Information

M. L. Endicott

You're suffering, feel your pain
Allow me to be your sponge
'Cause I can absorb your sorrows
I'm the oneFire may rain down on you but I'll be your water
Waves may crash on you but I'll be your land
'Cause I want to give you just a temporary blissJust a little bit, just a little bit
A little more information
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration
I don't need itSo shed your pain, well, I'll sit in silence
As you bleed your deepest feelings here
Quakes may rattle you but I'll be your sky
Winds may twist around you but I'll be your cloudsJust a little bit, just a little bit
A little more information
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration
I don't need it, no, I don't need itHe woke up next to her, his head against her head
His hand upon her breast, he knew today meant death
He kissed her on the cheek and then on her lips
Thought to himself, "It's the last time I'll do this"Put on a suit, pressed and clean
Then brushed his hair, grabbed his keys
Then he headed out to the morning air
With an anticipation no man could bearThe air was heavy, he could feel it in his lungs
With every step he took
A prayer rolled off his tongueThey were prayers of forgiveness
And prayers of praise
And his actions a gift for a god without a nameJust a little bit, just a little bit
A little more information
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration
I don't need it, no, I don't need it

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