

Honest Sleep

Touché Amoré

Sun down, Sun up.
I speak in sarcasm to relate to all the things I appreciate.
I lie in rhythm to open doors.
I follow suit and just want more.
My reputation is the same it's been,
and I don't care what happens.
I read the book, so I know the end.
I've probably said too much,
but I've never felt more accomplished.
I'm losing sleep.
I'm losing friends.
I've got a love/hate/love with the city I'm in.
I'll count the hours, having just one wish.
If I'm doing fine, there's no point to this.