

Wolf

Marika Hackman

I'm not the one with my head to the gun
and your heart is bursting at the seams
You're taking me down with every crease in your frown
The folding of your skin is making me feel crazy Oh man, beware I'm not all there
Or so I'm told by the powers that be Falling at your feet with an arrow through my cheek
Show a fraction of the mind
The rest would have you six foot deep, you creep
Where do I stand now, I'm strapped against the bow
Of a ship that's captained by a fraud, and I am sick at sea Oh man beware I'm not all there
Or so I'm told by the powers that be The powers vested in me
I'm not the one with the gun to my head
and your heart is bursting at the seams
You're taking me down with every crease in your frown
The folding of your skin is making me feel crazy

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