

Lack Of Days

Unfinished Thought

So What's The Deal
With Your Piercing Eyes
Such a Fucking Cheap Disguise
So Pale So Thin
Your Remarks Soak In
As I Wash My Eyes
And My Hands Of Joy
Never Expect Me To Be Able
To Handle Your Coy Ways
I Told You Not To Play My Game
Now We Do Things My Way

I Wonder If You Know
That My Tough Shell Is So Weak
Such A Charade
To Force Me To Speak
No Words Can Be Said
To Account For My Troubled Mind
Plastic Or No There's No Sense of Time
Just A Lacadazical Whirl
Just A Fucked Up Lonely Girl

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