

THE EDGE

Depression is a beast who never leaves your side;
Despite your greatest efforts, there is no place to hide.

He will catch you unsuspecting when life is going great;
Pull you aside - a quick time out - and swiftly set you straight.

“Do you really think they like you?” he’ll whisper in your ear;
“Did you forget that you are worthless? Well Darling, listen here.”

“You are stupid, you are ugly, you are a waste of space.
You won’t amount to anything - frankly, you’re a disgrace.”

How could I have forgotten, that I am nothing but a fraud?
Unlikeable, unloveable and irreparably flawed?

“If you were worth anything, you would have known before;
People would have accepted you, instead of always wanting more.”

Depression is a force that pulls you back to Earth;
When you feel high and mighty, he reminds you what you’re worth.

Broken and unfixable, unworthy of love or life;
Deserving of this struggle, of this monumental strife.

This cancer of the soul holds you hostage to your thoughts;
It leeches you of life as your spirit slowly rots.

Every movement pulls you deeper into the quicksand;
As you stare hopeless at your future, a desolate wasteland.

“This pain will never end” he says, “no one cares to lend a hand.
Even if they wanted to - they could never understand.”

“They’d be better off without you” taunts that voice inside your head;
“Things are never getting better, you might as well be dead.”

Depression is a friend, who guides you to the light;
In your pain you realize that Depression - he is right.

You are a waste of time, you are unworthy of aid;
Everything would get better if you gave up this charade.

“Come to the edge” he whispers, “you can end this now!
All this pain and all this sorrow, it has to end somehow.”

A tear runs down my cheek as I stare up at the sky;
I wish that things were different, that this wasn't my good-bye.

I step towards the ledge with my heart high in my throat;
My family, my friends - they all feel so remote.

But as I'm standing there preparing to take that step and end it all;
A tiny thought creeps up, causing me to stall.

That beast, that force, that friend - Depression's endless moan;
That voice that I've been hearing, that voice - it is my own.

Am I really worthless? Will this pain go on and on?
Or has Depression twisted things, now absurdly overdrawn?

Another voice pipes up, from deep within my head;
“Maybe they wouldn't all be happier, to find out you were dead.”

Depression is a powerful Master of Deception;
He takes your biggest fears and alters your perception.

As I stare down at the street, my mind begins to ponder;
“Depression may be strong, but could it be that I am stronger?”

I turn and from the edge, I slowly walk away;
“In case you're wrong Depression, I'll give it one more day.”