

Overwhelmed

Too much

Life is not fair – oh the old cliché

Right now I want to scream it from the rooftops

I did not choose this path

I want to get off – I can't I'm stuck in the mud

Burdened by bills and pills and mental ills

This disease has taken away freedoms from me

I'm grown up but stuck, stifled

Feeling guilty feeling sad – it is a burden

I do not want to have

Chosen special I think not!