

## No Ground

No Age

Who do you think you are?  
Trying so hard  
To make that stitch  
But it's not made that way

Who do you think you are?  
Your life's set in stone  
No room for adjustment  
No room for growth

Moss on a stone  
Your cover's blown

Who do you think I am?  
I don't care what you say  
I don't work for you  
You have no clue

Of my goals or aspirations

Who do you think I am?  
I'm not a corporate man  
No need to make amends  
Closer to the fence

I am the patient spider in your web  
The sniper with my sight set on you since

Does anybody care?  
Does anybody care?  
Eyes trying in the glare  
Does anybody really care?