

MEMENTO

ionnalee

Big cities, tall buildings, concrete
Obsolete moods, and the scent of smoke
Two worlds and none in which I fit
All covered in dirt

Block letters in your formations
I see shades of you everywhere I turn
Thin line from here to here
Between being sane or disturbed

We go on with our lives
Our separate ways
And as I pass my time
The memory stays

Cold sweats, but nights won't wait
We run fast, the light won't catch us
This life is different, for better or worse
But it's all an act

Like the songs that I'll play you someday
Like a frozen frame, stuck in my head
No outrunning the ghosts of your past
I learn to live with them