

# A Dark Design

Mew

Opens up her blouse to the cool night  
With no shaking of time  
Because she has in mind a dark design  
Now I'm a so-called cube  
Speaking out, she said to me, she said  
Hi, I'm twice colored, wait till you see  
How they're in love with my sickness  
There is no more time for the weaklings with an unfamiliar smile  
A self-destructive mind of dark design  
We may just live through life  
Watching it from sweet repose  
Cut up with knives that slice open  
I'm professional now  
Everly, everly I  
Can you not look at me through sides?  
Everly, everly I  
Did you not summon up their kite?  
Opens up her face to delight  
Of their red piercing beaks  
It didn't hurt this time, my dark design  
They leave her left behind  
Slits into her all convinced  
That she's their favorite way  
Practicing but getting worse  
So high, I'm twice colored, wait till you see  
I made a truce with the blackness dyer  
I know colors wait for you  
I feel so car-sick and alone

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