

Taste Of Blood

"I Guess That's Why They Make Safety Pins"

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How could a manufactured rose harness a thorn of metal.
You did not let one drop of blood fall onto the ground.
Or transfer onto our expensive and illustrious.
Clothing that we donned for the evening.
You did not know the precious commodity.
You wear that scar as a keepsake to when we weren't stereotyped.
That one time you did not know the precious commodity.
You make me wish that I didn't think that dancing was such a stupid ritual.
You make me wish I was young again.
So the small things are worth more.
A piece of you was left in that photo booth.
Black and white can't describe the details.
People ask you "where'd you get that"

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