December Wolves, Time Flies When You Wish Y

The yellow lines are beaten, so celebrate this a day we both believe.
A warm black Wednesday sign said don't give up,
so celebrate this day we both conceive,
Believe it or not, this acting gem is the bad guy.
But time is short, months are depleting, he's gonna die.
I'm getting worse.
Bubbles melt down the windshield, 'til you wipe it clean.
Turn it off!
close your eyes or turn around, just don't look at the screen!
The huamn bird still singin', believe it or not,
from a gem braided with beads.
A freezing Friday said don't hurt yourself,
but you can take this the heart I will not need.
Not staring back into this pile of charismatic crumbs.
The worse I get, the more normal I seem to become.