

## Psyclon Nine

### "A Week"

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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 weak 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

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