Trespassers William, What Of Me

It's a place that's not so far
I dream there and sometimes I wake there
Do you want me caring less
Sometimes we don't ask for what we need
And I guess how I want to be loved
And I've guessed what of me you need
It doesn't matter if we lie
Your sentences never defined you
Do you think that I can't feel
When I touch you there's words on your body
Should you be scared
When I say sometimes I'd want you dead
So no one else can have you when it ends
How'd I reach this point on my own
And how fragile right there I was
This is not the first time
That I've watched the end of that thing that had no end
Do you want me caring less
Sometimes we let go of what we need
Why can't you guess how I want to be loved
You can't even tell me what of me you need