

My Perfect Enemy

Pythia

It's just the little things you do
That make me want to fight with you
You're just the perfect enemy
So wild and angry but so free
It's just your fire,
Fire burns me through and through

My perfect enemy your nature
Will decree destruction
My worthless dignity is burning
In your flames
Of love and cost and
Nature that is lost
Of truth and pain
With nothing left to gain

You are the day to my night
The stinging salt in my wound
You are the reason I fight
I long to dance in your
Fire of retribution, fire of amnesty
You give my hate solution
Keeping dignity
Your true motive is clear
No more pain no more fear

My perfect enemy
Your sticks and stones will never break me
You make me stronger so
I live to fight again
In dust and rain
In murder and in pain
Your heart will find
No reason to unwind

I miss the little things you do
When I'm not arguing with you
It's just your fire, fire