

Esoterica

"Tomorrow I Won't Remember"

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This angry door
Is a blessed obstruction to me
A simple distraction to the mind,

And I tear my foot from the ground
And I'm desperate to let it all out
And everything's screaming and muffled and merging
inside of me hurting it's feeding
The feelings the same and I feel

I always feel this awkward and yes
My state of minds a mess
But it's all good you know that it's all good
Tomorrow I won't remember.

I always feel this awkward and yes
My state of minds a mess
But it's all good you know that it's all good
Tomorrow I won't remember.

Another mercenary
Got to keep my feet beneath me
Seems I'm out of control again
And now she's touching her mouth
And now she's pinning me down
And my spine is hurting it's sticky it's all such a pity I'm
not in the game and I know who's to blame and I feel

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