

# 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