

# Give Up The Ghost, Calculation Nation

You and me equals me (add it)  
I am one life minus one  
And it is my math to do  
So fuck you

(And you don't understand 'we'  
because you don't understand me)

I'm sorry, so sorry for not making sense  
I have been shot in the left side of my chest  
The dust in the air, that irritates my eyes  
Floats in the light that beams from the hole in my chest