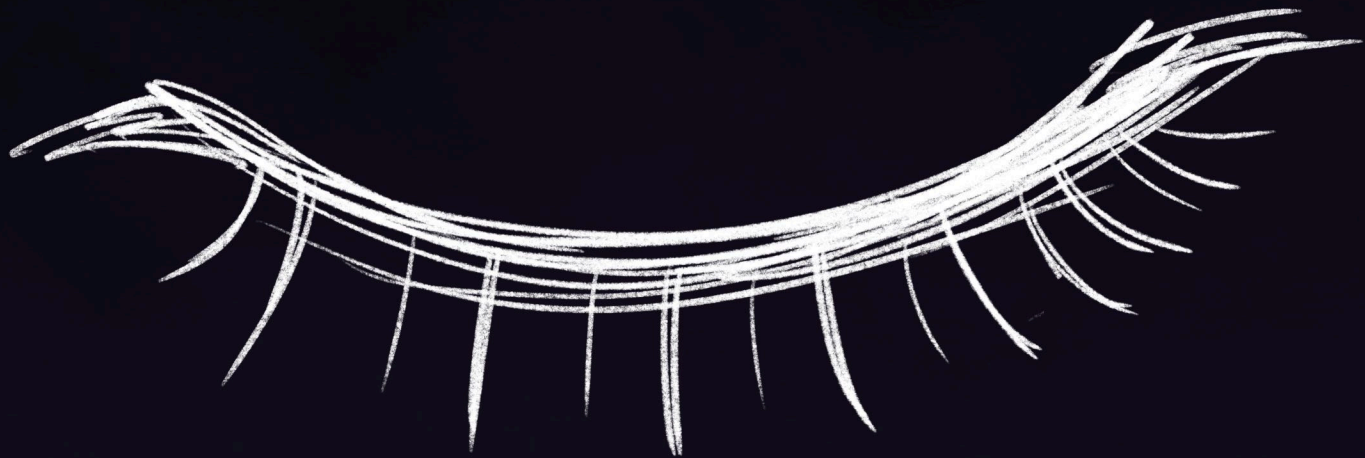


I AM WEAK...

ALL I'M ABLE TO DO





IS STARE HELPLESSLY

AS EVERYTHING FALLS APART



BY THE TIME I TRULY OPENED
MY EYES, IT WAS TOO LATE.

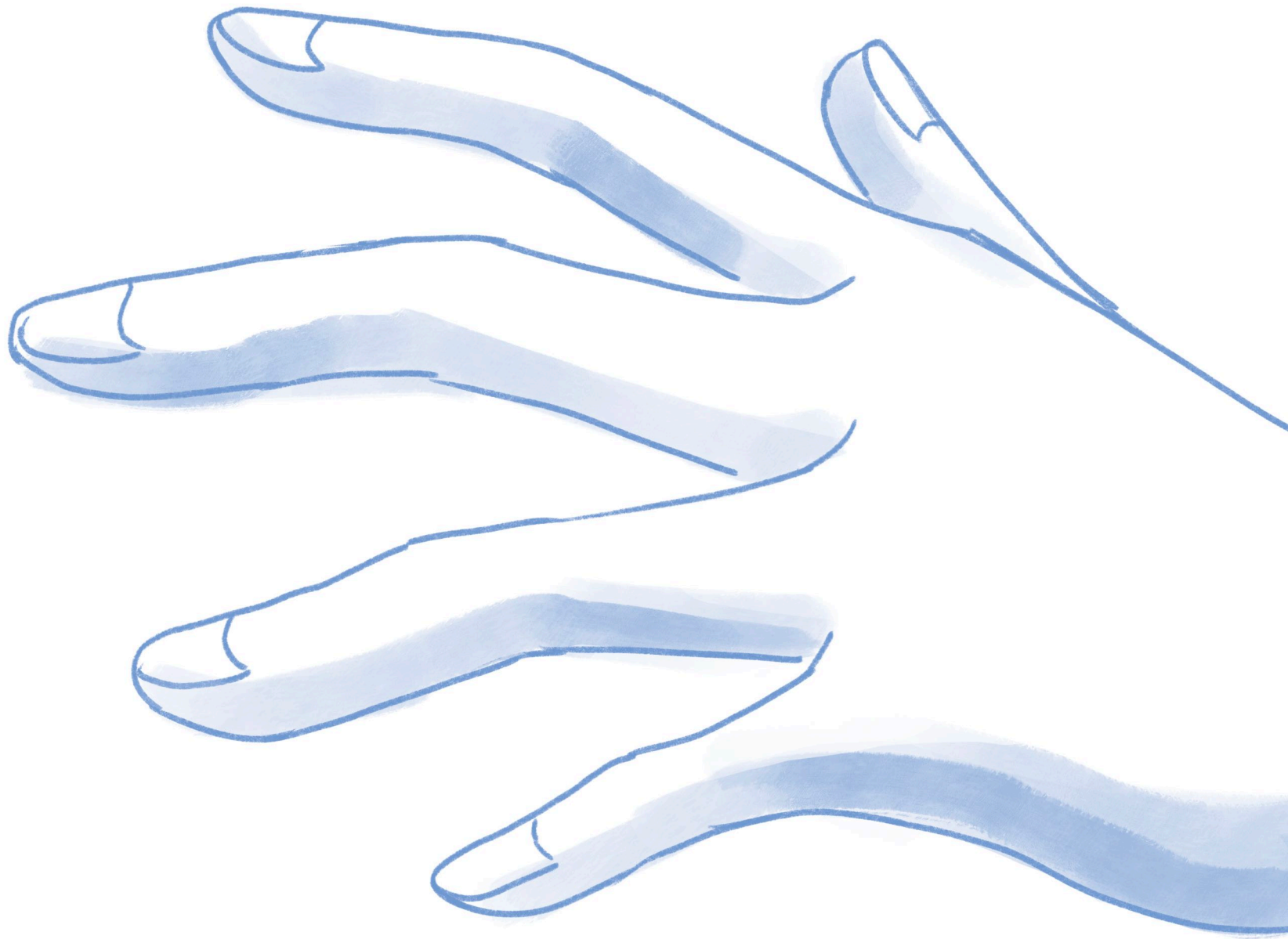




I AM UNABLE TO MOVE,



UNABLE TO PROPERLY THINK,



UNABLE TO HOLD EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

EVERYTHING I WORKED SO HARD TO BUILD UP



CRACKLE



BEGINS TO BURN BEFORE MY VERY EYES





I NEED HELP,
SOMEONE -



AND EVERYONE IS ALREADY SO FAR AWAY



I WONDER...

HAD I BEEN SMARTER,

STRONGER,

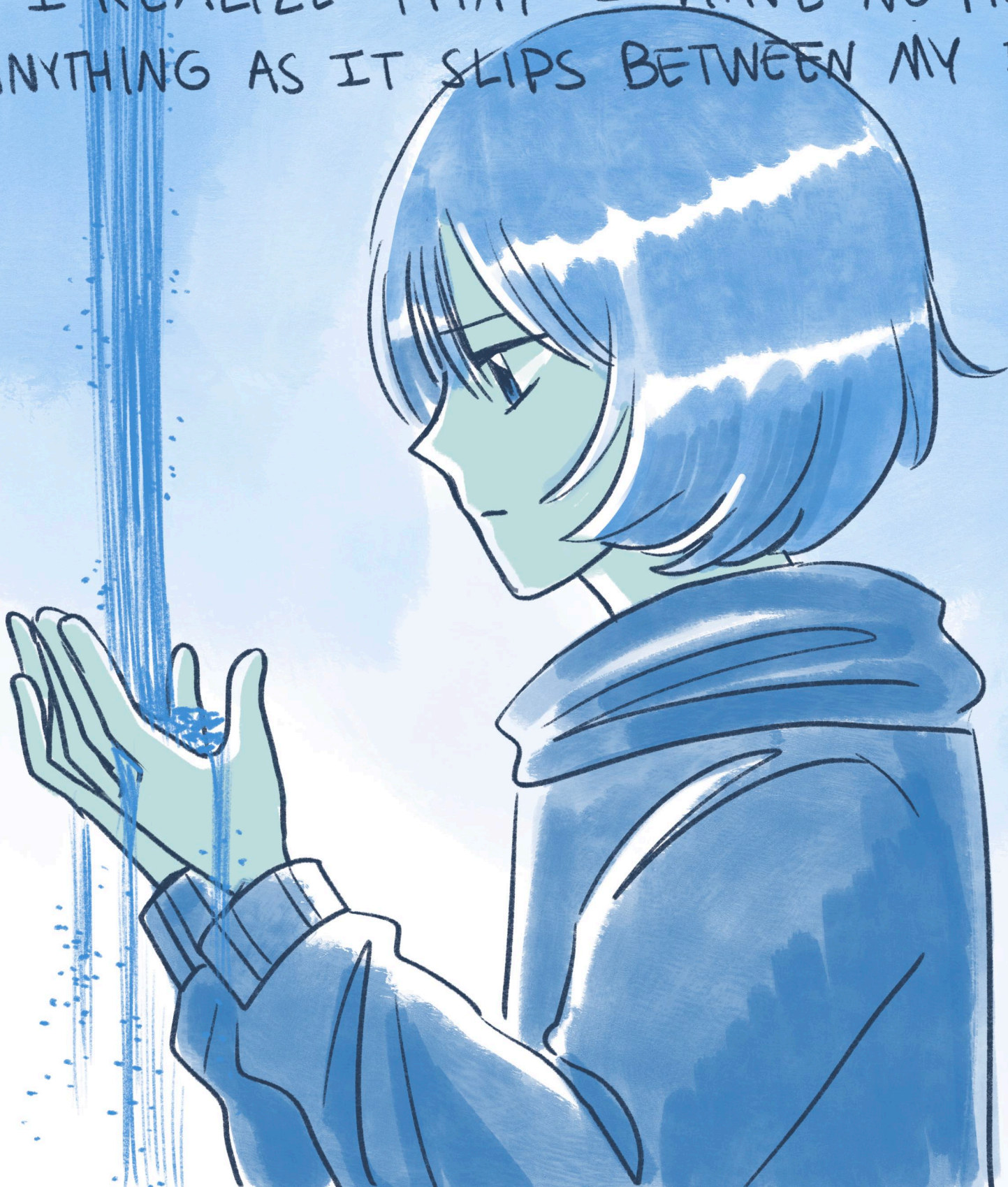
MORE GUARDED...



WOULD IT STILL HURT THE SAME?

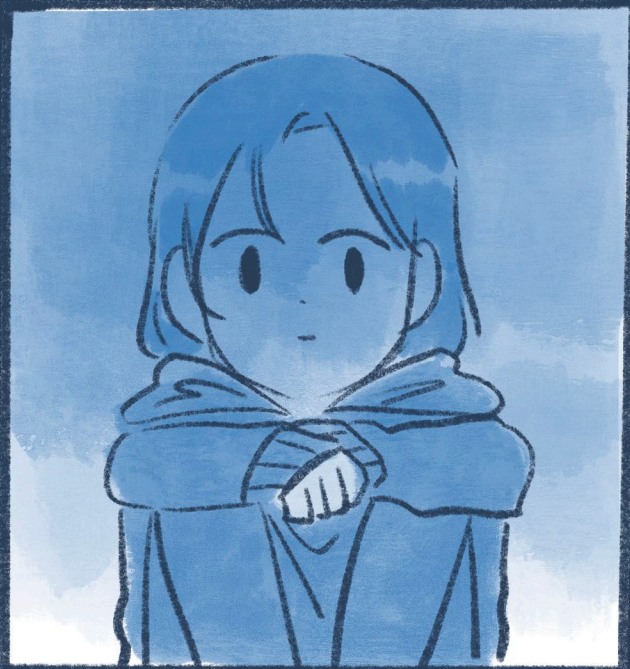
WHAT COULD I POSSIBLY BE ABLE TO DO
WHEN I AM NOTHING?

I REALIZE THAT I HAVE NO HOLD OVER
ANYTHING AS IT SLIPS BETWEEN MY FINGER TIPS



THE MOMENTS I FEEL NOTHING ONLY
GROW IN NUMBER... SOMETIMES I
LAUGH EVEN WHEN I'M MISERABLE





I FIND MYSELF
SITTING ALONE,



STARING BLANKLY
AT THE
PEOPLE AROUND ME



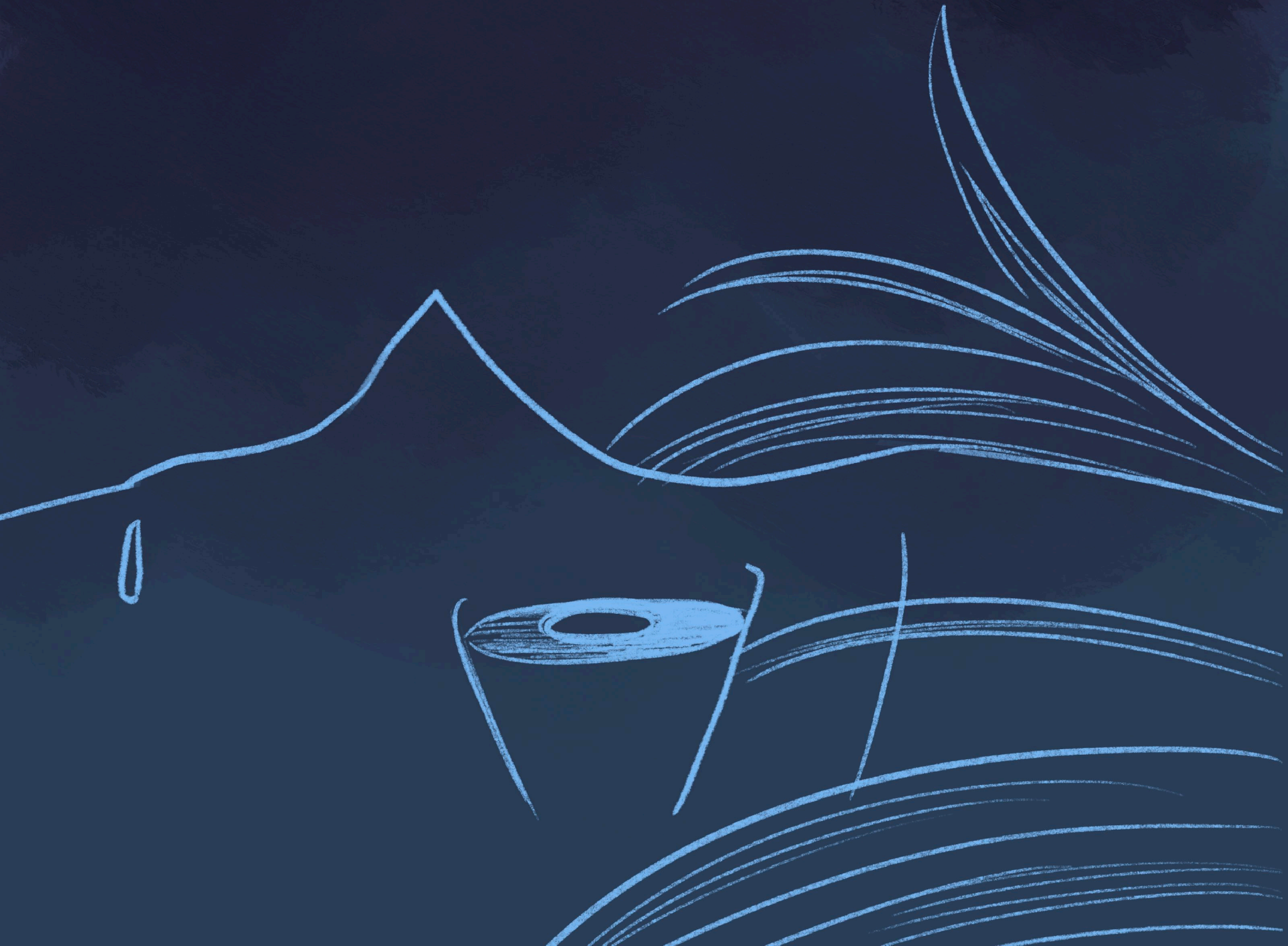
I KNOW THAT PARTING IS INEVITABLE...





IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF WHEN

I STRUGGLE WITH MYSELF, WONDERING
IF I SHOULD PULL AWAY NOW



IN THE END, ALL I CAN DO IS REPEAT

I'M OKAY



IN HOPES THAT SOMEDAY THESE
WORDS WILL RING TRUE

I'M...

OKAY