

Or Don't

She's flying solo
feet don't stop for nobody
free the mind from this xanax bared cell
to fall is to drown in a promethazine pool of bitterness
turn around...
you forgot your baby's father
he's too deep
he's drowning
you can't bare to leave him so you drown with him
you found someone your feet are worth stopping for

why can't you stop for yourself
you can't find anything to love
look harder
why can other people see your beauty but you can't
be okay with being alone
be okay with yourself . . .
but how
where do I start when I can't escape this cell
free me from my mind
no
free yourself
or don't
even hell gets comfortable..