

Mother, is this my gift flowing in nature?  
Like the Buddha accepting the term  
This is destruction, theory creation  
And the people watch what they want  
I thank you but I'm well enough by now  
And though I'd like to change into someone better  
Someone, mother, would never know  
And this is mutation, self mutilation  
And the purge of love, it costs too much  
Thank you but I'm well enough I know  
I say I'm lost 'cause I'm lazy  
Say I'm caught but I'm not  
It's an excuse, not even my own  
I picked it up to be left alone  
And now I'm in the presence, the greatest indifference  
Being wise, being old  
They can find you out when you get to loud  
And you start to weep for love and peace  
I thank you but I'm well enough I know  
I say I'm lost and I maybe  
I say I'm caught but I'm not  
It's an excuse, not even my own  
Picked it up to be left alone  
I say I'm lost and I maybe  
Say I'm caught but I'm not  
It's an excuse, not even the truth  
I picked it up to get away from you