

# 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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