

Rough Patch

Finish Ticket

We're just going through a rough patch

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Holding up the mirror

With an unsteady hand

Pointed towards each other

We're just going through a rough patch

Forced to understand

My heart is beating in my head like there's blood in my pillow

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Missing, mistaken, mislabeled

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The feeling of sitting in the sun, passing through the living room window

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Blanketed with natural light and stillness

Serenity

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