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.