

Oma

Botch

Were you expecting a prayer from me
Take this thing off my face
But don't let them know I said that
Oh nevermind
Without my mask you wouldn't recognize
Me
We wanted to see you so bad
Even when you thought I didn't
I always, always, always did
What was I to do with
Thoughts of losing you
It's hard to talk to you
Hazy head clouded with marinol
This one's king size
Oma, we'll be waiting
What's the message sent
Who's it represent
It's all on you
Oma