

## Staring At Backgrounds

Before Today

Knowing that as the days all crack  
In the background of a life before my mind  
Images of history  
Would never show their fucking face again  
Or even think of resurrection

How sorrow fills our hearts  
How fears oppress our minds  
No, I apologize  
Scattered your voice  
This must be the anniversary  
Of the first time you decided to forget me  
A celebration of an ending of trust

So break, destroy nineteen years  
And maybe in nineteen more  
We can do this all again  
And unearth broken bodies  
When I thought you were being true  
You were just looking  
At the reflection of yourself in my eyes  
Could this be why we cry

So break, destroy nineteen years  
And maybe in nineteen more  
We can do this all again.