

Waking up gasping

What's the time?

What's the day?

It doesn't matter anyway.

Wakeup, blackout, pass out

Repeat

A full stash feels like I've been washed in grace

I see God at the bottom of the bottle

But He leaves before I can capture Him

When I'm out, I need to get more

Sinking back into the place of demoralization

Throw away my morals and values

The world's gone to hell I might as well go down with it

Between a blackout and a pass out I think I finally break

I'm throwing in the towel

No matter how much liquid fire I pour down my throat my mouth still tastes bitter

The exact definition of a failure

I wake up gasping,

What's the time?

What's the day?

I failed again,

I can't even end it right

A realization so strong I finally break, too tired to keep digging my grave

I feel God when I pick up my phone and reach out.

-Cat E.G.