

## 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