

# Waterdown, Xerox

i suffer for my sanity every night  
but i wont know  
i forgot where i come from  
the record spins with the beat of a  
vague fragility or my memories  
moving on into no direction moving on  
are you there all this time  
turn the page over again  
to another season to another year  
what if i knew it all  
and who killed who  
like i opened a box full of yesterday  
you still haunt me  
you were well hidden for all these  
years yet still you were there  
all this time, on my fingers,  
in my head