

If I were to tell you how I really feel,
You'd think I'm exaggerating, it's not really real.
So many think this illness is fake,
but ruining my life over that, is it a choice one would make?

I live like a prisoner stuck in these walls,
Longing to go back to the outdoors.
To have my old life back, to meet up with friends,
to go back to uni and get my life on the mend.

But friends aren't around now, they slowly disappear
for when you get ill no one wants to be near,
since you're not the same person that you were before
so over time you become ignored.

Each day is the same, there's nothing new.
Nothing exciting happens for me to tell you.
Because no one wants to hear that things are the same;
your life is so boring, dull and mundane

Your energy is gone from the simplest task,
like doing the washing or having a bath.
What's exciting for me now is getting through the day,
without pain, fatigue and headaches getting in the way

But is that what you want someone to say
when you ask them if they're doing okay?
Because that's not living, it's barely pulling through.
Would you want a friend who's a zombie? No, I don't think you do.