Damaged Goods

Biology

I have to be careful with what I say
I'm feeling dreadfully honest and I might give too much away
The truth is best kept secret when this secret will cause you pain
To confess it with such cliche lyric, well wouldn't that be such a waste
Show me something that is free from traps and drawbacks
They've all got that tense of confusion
But some more pronounced than they'd like to let known
And a problem with living in general
You can make the effort and find your own direction

But if you lose anymore weight they're going to start asking questions
Maybe there's a shortage of ways to pass the time
You keep washing down those P.M.s with the blood of the vine
Now I've seen the logic behind your decision
It makes me feel remorseful like a born-again in prison
With a quick confession you start with a clean slate
If your gods that much of a pushover then I guess you'll be ok
Show me something permanent and I will show you dissolution
I know that's sounding miserable but
That's just the impression I've got

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