

You took my brother, my wife, my kids,  
Left me with ghosts and a heart that skids.  
Forty years chasing shadows I couldn't name,  
Now I know it's trauma—too late to tame.

[Spoken Rasp – Clean Guitar Arpeggio][Male Singer][Narration]  
This is for the ones who should've broken... but didn't.  
For souls carrying storms like shrapnel in their bones.  
If the world forgot you—fuck it.  
You're still here. Still breathing. Still dangerous.

(snare roll—distorted guitars explode)

[Verse 1 – Clean Guitar + Piano][Male Singer][Emotional Delivery]  
Forty-three years hauling this weight,  
Lost my brother, mama—love turned to hate.  
Friends are ghosts now, fading one by one,  
Some nights I wonder if I'm already done.  
God, I'm so damn tired of goodbyes,  
Sick of screaming why to empty skies.

[Chorus 1 – Distorted Guitars + Arena Drums][Male Singer][Harmonized Chorus][Crescendo]  
Take me home, God, I'm too broken to mend,  
Everyone I loved is gone in the end.  
Take me home, Lord, no one's left to care,  
Mama's gone, and I'm lost in this prayer.  
(Choir, soft: Hold on, hold on, you're still here now...)

[Verse 2 – Piano + Acoustic][Male Singer][Echo Effect]  
She left me bleeding before mama passed,  
Ink still wet when my world collapsed.  
Said I chose the bottle over love's embrace,  
But I was fighting death in a losing race.

[Chorus 2 – Full Band][Male Singer][Layered Vocals]  
I'm a tired soul, Lord, can You hear my cry?  
Stood tall so long, but I'm ready to die.  
If You need me here, give me strength to stand,  
If it's time to go, take me by the hand.

[Bridge – Piano + B3 Organ][Male Singer][Warm Tenor][Gospel Vibe]  
Son, I love you broken, right here, right now.  
Others will too—I'll teach you how.

Your scars are proof you've walked through flame,  
You're not done yet; you've got a name.

[Instrumental Break – Guitar Solo][Key Change to E][Condensed]  
(solo rips for 8 bars—bluesy bends, searing runs)

[Rapid Fire – Tribal Toms + Claps][Male Singer][Build Up]

I'm all alone!

(God/Choir: Millions share your fight!)

No one gets it!

(God/Choir: Therapists see your light!)

It's too damn late!

(God/Choir: Freedom's never out of sight!)

Who'd love this wreck?!

(God/Choir: Someone craves your broken might!)

[Final Chorus – Scream Belt][Stacked Guitars][Massive Drums][Modulation to F]

I'm a tired soul, but I'm still here tonight,

Not sure if I'm done or ready to fight.

Take me home early or give me a why,

Either way, Lord, I'm Yours beneath this sky.

[Outro – Piano + Strings][Male Singer][Slows to BPM: 60][Echo Effect]

(spoken, fragile)

Maybe I'm not alone.

Maybe someone could love me broken.

Maybe these years weren't all for nothing.

Maybe I'll stay...

(spoken growl → screamed)

IF I'M STILL BREATHING, I'M NOT FUCKING DONE!

These scars aren't chains—they're my crown of fire,

Proof I walked through hell and climbed higher.

I'M A TIRED SOUL... BUT I'M STILL ALIVE!

STILL ALIVE!

STILL... ALIVE!

[End – Piano + Strings Fade][Amp Feedback][Gentle Inhale/Exhale]

[Intro]

(Acoustic guitar strumming, slow and steady)

(Soft piano melody enters)

[Verse 1]

The calendar says twenty-two years today

I know I shouldn't call, I know I shouldn't say  
But I'm done with pretending that it doesn't hurt  
Digging through the ashes, brushing off the dirt  
I know we aren't us, and the papers are signed  
But you're the only ghost haunting my mind

[Verse 2]

Six months ago, I finally found the name  
For the panic in my blood, the wiring and the shame  
Complex PTSD, that's what the doctors said  
I was drowning in the alarms screaming in my head  
I thought everybody lived inside a burning room  
I didn't know I was the only one consuming doom

[Chorus]

It wasn't the whiskey, it wasn't the fights  
It was the siren screaming all through the night  
I was fighting a war that nobody could see  
You were the anchor, Trinity  
Yeah, you were the anchor, and I was the storm  
Breaking the only thing that kept me warm  
(I was the storm)

[Verse 3]

The pills and the bottles, the nights on the floor  
I wasn't trying to escape what we had in store  
I was just trying to silence the noise inside  
Running from a monster with nowhere to hide  
I didn't have the tools, I didn't know the way  
To show up for the love you gave me every day

[Bridge]

(Music swells, drums kick in, emotional peak)  
Now I'm sitting in therapy, learning to breathe  
Fixing the fractured parts I used to seethe  
I'm becoming the man that our kids really need  
But it breaks me apart, yeah it makes me bleed  
That I'm finally alive, I'm finally awake  
But you aren't here to see the steps I take

[Guitar Solo]

(Melodic, crying electric guitar solo over acoustic rhythm)

[Chorus]

It wasn't the whiskey, it wasn't the fights  
It was the siren screaming all through the night  
I was fighting a war that nobody could see  
You were the anchor, Trinity  
Yeah, you were the anchor, and I was the storm  
Breaking the only thing that kept me warm

[Verse 4]

(Music drops back to just acoustic guitar)

So I'm sending this out, though I know it's too late

To the woman who loved me through all of the weight

I miss you with clarity, sharp and sincere

Not just a memory, but wishing you were here

I love who you are, not just who we were

Through the silence and static, through the haze and the blur

[Outro]

You mattered to me, more than I could show

I just wanted you to know

Yeah, I just need you to know

Happy twenty-second, on your separate road

(Fade out on acoustic strum)

(Spoken softly: I miss you, Trinity.)

[End]

Trinity,

Happy 22nd anniversary. I know we're not together anymore, but this day still matters to me. I'm done pretending it doesn't.

I need to tell you what actually ended us. It wasn't the fights or the substances—it was the real, unnamed thing underneath all that.

Six months ago, I finally got a diagnosis: Complex PTSD. I learned my nervous system has been wired for panic since day one. I'd been living in a state of constant alarm my whole life, thinking everyone felt that way. I didn't know other people weren't drowning in their own heads 24/7.

When I learned that, our entire story suddenly made sense.

You were never the problem. Our love was never the problem. The problem was my broken wiring. We were both fighting a ghost.

The drinking and pills? That wasn't me trying to escape you or our life. It was a desperate, failing attempt to silence the alarms screaming in my head every single day.

What we had was real, Trinity. But I didn't have the tools to show up for it the way you needed. The way you deserved.

You were my anchor while I was the storm. You gave our kids the steady, loving presence I couldn't figure out how to be. And I need you to know this, more than anything: I loved you with

everything I had, the whole time. Even when my actions screamed otherwise, that love was the one true thing I was trying to protect.

Now I'm in therapy. I'm learning how to calm the alarms without destroying myself. I'm finally becoming the man our kids needed all along.

And it breaks me that I'm finally learning how to breathe, and you, the person who fought the hardest to keep me alive, aren't here to see it.

So I'm writing this to tell you two things I don't think you ever truly knew:

I miss you. Not from a place of loneliness or desperation, but from a place of finally being clear enough to feel the real shape of your absence. I miss you.

And I love you. Not the memory of who we were, but the actual you. The woman you are now.

You mattered to me in ways I was too fractured to show. You still do.

Happy 22nd, even if our roads are separate now.