

# The Knife

## Great Lake Swimmers

Point's so sharp that it cannot feel  
Has two sides. Which one's real?  
Get thrown over and pulled from the school  
Break a hand, hands of fools  
Should've known better in daylight's burn  
Restless depths, of darkening years  
Hushing words from a silver tongue  
The restless winds to willing ears

Should have known, living in a storm  
You'd act like thunder and shift your form

The knife you, the knife on  
Cut me free, let me go  
The knife you, the knife on  
Cut me deep, send me home

Fighter flash over fever escape  
Underwater dream took the bait  
Could have been the one that slipped from the hook  
But you pull in slow, ever so slow  
Left on the island with nowhere to go  
Half my mind, burning snow  
Burnouts rarely make good flames  
But don't bother playing if you don't know the game

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You'd act like thunder and shift your form

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Silver words compete with the heat  
Hardly believe you can stand on your feet  
Spent all the time twisting our nuts  
When the smoke clears, you clearly forgot  
I'm not made of metal and not made of wood  
Destined, it seems, to be misunderstood  
Cut through me neatly with your fine blade  
Flit so fast, a mess was made

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