

A lad's tale told

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I have this tale I tell to you,
In care that I proceed.
I'm feeling down, I'm feeling blue,
I feel I won't succeed.

They say that it's depression,
That causes my mentality,
I live with bad obsession,
It keeps me from tranquillity.

But there are many, some of those,
Are folk who are reluctant.
But others, who find the feeling shows,
And find these thoughts repugnant.

Some suffer with such darkest times,
Who passed the time of day?
In darkened rooms where nothing rhymes,
They lounge their time away.

And this the ramblings of a lad,
Who doesn't give a jot?
He really isn't quite as bad,
Accepting of his lot.

But time should really be finite,
When low gives way to high.
The days I guess will really right,
The wrongs, and thus goodbye.