

# Live, Iris

I liked the way my hand looked on your head  
in the presence of my knuckles  
but the beauty of this vision alone just like yesterday's sunset  
has been perverted by the sentimental  
and mistaken for love

the felix of your truth will always break  
it and the iris of your eye will always shake it  
and the armies, the armies I have created  
will always hate it  
will always bait you on

I liked the way my hand looked on your head  
in the presence of my struggle  
but the beauty of this vision alone I can't shake from my tree just yet  
it keeps invading all my private moments  
listen to me now