

Like a Pen

The Knife

Sharpen my body like a pen
Come on I need to show it
Something too small for a lense
If I rub it, if I wipe it

Guiding with one single hand
Nothing's wrong, you like the feeling
I am all over the land
Come on, I need to show it

Back on the mountain again
I was standing watching seasons
You're now my only friend
I'm too heavy, I'm the burden

Sitting and picking on myself
It's a shiny, shiny morning
And when the light finds my eye
I'll be fleeting like a scent

I hold my breath and then count to three
On and on, outworn
Must be five hundred degrees
Can't sail on, outworn

I hold my breath and then count to three
On and on, outworn
Must be five hundred degrees
Will it show, in my show