

# Heart Carved Tree

## Knapsack

I held the hand that held the rock that broke the glass out of the window  
I told a friend about a friend who said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?  
I slit the wrist I made a fist I tightened up and let the blood flow  
I told a friend about a friend  
He said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?  
And the sound of all of this was so appealing  
So simple in the secrets we were told  
I fell asleep just staring at the ceiling and dreamt of heart carved trees that never fell  
I held the hand but couldn't stop the broken glass from coming too close  
We were ashamed it could not work but I moved too slow  
We tied our wrists but still insist we had not lost the strength on our own  
I told a friend about a friend  
He said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?  
And the sound of all of this was so appealing  
So simple in the secrets we were told  
I fell asleep just staring at the ceiling and dreamt of heart carved trees that never fell

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