As I sit on my bed and write

The turmoil lengthens, my mind cannot fight

The scenery changes, images go by

Faces look different, my end is nigh.

The music doesn’t sooth, the lies do not heal.

The plants don’t subside the darkness I feel.

Where wine and herbs can’t see the pain

That’s the land of honey I’ve sailed

Only one blissful moment to ignite my life

And now despair builds itself a wall – take the knife

Think persist should I? Who would see? The black of night cloaks me, but the flames of Hades den lightens the abyss of my depression – no wait. Wait.

Patience will be my friend. Patience will help me. **This torture will end.**

