

# Wednesday

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*People are still weird*

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# 1 - Wednesday

Wednesday

So many things clouding my mind  
It's impossible to restore sight  
The third eye bleeds because of what's transpired  
I can't shake off your unseen tears

Help me understand,  
what just happened?  
Why can't I see you anymore?  
Have you runaway?  
Where did you go?

It doesn't make sense,  
When you can't see them anymore,  
It doesn't seem right,  
To miss that tug of affection  
What happened when you fell asleep?

And then there's you,  
who needs it the most  
But how can it be given?  
When you've half-heartedly brushed this tribute aside?  
It seems it's not important anymore

Just a burden to carry  
As we circle the mourning  
Then refuse to share it with those who want it

This has spilled out of control,  
Reality is so contorted  
When people grieve,  
Are they themselves?  
But how they choose to live without it

If I were you,  
I couldn't carry on,  
But neither could you, If it weren't for the bread,  
the water,  
You were given in this desert called reality