

# Impulse of Man

## And Also The Trees

True or false, the life of man  
Beneath her dress, so soft so thin  
Not wicked thoughts, explains he shakes  
For God's sake hold the key  
Locks in this agony  
Your armes are positioned, but they are not nailed  
You look for the pacifist, but he went  
He's lost in the maze  
These winds are cold and its walls will press his face  
True or false, impulse of man  
Hits his girl, she swirls across the floor  
And as she falls, bites out his tongue  
Black strips on the birch  
Man's eyes bulge and burst  
He shouts "pacifist help!" but he cannot hear  
He's lost in the maze  
The rock cuts his back  
And the wind will press his face.... press his face...  
True or false, impulsive man  
Erase the face from smile to scream  
Must keep his hands inside his head  
Tear lines in her clothes  
Bruised hands hold the rose  
So now you must wait for the honey to come to your throat  
Your arms are splinters  
But they will scrape the disease from his face  
Press his face.... press his face...

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