

Tension's up like fists in a fight.  
You should've called me.  
It would've meant something.  
This is my mind on your recorder,  
this is my soul that you're hearing.  
I used to have my own songs.  
If I don't mind, then this problem remains my own.  
Thinking out loud just makes you turn away.  
Your silence is cruching.  
All I want. Animal.  
Damn, you knew you were wrong.  
With all the things you know, with that little grace you show.  
Just "send a list of instructions to the factory  
and upon its return we'll embrace it...  
only if it's gold, only if it's gold"  
It's sickening in stereo.  
Your silence is crushing.  
All I need. Animal