

The Letters Organize "Perfection?"

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Thoughts flood fast in my head, in my head.
Saved for last. It's a long, long road back.

Objections build a stronger me.
Objections build a real intensity.
Accepting will conclude a dire need.
Accepting, reflecting, it's my turn.

Can this end as scary as the nightmare
that I live everyday, everyday?

It's my turn. No proof could kill.
It's my turn. No rebuilding.
It's my turn. No, no, it's my turn.
Perfection killed the enemy.
Perfection killed the other side of me.
Perfection killed everything.
Perfection, reflection, it's my turn.

If I fool myself well then I can do anything.

Perfection. Objection.

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