

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?