

# Melissa, Knife In A Back

My story I write with a part of you  
How come you managed to break my peace?  
Once again  
Why did you say the words  
That broke my harmless hopes?  
I meant no harm to you  
I've got a knife in my back  
Why can't we expect to not be hurt by you?  
Now get stoned, set in sky, a lie  
For always  
For all our lives  
I wish I could kill back, take back, stay back  
What do you need to be to understand?  
That urgent need, that constant need to kill -  
- (that is the cure)  
Can't heal myself  
What is to come?  
How come this comes upon me again?  
(solo: Yuri Rusakov)  
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