

# Mount Kimbie, Blood and Form

We've been blessed,  
And I've been cursed,  
But you can watch them pass at the same rate,

You'll undress,  
Cus I've been hurt,  
And I'm sure we're more alike these days,

True to blood and form,  
These mistakes I would pay for,  
Taking good from scorn,  
I would want you to have more,

Old men warn of this habit,  
But I'll make what I can of this love,  
And they'll talk of the damage,  
While leaving nothing at all to speak of,

Thin air,  
I'll share,  
With those,  
Who care,  
Much less,  
To stare,  
Poor form to poor scorn there,

True to blood and form,  
These mistakes I get paid for,  
Taking good from scorn,  
I know that I have more