

## Trivial Needs

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Feels like I'm standing  
In dried glue  
God I miss the feeling  
Of craving something to...  
Put my soul at ease  
Please some trivial needs

Need a bad habit  
I need a consolation prize  
Some nails to bite  
An urge to fight, then give in  
To put my role on hold  
And lose my self-control

I can't let go  
Reason's got me  
In a stranglehold  
Is there a way out of this?  
I'm not here to please  
Nor fulfill others' needs  
I should just let them see  
How ordinary I can be

Need a small corner  
A little bubble of mine  
A concealed pleasure  
My secret golden mine  
To treat no one but me  
To feed my sanity  
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