

Sloppy Meateaters, Who's Counting

A plan is full of words that never seem to work
I careless about the backstage fights
But I guess it's part of the prize

Just when you think It's all behind you
You get a glimpse of how unimportant
You are when you fall

Who am I to take away the very life that I helped save
just a year ago
and who am I to justify the very life I try to hide
Is anybody counting, does anybody notice me at all