

## Cycles (The Days Get Longer)

Code Orange Kids

Nameless.  
This depressive disgust comes in cycles.  
The same conversations, the same faces  
Words of worth engulfed in dirt.  
All of my substance lost in long winded give ins.  
But the days keep getting longer  
We forgive each other.  
Forgive me.  
We hang onto threads that are barely breathing  
Concepts of emotion plague my memories  
A myriad of remnants  
Affirming beliefs carved into my mind like holding stone.  
I am the beaten horse.  
I am self sufficient.  
I am nothing.  
The days get longer  
We lose each other.