

Rainer Maria, Viva Anger, Viva Hate

and so, gradually, i'm trying
do you know how hard?
to integrate the past with now.
i don't believe in fate.
there's no forgiveness,
there must be something more.

i'm convinced,
regardless of all the times
they said that i should forget everything.

now i'm not so sure that i can do anything.

this broken scene with me above you above me.
i feel broken. didn't you hear me?
the basement floods, and all the magazines are wet.
what's left to salvage?