

# Forgetery

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All the everything  
Pulled me inside  
Like a house in a land-slide  
Or a TV glow  
There in the thick of it  
As I reeled in the light  
I was drowned in the happenstance  
That all this information would leave me  
Back to the shadows

Forgetery. Forgetery alive and well  
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Call it hands tied  
The illusion of choice  
Shot-gun wedding  
Rock and a hard place  
'Cause when I taste it  
Just one moment of truth  
What I'm wishing would linger  
Seems to leave me

And I fear that distraction  
Ever near me  
So I'm open and broken  
Feels like teething  
The sweet pain of the process

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