

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

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