

## “Month in Mishawaka”

“And”

You came into this world,  
And you were immediately different,  
And people started to notice,  
And the divide started to grow,  
And you went to school,  
And you cried a lot,  
And you tried to fit in,  
And people were confusing to you,  
And the divide grew even more,  
And you started to write and speak and sing,  
And you got pretty damn good at it,  
And you made a few friends,  
And you lost even more,  
And the divide became a canyon,  
And you spent hundreds of hours thinking,  
And you mastered the art of self-hate,  
And you sang away every bit of pain possible,  
And the body of a guitar flooded with frustration,  
And you left home,  
And you took yourself with you,  
And you loved and you learned,  
And you were milked of your creativity,  
And you moved back home,  
And you laid in bed but never slept,  
And you decided to go again,  
And you got in the car,  
And you built your own home,  
And you still felt miserable,  
And you bit the bullet,  
And you drove to Mishawaka, Indiana,  
And you finally got the help you needed,  
And you're getting out in 9 hours,  
And you're gonna do things differently this time,  
And...

**“Month in Mishawaka”**

**“Call Your Spirit Home”**

I come and tell my story as my spirit quickly fades  
A sinner was the form I took, a preacher was my trade  
In the twilight of my life, I met the Holy Ghost  
I went to fight God’s battle, where I bravely held my post

So I drove into the mountains, and I bathed in shallow lakes  
I promised I would foster peace with all who were in my wake  
I awoke below an oak tree with a blanket of its leaves  
And I lifted up my head to hear the humming of the bees

I stood up very slowly, as I thought I was still dreaming  
My body’s wounds were all but gone, my mental wounds were healing  
A path appeared before me, one I’d never seen before  
So I started through the forest, until I reached a wooden door

When I looked up, I saw a church, run down from base to steeple  
This place was once a refuge, a second home for people  
With haste, I ran back to my truck, for I felt a kind of calling  
I felt my soul get up and stand. My whole life, I’d been falling

I drove away and then returned with paint and nails and faith  
I set to work rebuilding with a smile on my face  
I worked until I sweat, I sweat until I bled  
And I finished that old church, where I was cleansed of all my dread

**“Month in Mishawaka”**

“Anti-Everything”

Pristiq, Wellbutrin, Prozac.

Pill in the hand and toss it back.

Zoloft and Propranolol.

Fear does rise while emotions fall.

Cymbalta, Trazodone, Lithium.

The hardest days have just begun.

Lorazepam, Abilify.

Dear medicine, I'm out of time.