

Psapp "The Counter"

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Siphon off top layers
Leave an etching in the dirt
Tracing passed the history
To date back to the hurt

Fingers leave a trail on me
A map of what I've done
Each hair that grows precisely
Shows a time line, and my sum

And you don't know the weight
The clicking of the counter
I won't show you the weight
And its worth

Walk into a new room
And your static lingers still
Trace of grease from un-socked feet
Is mine to smudge at will

Fingers leave a trail on me
A map of what I've done
Each hair that grows precisely
Shows a time line, and my sum

And you don't know the weight
The clicking of the counter
I won't show you the weight
And its worth

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