

# Knapsack, Perfect

He carves the lines  
In perfect a thousand times  
And soon it will be  
He sings a song  
It's out of tune  
It's all wrong  
And soon it will be  
His hands, they shake  
Aface in not pine  
And soon it will be  
His lanterns he lights  
Can illuminate his life  
And soon it will be  
He tries to build  
The fog lights can't be filled  
And soon it will be  
His hands they shake  
Aface in not in pine  
And soon it will be  
And it sits in his right hand  
But he never understands  
And while nothing's getting done  
He's just waiting to become