

What Of Me

Trespassers William

It's a place that's not so far
I dream there and sometimes I wake there
Do you want me caring less?
Sometimes we don't ask for what we need

And I can guess how I want to be loved
And I've guessed what of me you need
It doesn't matter if we lie
Your sentences never defined you

Do you think that I can't feel?
When I touch you, there's words on your body
Should you be scared
When I say sometimes I'd want you dead?
So no one else can have you when it ends
How'd I reach this point on my own?

This is not the first time
I've watched the end of the thing that had no end
Do you want me caring less?
Sometimes we let go of what we need
Why can't you guess how I want to be loved?
You can't even tell me what of me you need