

# Information

H.G. Wells

You're suffering, feel your pain  
Allow me to be your sponge  
'Cause I can absorb your sorrows  
I'm the one Fire may rain down on you but I'll be your water  
Waves may crash on you but I'll be your land  
'Cause I want to give you just a temporary bliss Just a little bit, just a little bit  
A little more information  
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration  
I don't need it So shed your pain, well, I'll sit in silence  
As you bleed your deepest feelings here  
Quakes may rattle you but I'll be your sky  
Winds may twist around you but I'll be your clouds Just a little bit, just a little bit  
A little more information  
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration  
I don't need it, no, I don't need it He woke up next to her, his head against her head  
His hand upon her breast, he knew today meant death  
He kissed her on the cheek and then on her lips  
Thought to himself, "It's the last time I'll do this" Put on a suit, pressed and clean  
Then brushed his hair, grabbed his keys  
Then he headed out to the morning air  
With an anticipation no man could bear The air was heavy, he could feel it in his lungs  
With every step he took  
A prayer rolled off his tongue They were prayers of forgiveness  
And prayers of praise  
And his actions a gift for a god without a name Just a little bit, just a little bit  
A little more information  
To add to my confusion, to add to the frustration  
I don't need it, no, I don't need it

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