

## 7th Standard "Personal Taste"

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I am a person and when you speak to me I flinch  
Because you are a virus in my head,  
Killing me slowly over and over again.  
Just this once I couldn't care,  
Maybe next time.

Chorus:  
Don't run away,  
As fast as you can.  
Don't run away.

Orange walls of clay  
Are minds you can hear,  
It's been fully clear.  
But when I sleep I dream  
Of yellow skies,  
That sting my eyes.  
Now I come in time,  
Leaving swallowed holes behind,  
In our lives

Chorus

Can I help?

It's out of boredom,  
kill me, then crush me,  
I'm in my corner,  
The best you can.

It leaves me right here where I am.  
You are so sure that,  
You can't be bothered where you are,  
Because it's so hard.

Don't run away (x3)

I need this to begin  
where you can.

Chorus

Can I help?  
It's out of boredom,  
kill me, then crush me,  
I'm in my corner.

Yeah,  
The way you got to me,  
Yeah,  
The way you got to me.

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