

## De Rosa "On Recollection"

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How can it be that this is hunger?  
I broke my only body  
Moments for disconnecting memory  
On recollection, it's something greater  
Than shifting glances and criticism

And to my sibling rivals, they can die  
They die with the youngest  
With lines in the surface  
In time with a Jungist  
I'm tied, a little closer

To something wider than image surface  
And time among the feeding friends  
Have I made nothing? Have I seen better?  
Well, I've a cruel tongue that gives and takes  
And runs beneath the bridges

When they die  
They die with the youngest  
With lines in the surface  
In time with a Jungist  
I'm tied

Forget yourself, forget about family  
Forget yourself or forget about your family  
Forget yourself, forget about family  
Forget yourself or forget yourself a family

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