Like a Pen

The Knife

Sharpen my body like a pen
Come on I need to show it
Something too small for a lens
If I rub it if I wipe itGuiding with one single hand
Nothing's wrong you like the feeling
I am all over the land
Come on I need to show itBack on the mountain again
I was standing watching seasons
You're now my only friend
I'm too heavy, I'm the burdenSitting and picking on myself
It's a shiny, shiny morning
And when the light finds my eye
I'll be fleeting like a scentI hold my breath and I count to three
On and on outworn
It must be five hundred degrees
Will it show, in my show
x2

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