

Labyrinthine Straight Ways

Nahemah

You put all my destinies as domino pieces
Falling slowly into a silent descent
Playing quickly your hands seem so sterile
Could you turn my blood into art?
I doubt it so...

Your hands are a perfect reflection of your soul.

Decline all your words to white
The back door is open for you all the time
My back caressing your knife
Could you turn my blood into art?
I doubt it so...

Your hands are a perfect reflection of your soul,
These hurricane pieces fall surrounding you.

The last theatre in the reticule.

Is this my new oxygen?
Is this what you have prepared for me?
A dance of suicidal drops
Could you turn my blood into art?
I doubt it so...

Your hands are a perfect reflection of your soul,
These hurricane pieces fall surrounding you.