

# Chemical Vocation, Unspection

She keeps in mind to wash her brain.  
I remember when I knew her  
She had faith enough to fake  
I recall a face passed in vein.  
Never had a guiding light or a place to call home  
Sore dried eyes, Itll keep on welling for nothing  
That'ss all  
Youve bled enough  
Shes running rapid with self-deception  
She tried to hide it from herself unjustified.  
The dagger failed her, the misconception of a better place  
The offer made to wage the answer,  
That no-one knew.  
The answer, she would never blame you.  
Never had a guiding light or a place to call home.  
Sore dried eyes, Itll keep on welling for nothing.  
One last game for three, two broken wings stretched to derange the air-raid.  
Wash it of this time only, I know its somewhere.  
Say goodbye  
Take her hand dig her out of the mud  
You cant save the world just say goodbye.