as i drown  
the blood is seeping, i am weeping on my hands and knees  
i give into you demon and to your wicked ways  
as i lay barley breathing my chest crushing in  
my soul is sold to the devil himself  
but for some strange reason  
i thank him  
if he hadn't done this  
then no one else would  
and my life would be filled with pain  
but then again i hate him  
for the addiction he has given me  
of sliding the razor across my skin  
and watching blood pour out  
i need help  
i need it now  
or soon i'm going to drown  
i'll never do anything stupid  
not until i am dead  
but before i take my last breath  
a promise i must make to you  
to hold your hand  
and feel your skin  
right next to mine  
my promise is the love i give to you, your sons and daughters  
and maybe in another life  
it may not be so tragic