

## The Worm

Bride

You don't know how it feels to be me  
To be sitting on the edge dangling my feet  
Wondering if God would give His angels charge  
If I was feeling small  
If my mind was growing large

I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head

You don't know how it feels to be me  
Having all these faces looking in to see  
Their eyes are white lit just like a torch  
To burn my soul which is thin and which is worn

I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head

Take my life  
Take my life  
Take my life  
Before I take it myself

You don't know how it feels to be me  
To be a poet nailed to this tree  
Where are my accusers those who ridicule  
Those who have learned to hate and curse this silly fool

I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head  
I am the worm crawling through your head