

Nirvana

"If You Must / Happy Hour / The Extreme"

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I can read, I can write
I can breathe, proven fact
Bless my greed, crease unfold
Is it me, or my ego
Write some words, make them rhyme
Pieces for, story line
Set the mood, something new
Is it me, or my attitude

If you want, to belong
And you miss, the extremes

The extremes, acted out
Practicing
Perfecting
Pressuring
Unto to me

I will wade, in the fire
To explain, your asylum
Idle times, analyzing
We'll compare, all our sightings, come on

I speak, to hear, my voice

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