

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