

Knapsack "Heart Carved Tree"

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I held the hand that held the rock that broke the glass
out of the window
I told a friend about a friend who said I'm wrong yeah
what does he know?
I slit the wrist I made a fist I tightened up and let the
blood flow
I told a friend about a friend
He said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?
And the sound of all of this was so appealing
So simple in the secrets we were told
I fell asleep just staring at the ceiling and dreamt of
heart carved trees that never fell
I held the hand but couldn't stop the broken glass from
coming too close
We were ashamed it could not work but I moved too
slow
We tied our wrists but still insist we had not lost the
strength on our own

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