

## Kissing the Knife

Pythia

Oh where you are from  
You think it's better than here  
But you are wrong  
Maybe I'm not being clear

All games that start in the night  
End at the edge of a cliff  
And you won't even fight  
But bruise and withdraw like a fist

Crawling around on you knees  
And you think you're first

The blade of the beast  
Is a mighty fine spirit to host

All you dreams are sold  
You and your counterfeit life

You won't be told  
But you're just kissing the knife

Oh where you are from  
I'm not surprised that you're ill  
It's been too long  
To ever find God in a pill

All dreams that start with a blade  
End with a noose round your wrist  
And you always betrayed you heart  
With a cold blooded kiss

Baby that's one thing  
I've got that you'll never have  
Baby that's one thing I've got

All your dreams are sold  
You and your counterfeit life  
You won't be told  
But you're just kissing the knife