

Decisions

Balthazar

I gathered all the wrong decisions
I buried them deep beneath my skin
The blood underneath your nails discloses
You dug them up again

Now we walked around this garden
But you were not supposed, no
To shake the very tree from where my naked innocence grows

But all that you are is what I am

Now the doors unlock
Where's much of that perfume
But if these pretty walls could talk
The sick breath would fill the room

And all that you are is what I am