

# Barbed Wire Body

## Movements

Collect yourself and then your things  
A quiet exit to the street  
You're a master of the misdirect  
They never notice when you leave

You make a habit of being absent  
You play it smart  
Easy attraction, no second chances  
You're staying sharp

You've got a barbed wire body  
Always armed up to the teeth  
And everybody knows you're lonely  
But if they hold you close, you're gonna cut too deep  
Add a scar when you leave  
Stab your heart if it beats  
You've got a barbed wire body  
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You hide the devil in the details  
And hide yourself the deceit  
Stick around until your lungs fail  
Make sure you're out before you bleed

Then you escape, you shift your shape  
Repeat the lines  
Another time, another place  
Another life

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Fool them once, you gotta fool them twice  
A prisoner of your own device  
Play a stupid game, win a stupid prize  
Holy Ghost in silver sheets  
Heart-shaped holes and trails of grief

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