

Strategy

D.R.I.

In my head
My mouth cried
And my eyes bled

I stretched my thoughts
Put them on the rack
In a mind so dark
It's almost black

Strategy

These distorted, contorted
Ideas of mine
Are telling me something
I think it's a sign

Hidden meanings
Found deep within
Brought fourth
With the tip of a pen

Then all these thoughts
Are on display
Part of my lifetime
Strategy