

Save me from the bottle.

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Not sure exactly what it's about, it just came out. Bit of a ramble i'm afraid.



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well what about when it's all over?

You've all moved on, forgotten.

The beauty's died, my four leaf clover.

What's in my heart's so old. Just rotten.

.....

So damn TIRED, of all this thinking.

I try and drown it with endless drinking,

I know it can't help, why do I still try?

Each second i'm concious, I just want to cry.

.....

The loneliness doesn't even sting anymore,

I've gone numb.

Keeping my mood up, my eternal chore,

easy for some.

.....

Not sure how much longer I can last.

This miserable patience, drying up fast.

I need to find someone, a saviour! or something, a cure!

I can't stop my demons myself anymore.

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