

## All the Week

### The Lawrence Arms

misleading utterings shadow boxer right hook mood swings my end  
urance test i coughed and bled and caught my breath tender in a  
burning sense the way we spoke when we were silent repressed i  
n living scenes black and white like old t.v.s screens front po  
rch confessional bottled feelings finally smashed against the w  
all this is the virus sitting in silence armed with expression  
with vague misconceptions came to me in a bleeding dream on fil  
tered avenues of light blue serenity turned red angrily thought  
provoking in a distant tense a perfect paragraph of broken nar  
rative these dusty floors don't seem to come clean anymore i'm  
watered down evaporated from the ground connections faltering d  
ehydrated when the phone rings