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I try to focus on what I am,
listen to what I see,
I thought of this a lot and its becoming oh so clear.
I take it,
in excess,
but true feelings are supressed,
I cannot find the words to say it,
without hurting,
listening to what you say,
watching the things you do,
...and she can take a dose every...
as she wishes,
there's no relief.
Perhaps another drink.
And you take it,
in excess,
your true feelings are supressed.
you cannot find a way to cure it,
without hurting,
and you cure it,
but it seems your problems could relate,
obsession,
cumpulsion, my friend,
bordering everything,
so fucus on what you need,
listen to what you hear,
this is the last time I listen,
its becoming all too clear, (I completely confused it)
I take it,
in excess,
my true feelings are suppressed,
'cause when I find the words to say it it,
I've spoken all too soon.
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