

To forgive and forget, I live and regret.  
Grief speaks its own language;  
it forces me to act strong,  
but every time i stand up I'm afraid I'll bump my head.  
Eyesight in time.  
Things seemed easy, only I was building a fence.  
And you see in me what I once took action against.  
Sever my eyes from this twenty inch screen.  
I've finally got what is tangible.  
The more I learn about myself, the more I see in me to hate.  
Your misconception of perception detains all reasoning.  
You're this image of my fears, armed with words that shatter my  
ears.  
I am only I but that won't do.  
Not for you, your only you.  
Can you see what I've got?  
The world is not a tube,  
and a brain playing games with television knobs is a steady leak  
for attention span.  
Restore it sooner: unplug the unit.