

# Message in a Muse

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Can the world ever stop turning? Like,  
You see everyone around moving and  
Hear them softly in the inner ear.  
Me, though, I can hear nothing but  
Screaming coming from deep inside my chest.  
From the very marrow of my bones.  
Beneath the pathetic strands of my own hair,  
The voices in my head grow stronger. Drowning  
me with  
Waves of sorrow and mirth.