

The Killing Tree **"The Perfect"**

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I never noticed the color of your eyes
Until I saw them in the reflection of this knife.
Green with envy for a life you never had.
Bloodshot contempt when I extend my hand
(so breathe and show us what you've got underneath
Clench your fists until they bleed)

See how and why I know
I don't think that this is what I want anymore
I don't care if God can save me now
Here I sit with hands cupped and head bowed
And I wonder if you're out there have you sen my name
in lifhts?
I don't care at all
In this world of kiss & tell I've got no stories to speak of
now
Silence fills this empty hole
So naive to think, that I could make you feel one thing

This excavation of my chest has produced nothing
Bow your head and pull your eyes down to see
My hand around your wrist
I turn and twist this blade deeper into me
(you can't always get what you want but if you
Try sometimes might just fin you'll die on you knees)
Wait 'til the perfect comes

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