

It Is All True

Mr.Kitty

Finding out
Is not the same
As holding out
Your hand
For a stranger
To take
I know your plan

Into the dark
I'm beginning to fear
That my body
Is not alive
These eyes
Are dry
Waiting for sleep
To take me
By surprise

Send send
Sending out my heart
Over pixelated screens
Over telegraph
Wires that
No longer beep

We are the monsters
With no hearts
Break down emotions
Into little parts
We are the monsters
With no hearts
Break down emotions
Into little parts

Through my heart
And through your head
You shot me down
I shot you dead
Through my heart
And through your head
You shot me down
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