

Failure "Something"

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I don't feel alone
I can't seem afraid
I wanted to think
But I'll sleep it away
Some thing I forgot
Somewhere to sit down
Some stuff to do up
Some crap that I found
We're the credulous ones
On a dead machine
Blowing bucks into banks with no shame
Too loud in my ears
To fill up my mind
Too black to ignite
Two word who will bind
What blank did I draw
What kind of a day
Which one had to go
Whatever you say
Chorus
Don't try and read this
It means nothing
I can't say this
If you hear it

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