

Bother

Tricky

Wish I was turned down to cry
The self-infliction fails
Stones still throw at my creator
Masochist to which I cater

You don't need to bother
I don't need to meet
I'll keep sleeping father
Once I hold on I won't let go till it bleeds

Wish I was turned down to care
Indeed, I cared at all
Never had a voice to protest
So you fed me shit to digest
I wish I had a reason my flowers are open season
For this I gave up trying
One good time deserves my dying

You don't need to bother
I don't need to meet
I'll keep sleeping father
Once I hold on I won't let go till it bleeds