

# Escanaba Firing Line, Awkward Child

Look at me tell me there's not something wrong.  
Face down i forgot my words.  
Mutter - mutter, walk away now.  
It's not the first time anyway.

I see you decided to show up.  
At least a part of you anyway.  
We could never find the full you.  
Black out.  
Another day.

What have we got here boy?  
I look at you and you look so afraid.  
Afraid of everything inside of you  
Afraid of your thoughts....  
You make them go away.  
What an awkward child.