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Soldier On

Chris Houck

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Soldier On

Chris Houck

This disease called PTSD
Consumes, and suffocates
Who I used to be, bleeds
My emotions and
Forces me to embrace
The black portion of my soul which
Released the pain and anger that has purged
My heart, and life
All that's good within
Me has died but
I'm fully aware that most of
Every day is absolutely worthless, and
You will never hear me say that
I am happy to be alive, and
You can tell from my face
The pain is all too much to bear
Even though
I'm still standing

Now read from the bottom to the top