What of Me

Trespassers William

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 needAnd I can 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 youDo 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? This is not the first time I've watched the end of the 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

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