

## Me, Myself, and I

No matter how hard I try,  
At the end of the day, it's just me, myself, and I.

I used to look out the window, to wish upon a star.  
Used to hope, and dream of all those lands afar.  
Used to find joy and bliss in fantasy,  
The naive me thought that was my reality.

I often lay awake in the witching hour,  
and wonder why everything turned sour.  
Is it fate? Is it destiny?  
How did it become a tragedy?

Sleepless hours, drunken nights.  
Tossing and turning till broad daylight.  
Crying, pounding with muffled screams,  
Helpless, aloof, adrift, without dreams.

No matter how hard I cry,  
What's left of me, it's only me, myself, and I.

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*To the girl  
who used to dream  
who used to read by flashlight  
who used to feel most alive in worlds that never were  
I wish I could send hugs  
I love you*