

Psycore "A Week"

Visit "[A Week](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Monday morning
Is not a point in time
It's a punishment
For some forgotten crime
Tuesday came
As no surprise
Just to witness
My demise
Wednesday made
No sense at all
Spent thursday waiting
For night to fall

A week straight, a week bent
Extremely unpleasant

A week came, a week went
A week spent without intent
Don't know why or what it meant

Friday passes
Slower than a stoned snail
Gave me gasses
Left a slimey trail
Saturday was soaked
In passive stress
In madness

In darkness
On sunday i realise
Only one day remain
Then i'm back
To monday again

A week meant to annoy me
A week sent to destroy me

A week lived, a week less
A week built on weakness
Omnipresent pointlessness

A bleak week is not unique

A bleak weak, not worth exploring
A bleak weak is worth ignoring
A week lame beyond boring

Below depression is my norm
I've turned boredom into an artform
Therefore i quit before i start
I turn boredom into art

Visit [Psycore](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.