

# Cobalt London Smaug, Vietato Fumare

(E. Pugh)

The pocket knife hung

Closed to society

Afraid to open

In fear of responsibility

The knife's half open

But could still break your heart

Letting in hatred from the dark

Ventures out only after rehearsing his part

Fully open now

Soaking in the pain from outside

Seething with anger to fit his crowd

He's sharp enough to cut your lying hide

Folding out to pain

Should have stay locked

To the outside

1998 Scrawny Music, BMI