

## Sorrowseed

### "Carthage Must Be Destroyed"

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Forget the phone call it was just a fluke,  
Like some static running free in the air.  
The night was lonely,  
The cable was fucked.  
The wine in the glass left a ring.

Circumvent all the thoughts that get you mad.  
Lying around imagining the touch I never had.  
Who is the patron saint of aphasia?

I had a speech once prepared and rehearsed,  
But forgot how to speak for a day.  
It's like an answer on the tip of your tongue,  
Where the words fall apart and decay.

I tried to forget by laughing.  
I tried to forget by drinking.

Circumvent all the thoughts that get you mad.  
Lying around imagining the touch I never had.  
Who is the patron saint of dysphasia?

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