

Mortimer Nova

"To Reflect"

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Little files of problems come screaming from the mouths.
Backwards fill the empty bag
And take out all the angst.
Lighters all are empty.
At least that saves my throat.
Screeching towards the impact.
Both hands off the wheel. walk towards the echo.
Shaving the skin.
Countdown to midnight.
The symptoms will fly away.
Burn all the memories away.
Then we can fall in love.
Please keep the secrets from her.
Sift through the lies about us.
Run away to fall in love.

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