For You All

Vices I Admire

So am I really only always and forever grating my nails against your head? Let me in.
Where are you?
Look from feet to the hands that push me over, blow this body on my back, blow me on my knees
All I have is the page a paper turned my mind an inch away from wasting everyone, I bet you never thought I cared
So fuck it all, I'm so sick of trying, where I succeed is failing in the eyes of someone who doesn't even know.And the rest of you all can bow before me, here's your god, holy, hell like visiting me now, here's your verve, here's your spit
And the rest of you all can walk upon me, oh where I sit I'm good at holding carpet for these wounds to return
Don't you put this on me, I've got more to show you, so far gone I can't see where the fuck I've got to go to prayAll the times that I thought a word enough (to) prove myself as a saint, and whore you my love
Pray
I've filled my hands with those I've crushed a thousand timesAll alone, here I am in my head, in my dance, voice I speak like I said, I am sick I know
All in all for all I am is all I am, when all I am is all misunderstood, it's all because of me.And the rest of you all can gaze upon me, oh here's your final form, pity me your broken toy, I'll bathe in pride and broken glass
And the rest of you all can look upon me, oh what you've built is too much for a phrase to ever hold or returnDon't you put this on me, I've got more to show you, you know one thing about me, sure that I don't know you, but I do, and I prayYour bitterness grows, your heart breaks, no more "fuck it all"s you've found me
I pray I don't bend like a twig, or fall from wings melt sun
Busy mouths hide simple minds; have chewed my pitted seeds
Vestigial eye showed me the backs of your spiked hands
Pray
You'd better run, you'd better rise
Or I'll get some small control, and show you before we go
One more thing: I'm yours.

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