

Knife, The "Like A Pen"

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Sharpen my body like a pen
Come on, I need to show it
Something too small for a lens
If I rub it, if I wipe it

Guiding with one single hand
Nothing's wrong, you like the feeling
I am all over the land
Come on, I need to show it

Back on the mountain again
I was standing watching seasons
You're now my only friend
I'm too heavy, I'm the burden

Sitting and picking on myself
It's a shiny, shiny morning
And when the light finds my eye
I'll be fleeting like a scent

I hold my breath and then count to three
On and on, outworn
It must be five hundred degrees
[Incomprehensible], outworn

I hold my breath and then count to three
On and on, outworn
It must be five hundred degrees
Will it show in my show?

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