

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