

## Bleed Confusion

### The Paper Kites

You always say you want to create things like I do  
You want to move the world with colour and sound  
You like the idea of translating an expression from your finger tips

Now I didn't much like that face that you put on your canvas  
And I couldn't help but say to you I said that I looked sad  
You turned and sincerely asked 'Well why do you feel that way'?

I'm not like you, but I'm a lot like you  
And still you make me bleed confusion right through

Now I've seen you lie with your head pressed to the window pane  
You exhale and trace your fathers name in to your breath  
I never knew him but you tell me that you smile the same way  
And I often wonder how men spoke before they could speak  
Using only their hands and their eyes  
What would I say if I could speak with you that way?