

## Something

## Failure

I don't feel alone  
I can't seem afraid  
I wanted to think  
But I'll sleep it away  
Some thing I forgot  
Somewhere to sit down  
Some stuff to do up  
Some crap that I found

We're the credulous ones  
On a dead machine  
Blowing bucks into banks with no shame

Too loud in my ears  
To fill up my mind  
Too black to ignite  
Two word who will bind  
What blank did I draw  
What kind of a day  
Which one had to go  
Whatever you say

Don't try and read this  
It means nothing  
I can't say this  
If you hear it