

Unfinished Thought, Lack Of Days

So What's The Deal
With Your Piercing Eyes
Such a F**king Cheap Disguise
So Pale So Thin
Your Remarks Soak In

As I Wash My Eyes
And My Hands Of Joy
Never Expect Me To Be Able
To Handle Your Coy Ways

I Told You Not To Play My Game
Now We Do Things My Way

I Wonder If You Know
That My Tough Shell Is So Weak
Such A Charade
To Force Me To Speak

No Words Can Be Said
To Account For My Troubled Mind
Plastic Or No There's No Sense of Time

Just A Lacadazical Whirl
Just A F**ked Up Lonely Girl