

The Six Eighter

Piebald

Thank you for not giving me
Anything or not making
Me take anything at all
Or give me nothing
It's just as simple as that You always ask if us primates are sure
Conveniently confuse disease with the cure
And I don't know why
Doubt is a part of believing
You ask why are they misbehaving Well I don't know why
Mistakes once or twice
Even when you deal with open eyes Well it would be such a shame
To fall into the nothing or unnamed
Are the things that you want those you really need
Might try to stop you but I will not plead
And I don't know why
The things that are against you will never rest
To rhyme is to complete so I'll just say it's confessed

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