

Mikoto, Days Run Long

Fighting sleep
(We can't expect an end)
was never so hard
(When every day's like this).
It feels like I have been up
(Hold on to what you know)
for weeks on end
(Learn when to just let go).
Infection creeps in,
words are viruses.
Walking around with the brisk air at my face.
I want to throw you
(These scars will document)
off my chest
(The life I haven't lived)
and wonder why
(So sick of being like this)
I was ever
(So I suggest we quit).
Put in a situation like this.
Infection creeps in.
Words are viruses.
My weakness will catch up with your hunger.
How ironic no tears will be shed for this.
The breath runs short as another beings.
The cliches run thick as the expressions run thin.
We will find a way,
we always do.