

It's Not Me, It's You;

A breakup letter to depression.

To You, My Ex:

If life was a game, then I was winning
I was a champion, and you were no opponent
Yet the longer you stayed, the longer you took your turns
Trapped me in a cycle, you made me lose my resilience.

For a moment you had me convinced—
When the days were dark and the nights were lonely,
That I had always had you,
Because you were my one and only.

You told me I couldn't do better,
Crowned yourself my new treasure
You demanded my whole attention,
Stealing life's grandest pleasures.

Molded me to be the girl you wanted me to be
Are you pleased, seeing the light go out of my eyes?
Using me, to channel anger, channel resentment
Are you satisfied, with the sound of my cries?

But I've ran out of weakness, I've ran out of fear
I've ran out of depressants to keep you controlled
Pulling strength from supporters, I know I can do this
Cause it's my game now, I'm who's head of this household.

I'm taking back the power I gave you:
The confidence, the fearlessness, the compassion
And returning the poison you gave me:
The anxiety, the restlessness, the humiliation.

I wish I could say that we could be friends,
But I won't feed all the lies
Because truthfully, I've already got a handful,
Of those who are my ride or die.

This is not the last you'll see of me—
You'll see me flourish, you'll see me thrive
I'll achieve all my hopes and dreams,
You'll see me again fueled by that drive.

You changed my life, I credit you that
Wish I realized we weren't good together
But if only I knew then what I know now,
I would've fought harder for us to have our own forever.

So this is the end, it's not me, it's you;
It's you over-welcoming your stay
It's me choosing love, choosing growth
And it's us, never having another day.

With pleasure,

