

Strategy

D.R.I.

Question marks
In my head
My mouth cried
And my eyes bled I stretched my thoughts
Put them on the rack
In a mind so dark
It's almost black Strategy [2] These distorted, contorted
Ideas of mine
Are telling me something
I think it's a sign Hidden meanings
Found deep within
Brought fourth
With the tip of a pen Then all these thoughts
Are on display
Part of my lifetime
Strategy Strategy [2]

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