

# Ego Likeness, Wolves

Go on and throw them to the wolves my sweet angels.  
Go on and lead them to the woods and run.  
You say you're not afraid when the bright sun falls away.  
But I know you're a liar you tend to give it away.

And I think it's quite likely, I'm a terrible girl inside.  
And you hate my intuition as I hate my stupid rhymes.

If you need me I'll be around, you can ask me any questions.  
I'll tell you whatever you think you need to hear, any lie or confession.  
And if you need me I'll be right here, In the seas or in the quarries.  
I'll have all my papers and books and calligraphy pens to tell your brilliant story.

And I think it's quite likely I'm a terrible girl inside and you hate my intuition as I hate my wretched poems.  
So go on and throw me to the wolves my murderous angels. Just lead me to the naked and vicious.