

## Apartment 26

### "Doing It Anyways"

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Home is a consequence, made of all you think you  
want to know  
Life has not offered me anywhere that I'd call home

Did you want me to taste you? Can you touch me?  
Did you want me to touch you? Can you feel me?  
Did you want me to fuck you? Can you heal me?  
You can't heal me - You can't know me

Chorus:

Sinking deep, much too deep, digging deeper than I  
ever cared to be  
I don't think, I don't need, but I care about it  
What's the point in doing it, anyway?

You are a sacrifice, forced to not accept yourself  
I cannot offer you anything that you'd hold true  
Truths often tell a lie; lies that I think you should know  
Not that I realize. Just a simple fuck around.

I am a consequence  
Made of all you think you want to know  
Life has not offered you  
Anywhere that you'd call home

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