Mnemosyne Waltz

Kamchatka

I remember everything.
Is that to be my curse?
These images that crowd me,
will they never disperse?
A distorted symbiosis
between now and then.
It seems they will not let go,
not until my last breath.This can not be real.
This mustn't be real.
It leaves nothing behind but destruction.
Now, I can not heal,
being stuck in this wheel
that rules out life as an option.What if time stands still
though things around might change?
You just try to wrestle it,
in ways that may seem strange.
Everything's worth trying
when you're in a state like this,
and you're fed up with crying
over things you don't miss.This can not be real.
This mustn't be real.
It leaves nothing behind but destruction.
Now, I can not heal,
being stuck in this wheel
that rules out life as an option.

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