

The Karelia "Exaggeration"

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I made you come
But But I don't resale
I see you longing
For your romantic memories.

My patience cannot last
As I see you recreate the dunning(?) of your past
As caricatures to emulate.

Oh, I take my sweet little minutes
I cannot recall others
I throw my guts in buckets
As I try to lose I try to
I take my shots in dribbles
I sniff in baked soda
I like to stroke my
As I try to lose exaggeration.

To bloom
I am a twisted memory
Who does not what he's done
And is not what he used to be.

Another one
Is dreaming
Of someone who is gone
To bring me to my twisted jealousy.

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