

Titiyo

"Memorial Field"

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It was quiet while we walked through Kingston.
Hand in hand, the streetlights led us to where you
lived.
We were alone and all you could say was
"All good things must come to an end".
You said the words in my mouth were more alive than I
was.
I guess I don't belong here.
I guess I don't belong.
Why not tie a noose around my neck?
I'm sure it'd be much more subtle than everything that
you said.
I've played your games too many times and I've grown
tired.
Yeah, I'm tired.
So deal with it.
Can't sleep, can't think tonight.
I'm stuck.
I can't get out of this.

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