

Nirvana, The Extreme

I can read, I can write
I can breathe, proven fact
Bless my greed, crease unfold
Is it me or my ego
Write some words, make them rhyme
Pieces for story line
Set the mood, something new
Is it me or my attitude

If you want, to belong
And you miss, the extremes
The extremes, acted out
Practicing
Perfecting
Pressuring
Unto to me

I will wade in the fire
To explain your asylum
Idle times, analyzing
We'll compare all our sightings
come on

I speak to hear my voice