

# Headstones, Cut Me Up

You cut me up  
You Cut me down  
You cut me in two  
How can I explain  
Or dignify  
The things that you do  
I am not a mess  
I am not the freak  
That you once spoke to  
I am right here  
I am complete  
If I'm not then you're a joke too  
No more wasted time  
To redefine our lives to you  
You've got something to prove to you  
You've got something to prove to me  
I've got nothing to prove to you  
Want me to pay  
Want me to fall  
I'm not sure who's disgraced  
You locked yourself  
Into a vault  
Now your face is mean  
I catapult  
A fresher thought  
You must watch the groove  
You catch yourself  
You're cynical  
And that's your excuse too  
I want to give you something, something that you've never had