

Here i am sat here in my room
Ready to tell my story of the beast and the
devil

I'm not asking for ur sympathy
Just asking for ur prayers and your
empathy

Ignoring the phone reading the message
just not having energy to reply

Looking at the gnome that I seem to be
hallucinating sending the signals that I'm
the chosen one

I end up trying to end it all it's all to much
the pressures I felt I had to be perfect
I suspect this horrible mental health
situation I'm in is going to kill me it's a
murderer

I'm neglecting myself I've given up I don't
shower or brush my teeth I just lie in bed
wondering when this will all end

But whether it ends or not I'm not ready to
live this life I have been granted

I'm on this slanted ramp going downhill
Someday it's quick some someday it's slow
but I never ever seem to go up
I should be out enjoying life
But no I'm sat in my room crying lying to
everyone around me
Someday I hope to be alone
Someday I hope I'm in peace
Someday I hope the beast inside my dies
Cos God if I could I'd murder it the beast
called depression
The devil and the beast is against me
When he goes I can breathe again
And only just now 10 years later can I begin
to breathe again
I wish and I pray but to this day not one
person knows what I've been through a
roller coaster it's been
The ups and the down and the terrible
sounds that I hear
I'm scared myself I don't know why

Then one day I decided to commit to this
scary road called recovery

I'm full of negativity but I turned that to
creativity

It's my responsibility internally to find out
my capability

The possibilities are endless apparently I'm
ready for this physically

I feel like I'm the lucky one suddenly I'm
not dreaming of a heavenly destiny

It's an imagery I have imagined and
mentally I am ready

It's a vicious cycle which has no
symmetry

Finally honesty is key to live a happily ever
life it's totally fantasy but lyrically it's
chemistry

Recovery is always a possibility

