

# Wolf

Marika Hackman

I'm not the one with my head to the gun  
And your heart is bursting at the seams  
You're taking me down with every crease in your frown  
The folding of your skin is making me feel queasy

Old man beware  
I'm not all there  
Or so I'm told  
By the powers that be

Fallen at your feet with an arrow through my cheek  
Shown a fraction of the mind  
The rest would have you six foot deep, you creep  
Where do I stand now? I'm strapped against the bow  
Of a ship that's captained by a fraud and I get sick at sea

Old man beware  
I'm not all there  
Or so I'm told  
By the powers that be  
Powers vested in me

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