

# If You Must

## Nirvana

I can read, I can write  
I can breed, proven plight  
Nurse my greed, crease infold  
Is it me, or my ego  
Write some words, make them rhyme  
Thesis or story line  
Set the mood, something new  
Is it me, or my attitude  
If you want to put off an image  
The extremes, the extremes  
Act it out  
Practicing  
Perfecting  
Pressuring  
Onto me  
I will wade in the fire  
To explain your asylum  
Idle times, analyzing  
We'll compare all our sightings  
You must  
I speak to hear my voice

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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