

# **going on the instincts-**

## **Osker**

You should see how ignorant you are being.  
You wouldn't know the first thing about me.

Right on command.

Sound of fire.

You assume I'm stupid, and I've wandered off alone.  
I'm no threat to myself, or you in your wheel chair.

For every inch, there's amile.

Limits and lines is a matter of pride.

"Where we are now" and where we "want to be," the difference is unsettling.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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