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 cry So break, destroy nineteen years And maybe in nineteen more We can do this all again.

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