

Matt Pond PA, Imperfect

The leaves came with a turning twist
From leaves upon the floor
The heart skips with a crashing fall
Leave us always wanting more

The pulse picks up inside the dark
When the bells break in the woods
Our eyes so wide they give off light
You've never looked so good
Imperfect
That's the way we want it
Blood and sweat
Swinging from the birches
All the way
You look so brave, yes
Never pointless
Love it when you get it
May all these long long nights
show how truly far we have come
May all these dark dark tribes
bring us back to see the staying sun

Dead under your fingernails
Bruises on our thighs
Dresses ripped from wrestling
The sunlight in your eyes

Imperfect
That's the way we want it
Blood and sweat
Swinging from the birches
All the way
You look so brave, yes
Never pointless
Love it when you get it

May all our scars
Be signs of how truly far
We have come
May all these deaths from
Down the low
Come back to see the sun

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