

# everyday

atlas

This anxiety inside of me is tiring my mind  
I can't cry or sleep or smile or eat or even try to find  
Something physical or tangible to lay alone beside  
I am singing to the void again, I hum into the night

Everyday, everyday  
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The way that I cope with things is unethical  
And all my clever words have been said before  
I'm just putting off the inevitable  
I am feeling more like a vegetable

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