

Impulse Of Man

And Also The Trees

True or false, the life of man
Beneath her dress, so soft so thin
Not wicked thoughts, explains he shakes
For God's sake hold the key
Locks in this agony

Your arms are positioned, but they are not nailed
You look for the pacifist, but he went
He's lost in the maze
These winds are cold and its walls will press his face

True or false, impulse of man
Hits his girl, she swirls across the floor
And as she falls, bites out his tongue
Black strips on the birch
Man's eyes bulge and burst

He shouts "pacifist help!" but he cannot hear
He's lost in the maze
The rock cuts his back
And the wind will press his face, press his face

True or false, impulsive man
Erase the face from smile to scream
Must keep his hands inside his head
Tear lines in her clothes
Bruised hands hold the rose

So now you must wait for the honey to come to your throat
Your arms are splinters
But they will scrape the disease from his face
Press his face, press his face