

Now you'll crack open every word  
Searching for the warmth you heard  
But she's gone  
And no one speaks the same

Your cut your hair and make a truce  
Peace will guide you to the roof  
You'll wave to god  
And still think of her blush

You'll make it right then make it wrong  
Both your knife and hers are far to long  
Your cruel and sad and sharp  
And so? What of it?

By Russian Nick

