

## Exaggeration

Karelia

I made you come  
But I don't resole  
I see you longing  
For your romantic memories.

My patience cannot last  
As I see you recreate the dunning of your past  
As caricatures to emulate.

Oh, I take my sweet little minutes  
I cannot recall others  
I throw my guts in buckets  
As I try to lose I try to  
I take my shots in dribbles  
I sniff in baked soda  
I like to stroke my  
As I try to lose exaggeration.

To bloom  
I am a twisted memory  
Who does not what he's done  
And is not what he used to be.

Another one  
Is dreaming  
Of someone who is gone  
To bring me to my twisted jealousy.