

Staring at Backgrounds

Before Today

Knowing that as the days all crack
In the background of a life before my mind
Images of history
Would never show their fucking face again
Or even think of resurrectionHow sorrow fills our hearts
How fears oppress our minds
No, I apologize
Scattered your voice
This must be the anniversary
Of the first time you decided to forget me
A celebration of an ending of trustSo break, destroy nineteen years
And maybe in nineteen more
We can do this all again
And unearth broken bodies
When i thought you were being true
You were just looking
At the reflection of yourself in my eyes
Could this be why we crySo break, destroy nineteen years
And maybe in nineteen more
We can do this all again.

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