

## Chemical Vocation "Unspection"

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She keeps in mind to wash her brain.  
I remember when I knew her  
She had faith enough to fake  
I recall a face passed in vein.

Never had a guiding light or a place to call home  
Sore dried eyes, It'll keep on welling for nothing  
That's all

You've bled enough

She's running rapid with self-deception  
She tried to hide it from herself unjustified.  
The dagger failed her, the misconception of a better  
place  
The offer made to wage the answer,

That no-one knew.  
The answer, she would never blame you.

Never had a guiding light or a place to call home.  
Sore dried eyes, It'll keep on welling for nothing.  
One last game for three, two broken wings stretched to  
derange the air-raid.  
Wash it of this time only, I know it's somewhere.

Say goodbye

Take her hand dig her out of the mud  
You can't save the world just say goodbye.

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