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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