

## fan (ghost)

atlas

The fan beside me's humming at a steady A#  
I can just make out the note on my phone screen  
It's 6 am again and I'm still crying over things  
That I've been crying 'bout as long as you've known me

Eternally unhappy  
I'm alone  
Severing the cartilage  
And bone  
I want to be rid of every  
Piece of me that's left  
Until I float  
I am a ghost

The world around us spins as we wait for it to end  
Hey, guys, do you think that we could do that sooner?  
Waking up's a chore, I walk the labyrinth on my floor  
And realize that I'm a fucking loser

Eternally unhappy  
I'm alone  
Severing the cartilage  
And bone  
I want to be rid of every  
Piece of me that's left  
Until I float  
I am a ghost