

Will Dailey, Undone

Im a chemical

It is natural

No need to be alarmed

Im re-actable

Im a troubled soul

I Smile to keep you fooled you know

But beneath the table is a soul

From the top youll never know

Think of all the damage that Ive done

That I never hear of

But every seed comes from the dark

Tonight I dont need no one

Let me be undone

I bit my lip

Until it bled red

A quart upon the floor

So when I slip and crack

My head at least its then I know

just what Im I dying for

You know you do it too.

Beneath the table is the toll

From the top youll now

Think of all the damage that youve done