

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?