

# Bones In the Water

## Battle of Mice

Every time I think of pushing you down the stairs  
I lick my lips  
But don't be upset, its the only way I know how  
To show you that I really care  
I lie to you every chance I get  
And I make it just close enough to the truth  
That you go for it every time  
But don't misunderstand  
I leave fingerprints outside your window  
In the shapes of positive messages  
Ive got a present for you  
Its made from pieces of my skin  
Trailing slices of pale light  
Thread and needle closing in  
Raking window from the pane  
And ready to commit  
Sway back through gray beams of slate  
On fingers cold and thin

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