

In a depression, again.

Aching bones, Doleful mind,
Static eyes, lead to a
Static filled mind,
Dopamine crash, restless nights
So you sleep, you sleep until you can't anymore.
Your bones ace, but your mind begs for more.
Because the black emptiness,
sometimes speckled with images,
which demons inhabit every so often.
Continuous sleep,
Is better than the monotony of life,
Than being awake in a world that feels like white noise,
where glimpses of joy are rare,
Often dulled, barely creating a spark.