

Blood

Tired Pony

This is it, this is it
When will I learn to shut my mouth?
It's alright, it's alright
A love like ours is easy found.
Is it fucked, is it fucked
I chop through blood and bone for you?
This is me, this is me
A question mark in human form.

It's not an earth until it shakes.
It's not a love until it's lost.
It's not a heart until it is.
It's not a line until it's crossed.
I'm barely in it 'til I know
I won't return until I've broken every bone.
This is real
This is really happening

We are lost, we are lost
That's what I'm told eventually.
Bit your tongue, bit your tongue
Should give it here, I'll bite it too.
Here's a thought, here's a thought
How' bout we both say what we mean.
There's that smell, there's that smell
Looks like it's been there all this time.

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It's not a love until it's lost.
It's not a heart until it is.
It's not a line until it's crossed.
I'm barely in it but I know
I won't return until I've broken every bone.
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