

## Minus World

### Cave In

We don't speak in prose  
So what's the meaning, no one knows  
I'll lose myself and find no end  
To make believe I still pretend

I could say I laughed it off  
Then turn around and bump you off  
I'll lose myself and find no end  
To hate a friend

Well, you talk in ways that your 'might'  
Is always too often 'may'  
And then you walk away

Let's cut right to the chase  
With the dullest knife we've got  
I'll lose myself and find no end  
To make believe I still pretend

Born into a minus world, oh no