

Pilot

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you just want to strip me
off of who i am
divide me into pieces
and then you can decide
what it is you want
a heart a mind a fuck
if it's all the same to you
i'll choose instead
it's a close race, close race
you're pushing the buttons now
as fast as you can
close race, close race
now it's time to understand
and leave you, leave you
stranded here
a pilot with no plane
my parachute will open
while yours will fail
and it doesn't really matter
if your crash-helmet is on
i'll just light another
of your cigarettes
and the ghosts that haunt this house
will slowly fade away