

## Pure

## Helmet

Affected by what you had lost  
They're not the habits you'd protect  
At any cost

Blur the details of your hand  
Anything your barren conscience  
Can't defend

The limits of attention span  
Successive thoughts you don't have  
But you still pretend

Keep on talking anyway  
Protected by what you know  
No one will ever say

Because you can't be pure  
You're self-assured