Out Of Order

UmphreyÂ´s McGee

Accuse me of this, trusting what did I gest?
To think or confess, silence seems to be best
Speaking of words, accepting it would be worse
And solace comes first, it forfeits here in retrievingEvery last reason for wanting of evidence
With all things beside us that line up as residence
Everything left be a waste of timePerfect as this, to only realize a guess
Conflicts can rest, what takes precedence next?
Keeping with words, how can I be assured?
Solace comes first, it forfeits here in retrievingEvery last reason for wanting of evidence
With all things beside us that line up as residence
Everything left be a waste of time

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