

98 Mute "Wounds"

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Paranoid am I an android A checker in a game of chess
Out of place I'm from outer space better than being a
pawn I guess
I am deep in thought but not having any deep thought I
am frayed
Always beg to differ but never make a difference it's
not ok

Why does this feel so empty
Why do I feel so numb
Why do the days all seem to come undone
Unsung

Gladly I sit with Boo radley even he speaks in tongues
to me
The cupboards bare why do I even care the entire
worlds greek to me

I will play along but I'm longing to be played out I'm
afraid
I am lonely even when I'm not alone in Disarray

Not asking for a handout
Not asking for rewards
I know there must be something more
Something more

Pseudo Panacea this wound won't heal
A faux antiserum this wound will never heal
Anti Antiseptic this cut wont fucking heal
I have a hole in my soul a hole that needs filled

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