

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
I've got a present for you
It's 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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