

My friend had to go to a psych ward
I pray that i'll never go there
I had to call 988 ... again
I can't stop crying
I never sleep
I wish I was never born
I want to hurt again
I entertain myself with seriously dark thoughts
I turn the heat up in the shower
And the lights off
I judge my body
And then my face
My heart beats but
This is not living
And they still say...
"Everything will be okay"
This generation is not okay.