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I have been in pain pretty much my entire life of 43 years. Yet I am so determined and self-sufficient nobody on this planet even new until I was about 30. I can function at a level of pain that would have most everybody screaming in the ER. I have tried everything. Nothing else helps or I react badly to it. Like Gabapentin that absolutely destroyed my cognitive functions which has totally ruined my life. Or the antidepressants that made me so awful to be around since my mind didn't need to be altered as I wasn't depressed, I've lost absolutely everybody in my life. Including my husband, mother, sister (best friend), son and granddaughter, all my friends, etc. My opioids were cut almost in half about 6 years ago. Which is when my life started falling apart. Now being cut to 90mme, even though genetic testing shows I over metabolize opioids, I am only able to function about 4 hours max a day on good days and still in agony. At least 15 hours/day I am completely incapacitated, totally bed bound, can barely make it the 15 ft to my toilet. That leaves me with not even enough time to work on keeping up with life, as a single parent and a homeowner with absolutely zero help. I have no quality of life. My life is slowly falling apart as nobody can keep up with life in 4 hours a day max with zero help, let alone somebody that's disabled and moves very slowly. If my opioids are decreased any further or I'm unable to fill them, I will lose everything, including my minor son whom is all I have left in my life. I guess I will be forced to hand him over to the people that left me in my time of need. I know this because beyond those 5 functioning hours I get a day, my body is on fire inside and out, feels like my bones are crushing together, feels like my nerves are being pinched all over, feels like my body is 2000lbs, I cannot even hold myself upright. It feels like the world's strongest man is underneath my skin squeezing all my muscles as hard as he can. Beyond that 5 hours, I can't make it the 30 ft to the kitchen to get a drink so I take my meds with my hot drink from the night before, I can't even manage to answer the phone, or check some emails. I'm not even depressed about being sick or being in pain. I dealt with it all my life, why would I just lay around depressed all the time? But that would be less than zero quality of life. That would be pure absolute hellish misery. And I guess at 43 years old, I would live in a nursing home while my son went to the people that abandoned me in my time of need.