

# Piebald, The Six Eighter

Thank you for not giving me  
Anything or not making  
Me take anything at all  
Or give me nothing  
It's just as simple as that

You always ask if us primates are sure  
Conveniently confuse disease with the cure  
And I don't know why  
Doubt is a part of believing  
You ask why are they misbehaving

Well I don't know why  
Mistakes once or twice  
Even when you deal with open eyes

Well it would be such a shame  
To fall into the nothing or unnamed  
Are the things that you want those you really need  
Might try to stop you but I will not plead  
And I don't know why  
The things that are against you will never rest  
To rhyme is to complete so I'll just say it's confessed

Well I don't know why  
Yeah your head says  
You are a luxury  
It will convince you  
Of what you need to believe  
Are you standing  
On solid ground  
Or are your feet stuck  
In the muck and the mud  
There will still be mistakes once or twice  
Even when you deal with open eyes  
You can repeat only so much  
Before you lose the sense of touch  
Well it would be such a shame  
To fall into the nothing or unnamed  
You better get out while you can  
Just to be the better man  
You rush, I slow  
We will not get to the middle but I know  
I stop, you go  
We will not meet in the center but I know