

Animal

Osker

Tension's up like fists in a fight.

You should've called me.

It would've meant something.

This is my mind on your recorder; this is my soul that, that you're hearing.

I used to have my own songs. If I don't mind, then this problem remains my own.

When thinkin outloud just makes you turn away.

Your silence is crushing.

All I want, Animal! Damn, your friends were wrong.

With all of the things you know, with what little grace you show.

Just "send a list of instructions to the factory and upon its return we'll
embrace it..."

Only if it's gold, only if it's gold"

It's sickening in stereo. If I dont mind, then this probem remains my own.

When holding things down, just makes you turn away.

The silence is crushing.

All I want, Animal!

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