

Month of Sundays

A Wilhelm Scream

It's incredible the way you made me look forward to another miserable day.
And from the days to weeks to months,
you'd be surprised how it adds up to this ugliness now that you're gone.
I thought time would trade this hopelessness for love,
and I believe that they both feel identical.
I'm counting back the other ways I hate you.
It always happens that way.
And I would love to change your mind, but I never fucking tried.
I'm laughing, well you're not.
To cross this line to happiness from hell,
I'll have to do alright with someone else.
Now I'm counting backwards, and there's only you.
There's only you.

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