

Dialogue

Rosie Thomas

Can you help me
Figure out
All of these things
I'm restless I
Feel reclusive
Holding on by a string
No I can't I'm
Just as broken I'm
Just as damaged as you
I'm so tired and
Uninspired and
Dying in this living hell

Where do I go?

I can't walk in a
A straight line, I
Don't know what I'm heading for
Just keep trying and
No more lying
To yourself anymore

Where do we go?
Nobody knows