

## Tomorrow I Won't Remember

Esoterica

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 its feeding  
the feelings the same and I feel

I always feel this awkward and yes  
my state of minds a mess  
but its all good you know that its all good  
tomorrow I won't remember.

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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 its sticky its all such a pity I'm not  
in the game and I know who's to blame and I feel

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