

# Temporary Basement, Funnel

five days, five days at home  
i can't focus alone  
reach up get out of bed  
late but more than nothing

mornings always a fight  
fix shirt, tuck in just right  
warm up my car, freezing  
want one more hour in sheets

a promise made i'd keep the things that made me ME  
but my thoughts are parcel, price of fitting in  
oh this funnel takes me in  
until i cannot separate my sins  
from who i am  
and from I thought I could have been

my friends call me at work  
wondering why I can't cope  
accept this hand I've been dealt  
one first complicated step.