

A Day In Black & White

"There Are Objects And Objects"

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These images replay
The things we shouldn't have seen-
I can't forget, I'll never forget.
But what was it that I was trying to remember? It must
have been important,
It must have been true,
It must.
I can't remember, I'll never remember.
With all these floating points
I'm glad I have this control to combine these numbers,
I'm forming patterns - I love to repeat.
When I see him coming down,
He's speaking,
It's scripted, it's ok,
I love a good show.
How many times will we buy what we want to be and
then need more?

Songs we sing to ourselves just to keep our heart rate
down,
Rhythm and rhyme making the lines;
The basis of the sign.
I'll take these changes sitting down,
And I'll watch these images float around.
We cannot, cannot be saved,
And we cannot be saved.

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