Deer

The Pack A.D.

Half a year and here you are again.
I go out in public if nobody ever runs.
I stay home and drink alone and hope that bottle speaks.
Like you, like us, like me.
Half a year again now it's a whole.
February stationary from you on the wall.
And I stay home and plead the throne,
To speak to speak to me to me to me.
Hasn't said a single thing.
Probably too busy with your work.
Or am I just excusing you for leaving me alone?
There's nothing in these wooden doors,

To bring you back to keep me bored .
I don't know what to do with me no more.
Deer everyone I ever really knew,
I acted like an asshole so I could keep my edge on you.
Ended up abusing even those I thought I knew,
Now show the kingdom withe one movement now.
It's time to move.
Deer everybody that has paid to see my band,
Still confusing,
Never understand.
I acted like an asshole so my albums were never burned.
I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.
I'm hungry, now the scraps are dirty dirt.

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