

Haste "Stutter"

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Now it evens out between black and white. A victim of choice, so matter of factly said: "I'm working on the best two out of three." In half-time we move, lines blurring fact and fiction. We merely improvise. You wonder about the truth and which version's mine. What's wrong with losing myself in things I might have said to you? Think about it now and all those things I should have said, have trouble getting through. Just speak my peace and turn away. Somewhere it evens out between wrong and right. If given the chance, feet first she would jump right in. Her heart will burn to ashes either way. In half-time we move, lines blurring fact and fiction. We merely improvise. You wonder about the truth and which version's mine. What's wrong with losing myself in things I might have said to you? Think about it now and all those things I should have said, have trouble getting through. Feeling less remembered. Losing myself in things I might have said to you. You never seemed to care at all. Just speak my peace and turn away.

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