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*knife-medley. bless.*

**k n i f e -in own words**

PLEASE LISTEN NOW.

a night to be confused  
give me a chance to speed up the truth!  
don't care about razorblades now, just hold me tight,  
bite me on, tight with your wolfs teeth.

your divine scent, is like the greatest of them all.

a night with rain, when we're lying together.  
push and scream!  
later you praise the relief and kisses my hand of the devil.

keeping me awake, twentyfour hours a day, for a whole summermonth.

you scream and trying to call for the gods and hands of above.

I answer you:

"I like vanilla and I like sex."

and

"has she mention my age yet, love?

or is she more into young girls with dyed red hair?"

(and your sigh is heartbreaking in Novemeber. you're just lying on the floor,  
bamming the winebottles on your knees. making your hands scrappy. will my blessing be enough?)

the promise we made -four hands and then away  
do you still prepare your upcoming death for that?

we have a promise made  
we have the colours red and blue.

maybe you even raise your head for the colour red

we share, we share (dunk, dunk, dunk) the heartbeats of pumping love.  
your soft cheek is blushing but I'm sweeping away your ghosts and nightmares.  
you stand up tall, laughing at the moonlight far beyond.

(and we were looking for something to blow up, someone to follow.  
but we still have hours left.  
and we were so close, darling.)

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