

Intuition Imperfected

31Knots

Daringly we bring it to a boil
Bearing all the flesh before we court
Your skin is on fire
My mouth is wide open

Intuition imperfected
In decisions discerning you
What do I do? What do I do?
My hand of anger, your lips of blue

Seems like now that the chances we make
Fair as well as the chances we fake
The fate of the facts is the force we follow
The front is fine but the back is
Too shallow and vain
Why do I try to complain?