

The Ones Forgotten By The One Forgetting

The Color Morale

All these voices in my head,
I'll never know just what I'll feel,
Let alone what will be said.
We all forget the things we say,
But we never forget how we felt
When we let ourselves feel.

One head, so many voices.
Maybe I'll spend my whole life licking wounds.
My tongue feels like it's got two jobs
To twist and say shit I don't need to.

And to come between my stomach and my head,
Separate, which one of you do I listen to?
Parts of me miss pieces of you.
Oh, all these voices in my head.