

The Knife

Great Lake Swimmers

Point's so sharp that it cannot feel
Has two sides. Which one's real?
Get thrown over and pulled from the school
Break a hand, hands of fools
Should've known better in daylight's burn
Restless depths, of darkening years
Hushing words from a silver tongue
The restless winds to willing ears

Should have known, living in a storm
You'd act like thunder and shift your form

The knife you, the knife on
Cut me free, let me go
The knife you, the knife on
Cut me deep, send me home

Fighter flash over fever escape
Underwater dream took the bait
Could have been the one that slipped from the hook
But you pull in slow, ever so slow
Left on the island with nowhere to go
Half my mind, burning snow
Burnouts rarely make good flames
But don't bother playing if you don't know the game

Should have known, living in a storm
You'd act like thunder and shift your form

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Silver words compete with the heat
Hardly believe you can stand on your feet
Spent all the time twisting our nuts
When the smoke clears, you clearly forgot
I'm not made of metal and not made of wood
Destined, it seems, to be misunderstood
Cut through me neatly with your fine blade
Flit so fast, a mess was made

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