

# In The Aisle, Yelling

## Far

Blessed be  
Messed up me  
Should I feel different? Was I  
Crying to get my face wet To discern what I did from what I thought  
It's hard to discern what I gave from what I got  
It's part of me.  
Blessed be. Low lit theatre  
Quiet crowd  
I'm on the screen projected  
I'm in the aisle yelling fire.

Lyrics provided by

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