

# Displacement Theory

xLooking Forwardx

Holding on.  
Holding on to what I have of you.  
Sometime it seems it's all I ever have.  
It's true that a memory, a memory is keeping me alive.  
I'm not being possessive if I need you to survive.

Displaced by circumstances not beyond control.  
Past thoughts of romance are tearing at my soul.

But I need you to make mine whole.

Displacement by something that you love.  
But I can't make you stop.  
Can't hurt my one true love.  
Because if I did I fear you would resent me.  
But this time is killing me.  
My heart must represent me.  
Why can't things be the way they were?