

Up

by mills

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could always be worse.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N- When I wrote this, it was with the thought in mind that things could always be worse, and even when you've had your darkest day, the only way left to go is up. However, once I wrote it and re-read it, I realized that it sounded like a suicide note. So, just for the record, this is NOT a suicide note, but it can be interpreted that way, so that is the reason for the warning.

UP

Only one way to go

And it sure ain't up

We can't go back

We're too far gone;

What happened?

Where'd we go wrong.

It ain't that hard

To Love and be Loved,

So why can't we?

Why can't we get off

This Highroad to Hell

Why can't we find the light

Through the lies and the pain?

Why can't we climb the Mountain

That keeps gettin' in the way?

Why do we refuse to face ourselves?

Why are we content

To stay in this place,

Of Darkness and Depression,

When we've both seen better days

And we know,

We can reach it

Except that we're bound

By those invisible words

That keep pulling us down.

Only one way to go,

And it sure ain't down

Once you've hit rock bottom,

There's only one way out.