

# Glove, Perfect Murder

Move inside my daydream  
Like fingers in a glove  
Twisting round and round and round  
Round and round and round with love  
The meeker sleeker circle girls dressed in docile white  
Spinning on a hill they follow the dracula kite  
The first idea flew thin and uninvited from the sky  
I reached out my hands and held the knife of ice

Very thin red water flowed underneath my skin  
I turned their eyes blue children  
The perfect murder  
Wait until the darkest coldest summer nights  
That's when it starts  
But if you blink you'll miss the fun  
You'll lose their pretty hearts