

Onelinedrawing, Feb

And every couple of months you die
In every answer a dozen lies
You're feeling better and readytime

And every couple of months you die
a lot of waiting and words and crying
a lot of hoping that you'll be fine
I never try, it always works
It's hard to leave
It's better to burn
I want a barrier

Everywhere is someone else's
Where is a home for this heart?