

Something With Numbers, Wednesday

You are so desperate to learn
if you didnt try you
might find out why
no one cares about the things
that you say anyway
this whole thing is about me
i think so hard my head gets sore
i wonder what will be in store
i'll cut my fingers off
and watch them hit the floor
You cant describe yourself
maybe things will change and
you will be stuck here for life
put an apple on your head
and be struck down by me
who is me if i am you
i'll sit there bleeding on myself
and theres no need to call for help
i'll lay in pain and
watch the blood run down the wall
Am i stronger then before?
But maybe i have missed something
that never once was said and
I cannot retrieve it cause it's
stuck inside my head
but why must i say
i cant think straight
negotiate