The most common coping mechanism in
humans is to rationalize
We do it subconsciously because we don’t
want to be hurt, and instinctively, we
Don't want to hurt anyone else
Most of the time it’s not rational at all,
the things we convince ourselves, but
We have to justify our feeble existence
somehow

To let myself die I would claim that it’d be
a burden off everyone's shoulders
That it’d be a burden off my own
But I never did and that rationalization
lost its persuasion in time

I blacked out on a Saturday night alone
In the morning, I rationalized that at
least I wasn’t dead
I wanted to be, but instead I drank
and maybe I couldn’t stop when I
should have and maybe I need to
Face that

But at least I wasn’t dead
It wasn’t the first time the ceiling
Spun as I fell asleep

Surely, it wouldn't be the last
It kept me from cutting, I justified,
It was a different kind of burn
I could still say that I've been clean
since October

Rationally, drinking was better than
Cutting
But neither are actually very rational
they just seem to be because they
Keep me alive
I don't know how to rationalize
being alive just yet

So I'll keep allowing myself this
abuse until I can
Maybe it'll end up killing me anyway
And every bottle will have been rational,
defendable even
Except the last one
That's how I'll rationalize eating
Honeycomb cereal hungover in the
middle of the week
At least I'm clean
At least I'm not dead