

# Doesn't Matter

Annabelle Dinda

Block of apartments looking in  
At least a hundred better lives  
All these compartments in your head  
They said to compartmentalize!  
He's not a doctor, should have been  
He joked he always liked the gloves  
Knows how to seem so innocent  
While draining you of all your

Blood

Doesn't matter 'til you get cut open  
Who drove an hour when your leg was broken?  
Some people never think of what's been stolen  
You shake new hands and wonder what you owe them  
Blood doesn't matter when it's in the ocean  
What is a gallon of another potion?  
Jump on a boat and take an ibuprofen  
Blood doesn't matter, but you'd never know it

Can he be worse than you first thought  
Or do we always make shit up?  
He's just a mix of being taught  
And not observing hard enough  
You never knew someone to please  
No expertise, no cut above  
Can't help but wonder at what speed  
That entropy runs through your

Blood

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Ooh