

# Arthur, Friday, April 6th

The way things went today  
The ground so cold and gray  
My thoughts are far away  
It's nice outside your house  
For me it's cloudy out  
Most every day  
Any feelings I had left inside  
Were ripped out of my chest after that night  
It didn't take me long to recognize  
The new Identity you had was based on lies  
I asked around and I  
Can't find the reason why  
So suddenly cold  
It hit me hard at first  
Was what you said rehearsed?  
Was it your new friends?