

Stages Of The Week

Saturday, I told myself, "**Glad I woke up**"
Some people don't feel that, they're mentally stuck
I'm stronger, I'm better, so that's just not me
I've never been broken and never will be

Sunday, I told myself, "**Something is weird**"
I started to feel something, could it be fear?
Impossible, not likely, I'm just confused
No way a girl like me could blow a fuse

Monday, I told myself, "**It wasn't true**"
The grass was not green and sky wasn't blue
My words, they are truthful, and I fear no man
I don't think that's something hard to understand

Tuesday, I told myself, "**Life is so hard**"
I kicked my own face and slashed my own car
In order to feel something, I must relent
Tonight, if I kill, then I will not repent

Wednesday, I told myself, "**I might need help**"
I don't feel safe with her— er, I mean myself
The throbbing and fogging I feel in my brain
It makes me feel wrong, like I'm going insane

Thursday, I told myself, "**There's just no point**"
I drank the whole bottle and smoked up a joint
Things will not get better, I'll probably die too
Nobody will care, and neither should you

Friday, I told myself, "**Y'know, such is life**"
It will not be perfect, it will not feel right
I am not okay, won't be for a time, though,
I'm glad I woke up, that's what I'll say tomorrow