

# Magazine, Vigilance

I'm in love with everything that's been left unsaid  
that's gone down through the centuries  
beginning  
middle  
and ending dead

I will forget  
where I began  
I'll lose track  
I'll change hands  
I'm not vigilant  
it's no trouble  
it's inevitable

It's so foggy at night always  
and it's dark all day  
all that has been hidden  
will be shut off one day  
until then I will attempt  
whatever tempts me  
tell me, is that good enough!  
there's so much I can't see

I will forget ...

You say in a little while  
we'll have it all on file  
my time ain't so vast  
I can't spend it in the past

I will forget ...