

Budapest "Censored Memories"

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Streams of memories shrouded in orange glow.
Some twisted in time, feels like it's yesterday.
Black and white stories I see
Watered down and censored for me.
I can't find truth in the mind.
I will try and let old dogs lie.

I'm doing again,
Now I'm twisting all the history I made,
And my memory finds the misery erased.
It never felt that way I'm sure,
I don't believe me anymore.

Faded photograph, evidence I did smile.
So lonely, so insecure,
So confused, searching for more.
Tears run dry, painfully shy.
It's all gone now I've finally found.

I'm doing again,
Now I'm twisting all the history I made,
And my memory finds the misery erased.
It never felt that way I'm sure,
I don't believe me anymore.

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