The Gardener

BV' 2012

I'm not man enough to be human
but I'm trying to fit in and I'm learning to fake it
Don't ever meet their friends
Tells you too much or not enough, or worse, exactly the wrong thing
Every nuance, every detail, every movement
Every smell, sound, phrase, inflection
The way she laughs
These are all the things that you either obsessively fetishize
or make yourself grow to love
Although you are supposed to be done growing, she is still growing
It's like a garden with two flowers
One just blooming and casting a shadow just like yours
And then it becomes struggle of sunlight or rain or weeds
She and every she is doomed to be your idea of her
She and every she is doomed to be your idea of her
I'm not man enough to be human
but I'm trying to fit in and I'm learning to fa-fa-fa-fake it
But worse so, back to the point
You are no longer the flower and the sun

And most importantly the garden or the gardener
A muse, your amusement
I am used, it's all ruined if you meet their friends
She and every she is doomed to be your idea of her
She and every she is doomed to be your idea of her
I'm not man enough to be human
but I'm trying to fit in and I'm learning to fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fake it
You never wanted to share your concept of your creation with any other gods or worshippers
Your book isn't burned, it was never written
Your book isn't burned, it was never written
I'm not man enough to be human
but I'm trying to fit in and I'm learning to fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it
Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it

Fa-fa-fa-fa-fake it

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