Nonpoint, Hide And Seek

Forearms can't cover up lies in hiding.
Counting makes the only sound, while I wait for hours to be found.
So much for making up rules while we're playing.
Who cares about the rules anyway?
They're for mindless fools and child's play.
This time, yeah this time.
It's my turn, it's not your turn.

Counting helps the hiding, but what I seek I'm not finding.
Ready or not.

Why should it make sense?
Why are you so unspontaneous?
And why does your way sound the same as yesterday.
So I'll shift and bit again.
Draw a mark on your skin that turns you the color pink.
What exactly will they think of you?
This time, yeah this time.
It's my turn, it's not your turn.

Counting helps the hiding, but what I seek I'm not finding.
Ready or not.

Why are you jealous, over bearing, verzealous?
What for? Is it the lost memory of all those games with me?
All those games you played on me...

Counting helps the hiding, but what I seek I'm not finding.
Ready or not.