

Beanbag, Agnst By Numbers

walking with love she finds it
talking with love she knows it
she walks in the room looking for reality then opens the door to escape it
she is fixed on peoples emotions
she needs to care for their notions
searching for flaws in a person's head
she stitches them up but with the wrong thread
she thinks she is doing no damage
she thinks she is making things better
but caught in her ego like a fly in a web she can't see past it she must be fed
I feel it inside, I know see, I feel it inside, I know see.
the stitches are coming undone
the wound has just become worse
remembering how she is she searches her eyes
she thinks she is making a difference
I know she is making a difference
and time will tell if the answer she gave has made things better or opened the grave
I feel it inside, I know see, I feel it inside, I know see.
her whispers are louder than yelling
her whispers are louder than screaming
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her answers are just the questions(2x)
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