Perfect

Knapsack

He carves the lines
In perfect a thousand times
And soon it will be
He sings a song
It's out of tune
It's all wrong
And soon it will be
His hands, they shake
Aface in not pine
And soon it will be
His lanterns he lights
Can luminate his life
And soon it will be
He tries to build
The fog lights can't be filled
And soon it will be
His hands they shake
Aface in not in pine
And soon it will be
And it sits in his right hand
But he never understands
And while nothing's getting done
He's just waiting to become

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