

# Mushroomhead, Too Much Nothing

Too much nothing  
I'm always excusing myself  
But now it's getting hard to tell the reason why I even care  
Increasingly I'm unaware  
Instead of bettering myself I'm crawling deeper in my shell too much  
The whole point that I am alive seems to escape me at this time  
Time I think too much  
Nothing too much  
I've never known how to behave  
I think too much  
I've never strayed far from the grave  
nothing too much  
I need to get up off the ground  
Nothing too much  
To force myself to make a sound