

# Condenser

## Finger Eleven

Felt the best that I could feel censored every memory  
Give me yours so I can feed mine  
Anywhere but far away, can't be what you meant to say  
I won't miss you in the meantime All jokes aside you should decide  
If it pleases or pains you  
You should be allowed but you were beat out  
So nothing can save you Closing up into the end, try to start it up again  
A lower voice and tired heart beats  
Take away the self esteem, force it through to get relief  
Taking everything that I need Spirits all keep coming down  
Come around with answers, I'll cut my teeth in slivers  
You're up and gone and senseless  
Broken open your abscess

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