

The Burnout & The Glow-up

No one knows what it was like to be me
To wake up each day, still struggling
This is the story of my addiction
My journey with methamphetamines

I applied for a job today, but they wouldn't hire me
I guess it's because of my dirty laundry
The past always comes back to haunt me...
I should just give up, what's the point?
It's just so exhausting, ya know?
Life's just so tiring...
Because my mind's undergone this hard rewiring
With disconnect in synapse not firing
I'm losing this battle and I can't win it
Hour by hour; minute by minute
The faster I go, the slower I'm getting
Time is frozen, but the clock's still ticking
A week's gone by in just one sitting
Just one sitting. No bull shitting
I promise you that I'm not kidding
You got spunk kid, but you're head's not in it
Your head's not in it;

SPACE FOR LEASE

Nope! It's been rented.
It's running this show and I'm just the tenant
Just the tenant
Not in attendance
I'm on my knees and seeking penance

*Now I lay me down to sleep
That I may close my eyes
For in the darkness of my dreams
Are nightmares in disguise
I awaken in this daze
This haunting over me*

*I begin to look around, slowly
My conscious lessening
This paradox; this other world
So familiar, still, it seems
And even though I'm terrified
Somehow, it's comforting*

Knocks on left and then right sides of skull like a door

"Are you in there? Can you hear me?
I know that you're sick and you're faced with such challenge
Everyday is a struggle to find such a balance
To wake up each day; To find motivation
So you pick up that needle; Self-medication
You'll follow the man and he'll lead you to drink
While stuck in the mud, you continue to sink
Completely unaware though, I realize you're trying
In your own way, but slowly **I'm dying!**
In an effort to find some semblance of love
I picked up that pipe, I've too done those drugs
A bonding experience was all that I saw
And it cost me my home; The final straw
I've slept on a mattress. I've slept on couches
Reprieve in white crystals in small Ziploc pouches
Addiction is hard, to try and refrain
My rock bottom; I woke up in a storm drain
Today's not my birthday, but I'm still fucking sober
Blessings are real and my life's started over
Sometimes it takes just one person to see
You're worth more than you know to make you believe
There's nothing worth doing if nothing to learn
I'm blessed with new tools to conquer the world!"

"So, wherever you are, **Meth**, I hope you can see
That I didn't need you, Bitch, you needed me!
I'm knocking down walls and I'm following my dreams
I'm achieving my goals; I aim to succeed.
Each new challenge, head-on, I'll face
You'll stay here in my heart; locked in my safe space!"