

Perfect

Thirteen Senses

Clothes to us dressed in ironed shirts
The smoke it fills our homes,
But its nice to feel it
Rise up through my bones,
Take it easy as it goes and laughs the most
Who ever lights a fire

No one sweat to break the cold
No one changed to fit the mould
Here's a share of what you've heard
Go spend it in a perfect world, on your own

Look, you shattered all the walls you built
Its just an ugly thought
It doesn't really matter
And as evening draws your self portrait full of flaws
And laughs the most
Whatever keeps it darkest

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