

Self, Lost My Senses

all of my senses are turning away and all that i touch
is turning to waste
i mark indifference in various ways, but all of my senses
have gone out to play
my tongue tied and twisted
my eyes wouldn't blink
decisions were made for me
i couldn't think
tattered old heros where saving my grace but i lost my senses
but i don't wanna touch, taste, feel
i don't wanna touch, taste, feel
i don't wanna touch, taste, feel
i don't wanna touch, taste, feel
all gone to waste
a stanger in my hat or under my skin
my hair is a welcome mat
now it begins
it splits and divides and feeds on itself and i lost my senses
i don't want your help
all my pretenses collectively face
the left hand of decency patiently waits through an unbarable
show of restraint
my ears won't play
my eyes couldn't paint
my tongue tied and twisted
my eye couldn't blink
decisions were made for me
i couldn't think
thought my friends were just saving my place
but i lost my sense and i lost my friends