As I Lay Dying, Reflection

i laid the night before me unraveled that tangles of my heart all i felt was stale hollow air these streams of uncertainty they are all collapsing upon my mind torrents fill my veins until i burst with mistaken guilt and shame my battered bones try to keep fighting against this endless ocean of self defeat as time goes on some months are yet to pass puddles of ink surround this tired chair all of my sorrow has been spilled into my reflection