

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