

Ashbury Heights, Hope

The viciousness of youth
The meanest streak I ever saw
The harmony of truth
And self-deception in our hearts
We're almost perfect
You're like a deathray
Little kid blow felt princess Saturday
We're nearly manic
Unlike a mute scream
But I'd never panic if you'd only take me
I could be your love
And you could be my hope
I could be the hangman
And you could be my rope
We could be divine
A perfect piece of fiction
I could be your drug
And you'd be my addiction
Words are left unspoken
As our opposites attract
Both of us are broken
And we both ignore the fact
We're almost perfect
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