

11  
 four leaves down the vine singing songs from six feet  
 shove me into your dark vacant head my greatest  
 weakness, my softest innocence lies stabbed  
 and bleeding on the floor board ~~screeching~~ creaking  
 hellish ~~insistent~~ these grapes are hardly sweet  
 and tender hardly fits your face



~~knowing the truth, the reason, the meaning, the point~~  
 this world wasn't built for me  
 (I DON'T GET THIS... A SICK JOKE FOR ENTERTAINMENT)  
~~remade of these boundaries set these~~  
 (FOR ~~UNUSUAL~~ CONTAINMENT OF EMPTY SPACE)  
 this world wasn't built for me

oh lord how can it be?

but that's life (that's life) living under the bridge  
 lunching with the trolls who try to  
~~push me across the black white black check board~~  
 makes me think i've never felt the sun before leaves  
 pushed across black white black white squares  
 by manipulative eyes what queen is left <sup>down</sup> the <sup>line</sup>  
 to capture ball? what queen can you catch  
 now?

She lost her last name | | | |  
 before she knew her first | | | |  