

Undivine Election

Grammatrain

I wear a face that seems to be confidentiality
The only eyes that see in me
Know my desperality
And I'm a man who's found his way
By having not a lot to say
I wanna tell you that I need you
I know they really think they see
An image of maturity
But if I was what I should be
Wouldn't I be on my knees
And I'm a man who's found his way
By having not a lot to say
I wanna tell you that I need you
And when I fall into your hand
I see myself for what I am
It only shows me that I need you