

## Seneca

# "Everything Is A Memory"

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I hate this town. Abandoned and alone. Where everything is a memory and everywhere smells of you. Safe haven for self annihilation. It is all simple damnation when the sky rains nails. Stripped and meek, so compassionately guilt ridden, card carrying member. We got ourselves into this and there's no turning back. Your disregards for the feeble pleas are atrocious at best. Such a gray cold. Your eyes will glaze over. I often wonder, when do you close your eyes and halt the gears of your mind, and truly be at rest. Here we go again. You are a symphony, your secret is safe with me.

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