

# Failure, Something

I don't feel alone  
I can't seem afraid  
I wanted to think  
but I'll sleep it away  
some thing I forgot  
somewhere to sit down  
some stuff to do up  
some crap that I found

we're the credulous ones  
on a dead machine  
blowing thoughts into bags with no shame

too loud in my ears  
to fill up my mind  
too black to ignite  
two words I won't find  
what blank did I draw  
what kind of a day  
which one had to go  
whatever you say

we're the credulous ones  
on a dead machine  
blowing thoughts into bags with no shame

don't try and read this  
it means nothing  
I can't say this  
if you hear it