

# Victims Family, File Cabinet

..and  
stuck into categories we never made  
defined in ways we never imagined  
shaped by the words we meant not to say  
made into something we never were  
filed into cabinets and quickly forgotten  
only remembered when time is of essence  
accused by the pointing fingers we point  
judgement made on faulty assumptions  
look around, look away  
i can't see the light of day  
don't you ever wonder  
why it's gone, much too far  
privacy inside a jar  
i don't understand the  
reasons we continue to  
live our lives as we do  
misunderstood and lonely  
kid ourselves with things we think  
teetering on the brink