Grief, Coma

your mind is deadened from all the shit you pump into your veins no you lie in a hospital bed your life rendered insane

nothing left of your former self nothing left but a vegetable

struggle to resurface from this comatose state your are beyond help you will not rehabilitate

lost in the debts of unconsciousness you cannot come to terms you are just a mere soul beyound the point of no return

facial features are contorted limbs mangled and deformed drooling, pissing, shit yourself a sight of horror and despair

family weep by your side they pray and pray for you return no one answers mournful prayers and no one ever will