

Sweet Apple

"Burning Pictures"

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The last time I heard your voice I was screening all my calls
I try to match your message to a face I can't recall
It's been so long since I've seen the barren walls
outside my room
And I remember every second that I spent forgetting
everyone I knew

White pills and nicotine send tremors down my spine
I see things moving in the corners of my eyes
And there's nothing on the radio but shit I've never
heard
Still desperate for distraction I pretend I'm singing
every single word

I'm burning pictures because it's best if I forget
Black smoke and blistered skin are all that I have left
Blurry faces of my friends form rank and file in empty
frames
Two more weeks of medication and I won't even know
their names

Each time I strike a match a face goes up in smoke
Red flames light my path the further down I go
I trip and fall through empty halls where doors open
and shut
While reactions of the passers by reflect how they
could give a fuck and

I'm burning pictures because it's best if I forget
Black smoke and blistered skin are all that I have left
Blurry faces of my friends form rank and file in empty
frames
Two more years of education and I won't even know
their names

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