

## Stain

Shamir

Mom and dad took me to a man  
Who wants to drill a hole in my head to make me think  
And stares for me as I enter the facility  
They all look dead but still breathing

But there's a stain on the front lobe of my brain  
And I try, I try, but I still feel ashamed  
But there's a side to me I hold back constantly  
And I try, I try, but it still haunts my dreams

I downed a pill to kill all of my bad thoughts  
But it got rid of all my really good ones, so I sit  
Unimpressed like all the rest of all the zombies surrounding me

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Haunts my dreams  
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