

# Give/Take

Mr.Kitty

In my head, I suffer  
My memories erased  
In my heart, a lover  
I know I'll be replaced  
Expression, muted soft  
Through anguish made of glass  
My surface made to rot  
Its cracks unveil my past

How much could I give?  
How much could I take?  
How much could I give?  
How much could I take?  
How much could I give?  
How much could I take?  
How much could I give?  
How much could I take?

Close my eyes, empty rooms  
I know I might be ill  
Close my mind from inside  
I'll go in for the kill  
First by rain, then by fire  
Return to mother's womb  
I give up chasing you  
Don't lacerate my wounds

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