

as i go

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a poem of death

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1 - as i go

And weeks creep by
I find myself obsessing
About ways that I could die

I lie awake at night
Thinking of my pain
There's no way I can get better;
I have nothing left to gain

Suddenly thoughts of death
Are controlling my every move,
And every battle with my mind
I always seem to lose
I cut my arms with razor blades
To dull the pain inside,
But that can only last so long;
I don't want to be alive

I give to the darkness
I slowly slip away