

# The Worm

## Bride

You don't know how it feels to be Me  
To be sitting on the edge dangling my feet  
Wondering if god would give his angels charge  
If I was feeling small  
If my mind was growing large I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head You don't know how it feels to be Me  
Having all these faces looking in to see  
Their eyes are white lit just like a torch  
To burn my soul which is thin and which is worn I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head Take my life  
Take my life  
Take my life  
Before I taken it myself You don't know how it feels to be me  
To be a poet nailed to this tree  
Where are my accusers those who ridicule  
Those who have learned to hate and curse this silly fool I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head

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