

# No Knife, Permanent For Now

Hey you boy, what's your passion?  
I've been choking on these words that seem undone.  
Still thinking of an answer,  
the door into your brain is locked and now the key's gone.  
So pick your poison for the third time.  
Something permanent for now. Save it for another day.  
Hey you boy, you break a leg.  
Careful not to steal the scene, they prey on you.  
More empty is the inside than the outside.  
I'm bulletproof.  
The note you left disqualified you.