

# Systematic, Somewhere In Between

Pulls me under  
Held me over  
Sets the tones to lose  
A taste of anger  
No remainder  
Of the things we'd choose  
Crumpled over  
My composer  
Just a skeleton  
It turns me inward  
But it figures  
Forever's a dirty word.  
Emotions wear my sleeve  
This might be the last...  
One or two ease the pain  
It's nothing that we talk about.  
No recollection  
Of complexion  
Could not place his face  
I plead redemption  
Or collection  
Put me into place.  
One or two ease the pain  
It's nothing that we talk about.  
Ease the pain.  
Emotions wear my sleeve  
This might be the last...  
One or two ease the pain  
It's nothing that we talk about.  
This might be the last...