Bad Anthem

Small Brown Bike

its raining in my sleep. wont you cover me with sheets made of arms. hands behind my back. no point to even try. my sad song. my bad anthem. my sad song. easier to hide on the outside. almost impossible to hide on the inside. alone for a day. alone for a week. will i be lonely forever? and they ask is there anything better? id have to say no. pick me off of the ground. put me back on my feet. punch out for a block. awoke in the awake.

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