

# The Knife, Like A Pen

Sharpen my body like a pen  
Come on I need to show it  
Something too small for a lens  
If I rub it if I wipe it  
Guiding with one single hand  
Nothing's wrong you like the feeling  
I am all over the land  
Come on I need to show it  
Back on the mountain again  
I was standing watching seasons  
You're now my only friend  
I'm too heavy, I'm the burden  
Sitting and picking on myself  
It's a shiny, shiny morning  
And when the light finds my eye  
I'll be fleeting like a scent  
I hold my breath and I count to three  
On and on outworn  
It must be five hundred degrees  
Will it show, in my show  
x2