

Farse, Memories Of Now

Is it just me or is there something missing?
discovered in that photograph many years from now,
considered satellites tranverse and guide your back,
you're like a compass star,
memories of now, many years from now.

Maybe years from now our paths will cross,
it's one I'll bear, no disillusion, no loose ends
there that.

Metromome still beats inside my head like
tinnitus it beggars belief,
your slight off hand too quick for me my dear I loved.
I think no one else in, I'm cutting my nose now just to spite my face, feelings with drink,
I lie and sink your fault, I'm never offering myself complete.

Keep holding something back, I'll blame conversation lack, still feeling incomplete, and dust
settles round my feet with one breath in the past.
I still picture us holding hands, one bad day
at a time, a left of centre aim and a roller coaster decline.