

Training For Utopia, A Gift To A Dying Friend

You lied, but how could I expect anything more from such an elementary mind?
I offered something so crucial,
And you spit it back out,
When I turned my head

And you spit it back out
When I turned my head
Spit it right back out

The solution is basic
Aren't you smart enough to know?
How much this is going to hurt?

Now look at your friends
They're crying
They're crying for you
Don't reach out, don't
They don't want what you have,
No

I'm sorry
I still love you
But I don't want what makes you so sick
I'm sorry, but I don't want what makes you,
What makes you sick?