

## A Memory Misread

### Counterparts

Don't adorn me like the dead  
I deserve to look like myself once again  
Suspended from the sky like ornaments  
Nothing to no one, only memories misread

I am a farewell that even heaven won't accept  
Collecting scars like souvenirs of pasts we can't forget  
Broken glass, swept over the bodies I know best  
I am a farewell that even heaven won't accept

Separate me from a finished product like needle and thread  
Translating words to portray the vacant pages they live in

A requiem worshipped for the pauses it contains  
Praising not the essence but the meaningless remain

Collecting shards from mirror images of me  
I am no idol  
I am no idol for the weak  
Nothing to no one, a memory misread  
Collecting shards from mirror images of me  
I am no idol for the weak

I am a farewell  
I am a farewell that even heaven won't accept

I am a farewell that even heaven won't accept  
Collecting scars like souvenirs of pasts we can't forget  
Broken glass, swept over the bodies I know best  
I am a farewell that even heaven won't accept