Try to Remember, Forget

Say Anything

It is my birthday. It is a new year. I should be happy that i am still here.
Light up a new joint. Put on an old shirt. Try to remember but forget how my brain works.
But i could read a book a night before this year.
I knew every word, their definitions clear
But now in stealth i check thesaurus- it's become my guilty mistress.
So i heave my breath at burning wax because i know that spark ain't coming back.
It is my birthday. I've got all my friends here.
They haven't been talking as of lately. They've all found new bro's and babies.
I have smoked away my pride.
There is nothing but the cinders of it inside.
But i believed in more than nothingness last year and under every quiet failure it's still here.
Buried breathing under 18 years of tragedy and fear.
If i could crawl my way out of this grave just think of all the time i'd save.
The stereo's playing the same old songs and we still hum along
And in no time we'll be spread across the earth,
Donning business suits to show the faceless master what we're worth.
From our Huggies to Armani and it all seems so rehearsed.Thanks to Brooke (RogueBassist88@netscape.net) for these lyrics

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