

Cave In, Flypaper

To forgive and forget, I live and regret.

Grief speaks its own language;

it forces me to act strong,

but every time i stand up I'm afraid I'll bump my head.

Eyesight in time.

Things seemed easy, only I was building a fence.

And you see in me what I once took action against.

Sever my eyes from this twenty inch screen.

I've finally got what is tangible.

The more I learn about myself, the more I see in me to hate.

Your misconception of perception detains all reasoning.

You're this image of my fears, armed with words that shatter my ears.

I am only I but that won't do.

Not for you, your only you.

Can you see what I've got?

The world is not a tube,

and a brain playing games with television knobs is a steady leak for attention span.

Restore it sooner: unplug the unit.