

## **NonsoundFlux**

### **"Hand Grenade"**

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It's your birthday masquerade  
He's deep in love, and you're miles away  
It's a wonderful light parade, but you're a cemetery  
baby  
And I'm an empty grave

You left without the weapons you fall on  
I hope you're ready for love

Whatever you mean to say, I know.  
But love ain't gonna change my ways  
And nothing's going to make that change  
Wherever you're wandering, I'll go.  
But I'm not going to point the way 'cause  
No one's here to take your place, and  
If this is a battle of closure, then let me be your hand  
grenade  
To slip through your fingers once again.

She's a lovely serenade  
Brought up like a switchblade to carve her name  
He's a bowtie sailor on a holiday  
I'm a black wedding flower, and you're a poison vase

That fought like the woman to die for  
But he won't miss you at all

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