

Throwback to my entire life  
Seen through a broken-down viewfinder  
Neurologists would call my mind  
But I think I know better than those science guys

Cause I've got proof the lens is broken  
And only rosy tinted slides  
And recall errors are a given  
I'm pretty sure my brain's a kid's toy, not a mind

But hey, at least it's got a place  
For memories, but with them comes the spirit of the staircase  
But who needs longing for the things I never said?  
I live by a mantra, the tattoo that I'll get will say

"No Ragrets" spelled with an A  
Inked into both arms, cause it's my favorite saying  
And I'll spread it to the world until I'm dead and the  
Cheap tattoo is decaying

Regarding bad decisions, I make them objectively  
Then scatter the truth when the blame falls back onto me  
But who cares? I've no conscience to carry with me

And if you told me I'd be better in a year  
A point in fourth-dimension space that's kind of far from here  
I would gladly hibernate, and wait it out

I'd emerge like a butterfly  
And neurotypically fly  
In beautiful uncrooked lines  
My wings would capture everybody's fleeting eyes

But why live in the future or the past?  
Who cares about bugs when their lives barely last  
I'd rather live to 80 than die after just a day  
Though that may be nice, it would be much easier to say

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That's the way it will be