planning on doing some attacking You're well. C'mon out of That you know nobody can survive, Go ahead, attack nobody. Nobody won't mind: Nobody isn't alive. If you 're certain you've heard Proof that you don't deserve If the fear that's chewing on you To burn up some sky with your light, Is a fear no one wants to inspire, Go ahead, fear no one. For whatever it's worth. No one really earned it. No one has never told a lie. Which can serve any purpose Your mind might be nervous to find. We don't have to hide any more Of the faces in our hands. And, we're missing a word, Go ahead. Between "love" and "observe" Everyone's blind; just be kind. For a nice thing we mean all the time baid the suid theird naut bad PITEFIG TIBUF DEPTING Anyone can free her own mind. Me'11 run into this aight to find truth You're welcome to. So, if everything's coming right at you, I Want to be Your firefly. You're welcome, too. And you don't think you can hold your ground You're well. Come to Wishousty a signoy and Your Welcome-You. You're everything, too. I'II apom Firef. 244 FORTHOON TWOM YOUR DOODS I You're welcome. Everything will keep going around. You how I control the heat. rind handly at the yes formed If the love you feel like making Is a love anyone says is wrong, peering through your window. Go ahead, make some. And death does not let you know why Then, take a look around. Go ahead--take a breath--You have a good song If everyone's singing along. Death will welcome us all in due time Because talk, much like sex, is just talking: Pushing words into air 'til it shakes. We don't have to die any more So, go ahead, talk. Over nothing in our hands Whatever you say, You're making love to us all if it's hate. Win every fight: just be kind We don't have to cheat any more We all can win at the same time Of the truth out of our hands. Go ahead, guys: Surrender sometime It's the only thing we haven't tried

You're welcome, hear? You're well. Come hear Your welcome. Here: You're welcome.

You're welcome here

You're welcome now.

Go ahead. Do.

'Til you catch death,

Now, welcome death.

It's only polite:

It gets caught up in itself. cours do what makes a song a song: Gonna sound just like an old song: Tim donna sing you anew song.

And get caught up in its spell. nom' Non see: Non exbecr somerurud' Then, it shows you another kind of sad thing. Peave of This song shows you a kind-of sad thing.

That we don't know we don't know. There must be things that we don't know That we don't know we don't know. There must be things that we don't know

I det caught up in, myself. I know it's gonna be the problem 'Cause, every melody is a promise. I, w doung make you a promise.

Free to get caught up in myself. cours use amnesta to keep it So silent, I won't even think it. So, I'm gonna make it a secret

There must be things that we don't know That we don't know we don't know. Here on Earth, we use words  $\overline{\text{Mondy}}$  though the solution of the solution

xon, TT pave to get caught up in, yoursell.

Gonna leave you to see if you trust me.

Your well. Come now. I'm gonnna leave you with nothing. You're welcome. That we don't know we don't know.

Conna leave three lines that lead to something 'mon' series and series and