

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