

I need your secrets from your past.
It's like your stitches are pulled apart.
Your information is high demand
and all the content is like grains of sand.
As it difuses through those cracks,
it's in the air now, there's no turning back.
And those little victims that no one sees,
need information that your body bleeds.

I need to know you're thinking of me.
I need to know you are there.
I need the information now.
I got to know you care.
Give me something that I can work with.
Deliver me from the dark.
Give me something that I can count on.
Right now it seems so far.

You're complicated and hard to read.
Your information is all I need
but when those stitches are pulled apart
all that content, it gets so dark.
It becomes toxic and hard to breathe.
You can't escape it and it gets extreme.

I need to know you're thinking of me.
I need to know you are there.
I need the information now.
I got to know you care.
Give me something that I can work with.
Deliver me from the dark.
Give me something I can count on.
Right now it seems so far.