

# No Knife, Swinging Lovers

Difficult to hope for more, is this what you call a weapon?  
(I damage myself just for you)  
Offered up to strangers but I could've forgiven you anything.  
I've arranged these chains like a work of art,  
but nobody gets it so far.  
All they see is the old scar.  
I'm pulling it back to cut some more.  
Oh, but this is madness.  
It suggests what I've become.  
Oh, but this is madness.  
We forget but we can't move on.  
Forward til we catch you all and sickened when the chase is done.  
(I damaged myself just for you)  
With lipstick and a pretty face,  
dancing on spider's legs my love.  
I've arranged this shame like a broken heart but nobody gets it so far.  
All they see is the old scar so I'm pulling it back to cut some more.  
Spotlight for the bursting star exploding in my outstretched arms.  
Hollywood death is not the same.