

**[redacted]**

**Tallah**

Toss this ball in your conscience  
Throw it up  
Catch it on the way down  
Who are we to suppress our dreams?  
I set them free  
I make them be!  
I'll make you bleed  
Whether through death or a fine-toothed comb  
Brush it back  
Brush it through the thoughts you've chosen  
Trillions of people chucked their brains in a casket  
Call it a tragedy!  
Is there anybody home inside?  
Is there anybody home inside this head of mine?

Christ, where do we even begin?