

Calculation-Nation

Give Up The Ghost

You and me equals me (add it)
I am one life minus one
And it is my math to do
So fuck you

(And you don't understand 'we'
Because you don't understand me)

I'm sorry, so sorry for not making sense
I have been shot in the left side of my chest
The dust in the air, that irritates my eyes
Floats in the light that beams from the hole in my chest