

Your Everyday Disaster

Darkest Hour

I can't feel anything, I don't respond to pleasure or
pain, a vapid void, neglected toy, saturate in shame

Is it better than, better than the rest or does this end
with abruptness, shallow at best

I don't know anyone, I don't know anything but this, met
with either the calm or massive resistance

And at the end of your everyday disaster, does it keep
getting faster

Awaiting patiently as the circle completes, it's finally
coming around, but when the smoke has cleared it's been
another year

Of wasting and running around

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Of wasting and running and finally coming around