

Iris

Live

I liked the way my hand looked on your head
In the presence of my knuckles
But the beauty of this vision alone just like yesterday's sunset
Has been perverted by the sentimental and mistaken for love
The Felix of your truth will always break it
And the iris of your eye, always shake it
And the armies yea, the armies I have created
Will always hate it, always bait you on, oh I liked the way my hand looked on your head
In the presence of my struggle
But the beauty of this vision alone, I can't shake from my tree just yet
It keeps invading all my private moments, listen to me now
The Felix of your truth will always break it
And the iris of your eye, always shake it
And the armies yea, the armies I have created
Will always hate it, always bait you on, oh oh no, c'mon
Until I take their price
Until I take their price
Until I take their price
Until I take their price, deep inside my prayer
Until I take their price
The Felix of your truth will always break it
And the iris of your eye, always shake it
And the armies yea, the armies I have created
Will always hate it, will always bait you on
Until I take their price

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