

Knapsack, Heart Carved Tree

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