

Piece Of Your Pie

Snowmine

I took a bite out of your shoulder
I took my own little piece of your pie
And you're so good at sharing yourself
You let it just pass by.

We clamored out through the underbrush,
Into the sunbath "We could fry!" you said.
So lay down in the leaves, and pretend not to be
A real person. Just a creeper, a creature.

All we need to do is figure out if there's something,
Like a map or a compass.
All we need to do is see a log or a ladder,
Just something we can build from!

"So it seems," you said as the first drop fell on your nose.
"That I'm always the one to carry all the weight,
I always fetch the water.
So when is it your turn when do something for me?"
"Well I'll tell you I'm sorry, I need somewhere to start,
I care, I do, so let's get up, get up!"

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Like a map or a compass.
All we need to do is see a log or a ladder,
Just something we can build from!

So we went out at night in the rain,
And it felt so good.
With witch-like cries we heard the animals on their side.
"I'll protect you I said I've got my knife and my wits.
But this time, this time I can't stop the creatures,
The creepers, the creatures!"

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All we need to do is see a log or a ladder,
Just something we can build from!