

## Heart Carved Tree

Knapsack

I held the hand that held the rock that broke the glass out of  
the window  
I told a friend about a friend who said I'm wrong yeah what doe  
s he know?  
I slit the wrist I made a fist I tightened up and let the blood  
flow  
I told a friend about a friend  
He said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?  
And the sound of all of this was so appealing  
So simple in the secrets we were told  
I fell asleep just staring at the ceiling and dreamt of heart c  
arved trees that never fell  
I held the hand but couldn't stop the broken glass from coming  
too close  
We were ashamed it could not work but I moved too slow  
We tied our wrists but still insist we had not lost the strengt  
h on our own  
I told a friend about a friend  
He said I'm wrong yeah what does he know?  
And the sound of all of this was so appealing  
So simple in the secrets we were told  
I fell asleep just staring at the ceiling and dreamt of heart c  
arved trees that never fell