

I try not to reason with myself.  
Should be calling,  
Calling for your help  
The question stands is there somebody else?  
Or am I falling?  
Falling far from help

Visions run across my scalp like insects in the night  
The only thing to lose their way is the reason they're in flight  
t  
Repetition breaks the room I'm living in a hole  
How does one remove the thoughts that dig a deeper hole?

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Some kind of lust  
I want to feel my head overthrown  
I've got enough  
It's in the touch  
I kiss your knees and I try to be bold

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