

# Finch, Grey Matter

Bite the tongue, to live with what you've done.  
It's so good.  
Lie to myself while I lie with myself.  
It's Monday and it's raining.  
It's Sunday in the sun.  
It's so good, but...  
Would it be so bad,  
if you were to pretend that you were so happy?  
Keep it to yourself,  
don't let the secret go.  
If you were so willing.  
But let's pray for this suicide  
and all these pictures falling down around me.  
I've surrounded myself with all I have inside.  
Would I bite my tongue,  
and live with what you've done?  
Just continue sleeping?  
Selfishly consumed with everything you've wrought.  
There's nothing I can do.  
But let's pray for this suicide  
and all these pictures falling down.  
One wish full, step to the side.  
And please just let me know...  
Are you happy?  
I'll decide.  
These stories are so old,  
how they match your eyes.  
But let's pray for this suicide  
and all these pictures falling down.  
One wish full, step to the side  
and pick these pictures from the ground that surround me.