

Saetia, The Burden Of Reflecting

lost gray pictures of my past stain greener pastures of my future
remembrance and recognition forces me to reconsider
I am seeking to regress and recreating what I've found
a new beginning torn away
I'm spiraling spiraling down
empty hands on the ends of these reaching arms need the touch of something real
year by year we separate further
we are forgetting how to feel
for at the end of this long rope I hang in wait of fading echos
uncertainty haunts my everything
I look into tomorrow and I see nothing...
so tell me how it feels to be me
I've lost so much I cannot recall my identity
I would die for yesterday not caring where I need to go
reshape relationships back into what I used to know
tomorrow is so far and I no longer want to find a replacement for all these pictures that are lost in m