



If you even
care

*You probably don't

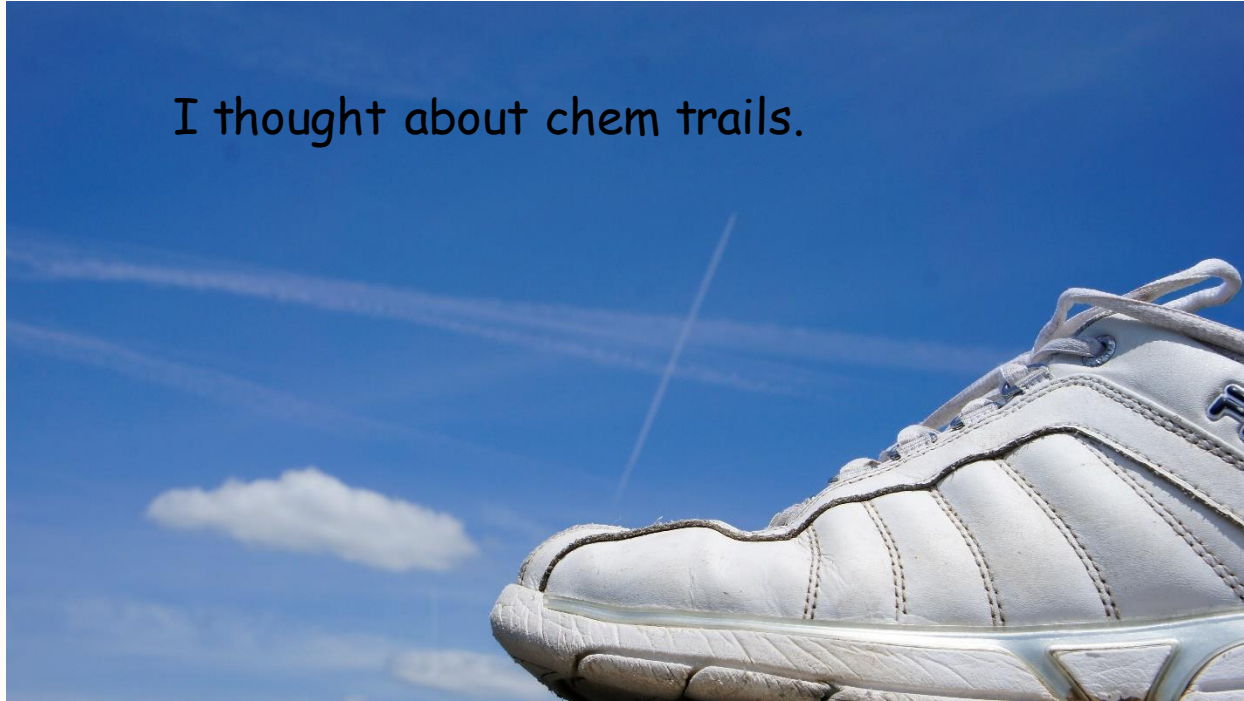
After you left, I thought a lot about my
worth, my purpose.

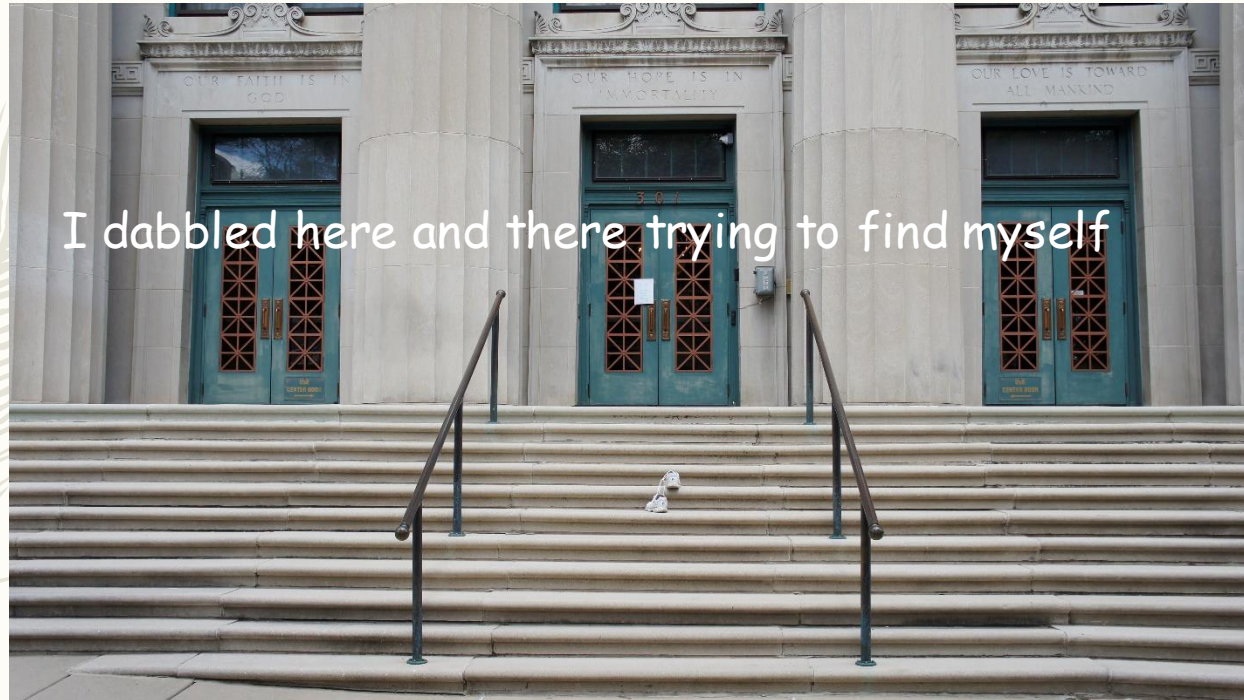


The image shows the interior of a large, ornate domed hall, likely a legislative chamber. The architecture features high vaulted ceilings with a grid of decorative coffers. A prominent fresco in the center of the dome depicts a seated female figure, likely Justice, holding a scale and a sword, surrounded by a blue and gold border. The walls are adorned with intricate moldings and a balcony with a decorative railing is visible near the top of the dome. In the foreground, a pair of white sneakers is placed on a surface, and a large, dark, carved column is partially visible on the left. The lighting is warm, highlighting the architectural details and the fresco. The text "I thought about justice and the lack thereof and the possibility of seeking it." is overlaid in white on the right side of the image.

I thought about justice and the lack thereof
and the possibility of seeking it.

I thought about chem trails.





I dabbled here and there trying to find myself



I found love

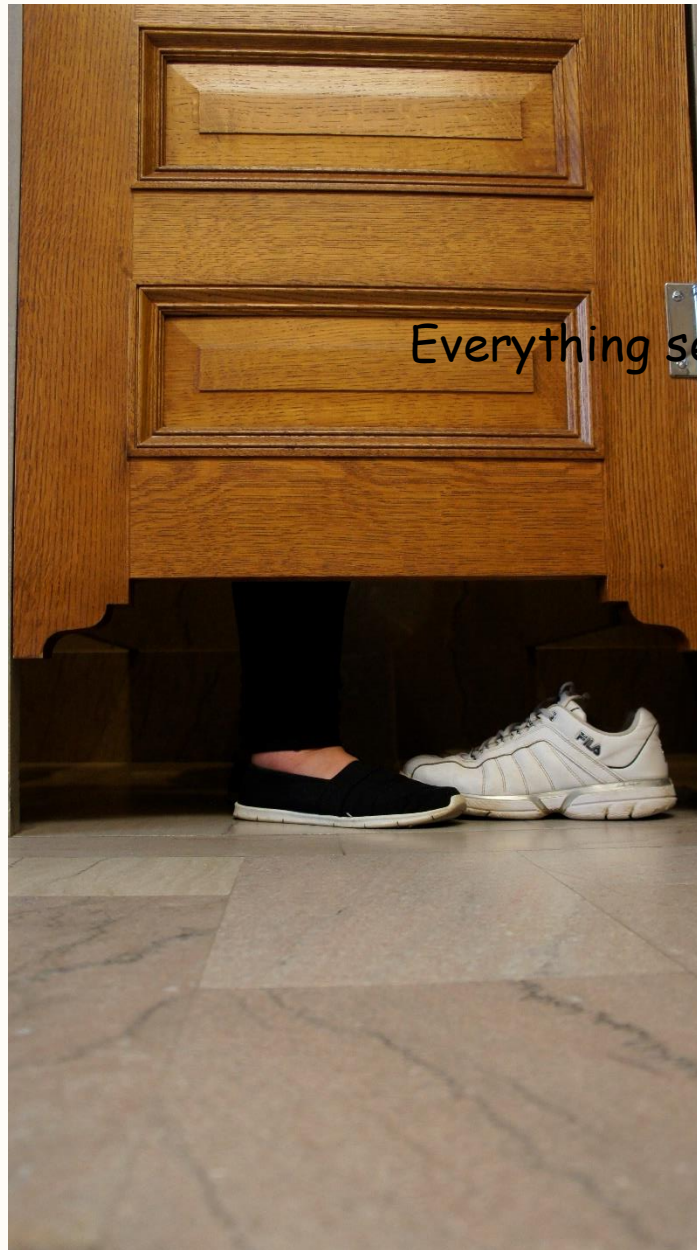






We got married





Everything seemed perfect until...

It didn't fit.





It was clear we couldn't make it work.



Eventually, she left me
for a lady shoe.



Things got really dark and
I contemplated whether it was
worth living.



I turned to the only love that wouldn't leave me, but it wasn't enough.



But it wasn't enough.

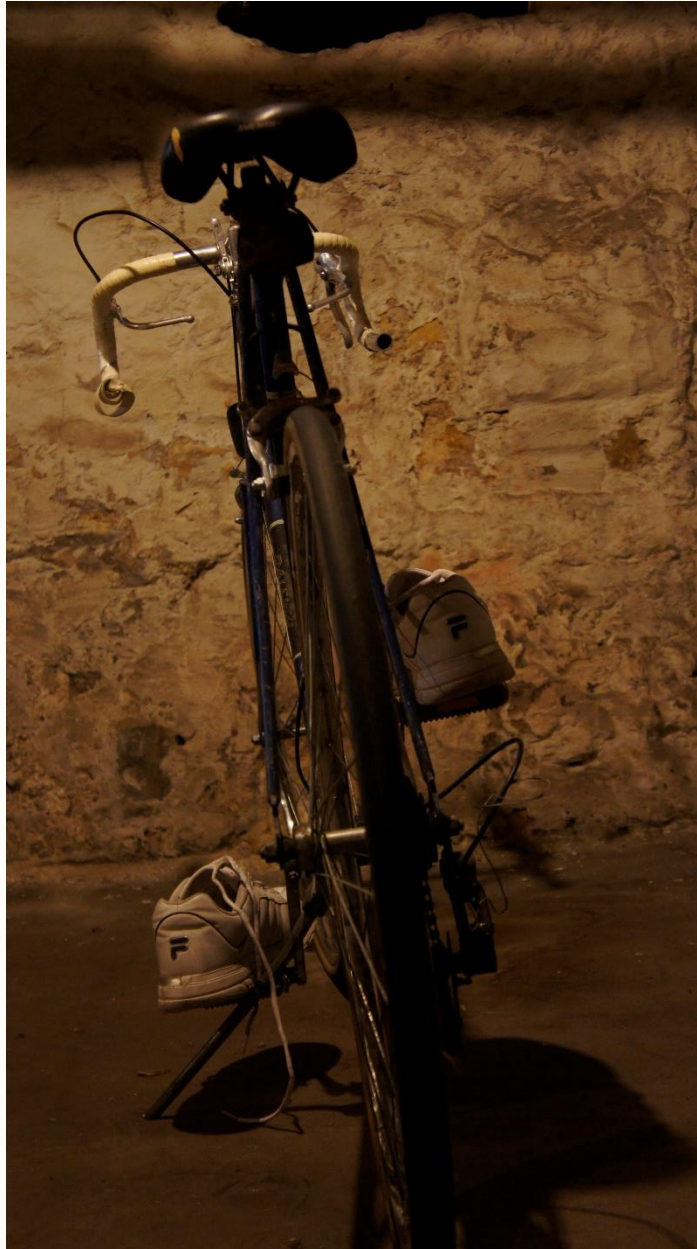




It was all a haze.



Pedaling forward and backwards,
backwards and forward.





I lost myself the day you left.

