

# Dead Wrong

Darkness all around me  
But it feels like I have nowhere to hide  
Thoughts steady hounding me  
Somehow, I always push them to the side  
Yet today something feels different.  
I feel like I will go through with it.  
Nothing of value to stop me.  
Everything just feels so exhausting.  
I mean how much will it really cost me.  
Hope already lost me.  
Just need to hurry and grab the tool.

All that's left is....

To pull.

Yet...

How could I?

To many responsibilities.

To many family houses with no utilities.

To many .... Possibilities.

How could I?

Too many kids

Too many depends.

Too many sins

How could I?

Knowing its wrong

Knowing I am not alone

Knowing it's not where I belong.

How could I?

Be Dead wrong.

(Call or Text 988)