

## Wounds

98 Mute

Paranoid am I an android A checker in a game of chess  
Out of place I'm from outer space better than being a pawn I guess  
I am deep in thought but not having any deep thought I am frayed  
Always beg to differ but never make a difference it's not ok

Why does this feel so empty  
Why do I feel so numb  
Why do the days all seem to come undone  
Unsung

Gladly I sit with Boo radley even he speaks in tongues to me  
The cupboards bare why do I even care the entire worlds greek to me  
I will play along but I'm longing to be played out I'm afraid  
I am lonely even when I'm not alone in Disarray

Not asking for a handout  
Not asking for rewards  
I know there must be something more  
Something more

Pseudo Panacea this wound won't heal  
A faux antiserum this wound will never heal  
Anti Antiseptic this cut won't fucking heal  
I have a hole in my soul a hole that needs filled