

Harmful, Indigestible

I see her tremendous joy in a smiling face... it kind of matters the way she moves, the way it bothers
Whats the use of worrying... I cant do anything about it... so why are we always complaining
A short distance away... imprison my immoral side Violent dislike is here to stay... I have to find a way
Whats the use of worrying... I cant do anything about it... so why are we always complaining
Constant without a moments respite... reject all my offers of compassion
I could never deny... youre indigestible
Whats the use of worrying... I cant do anything about it... so why are we always complaining