

Happy Sadtember

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It's not the first

Neither the second nor the third

Faith lose to my feet

Discord to the ground

Rambling with trembling hand

Smile, smile, smile

Chirp the chicken 'till it's numb

Why so sad, bunny? I'm not even mine

Happy Sadtember my honeycomb

What a suck golden year you've got there?

Tell all the flaws to broke you down,

On and on 'till it dying,

The wound bleeding,

The scars freezing,

Yet, still, it let you down?

Isn't it hard to believe?

Try to breathe rather than pretending; I guess thank you?

My deadfleur is already blooming inside

Wondering why it tastes bittersweet, aren't you?