

# The Nothing

## Mystery Jets

Oh dear Father where do I begin?  
Father forgive me for my sins  
I'm not like all the other people  
I was a ruck I was an animal and now I'm here

For this is just a skin  
A skin that I'm living in  
And we are as much as a mystery to ourselves  
as anyone else

We come in every color of the spectrum under the sun  
Each and every one  
Bring me back as something beautiful  
Bring me back as something beautiful

I never said I was a fallen angel  
With a halo and a broken wing  
I'm not like all the other people  
With their skinny coffees and their Nurofen

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