

# Psycore, A Week

monday morning  
is not a point in time  
it's a punishment  
for some forgotten crime  
tuesday came  
as no surprise  
just to witness  
my demise  
wednesday made  
no sense at all  
spent thursday waiting  
for night to fall

a week straight, a week bent  
extremely unpleasant

a week came, a week went  
a week spent without intent  
don't know why or what it meant

friday passes  
slower than a stoned snail  
gave me gasses  
left a slimey trail  
saturday was soaked  
in passive stress  
in madness

in darkness  
on sunday i realise  
only one day remain  
then i'm back  
to monday again

a week meant to annoy me  
a week sent to destroy me

a week lived, a week less  
a week built on weakness  
omnipresent pointlessness

a bleak weak is not unique  
a bleak weak, not worth exploring  
a bleak weak is worth ignoring  
a week lame beyond boring

below depression is my norm  
i've turned boredom into an artform  
therefore i quit before i start  
i turn boredom into art