

## My Perfect Enemy

Pythia

It's just the little things you do  
That make me want to fight with you  
You're just the perfect enemy  
So wild and angry but so free  
Its just your fire,  
Fire burns me through and through

My perfect enemy your nature  
Will decree destruction  
My worthless dignity is burning  
In your flames  
Of love and cost and  
Nature that is lost  
Of truth and pain  
With nothing left to gain

You are the day to my night  
The stinging salt in my wound  
You are the reason I fight  
I long to dance in your  
Fire of retribution, fire of amnesty  
You give my hate solution  
Keeping dignity  
Your true motive is clear  
No more pain no more fear

My perfect enemy  
Your sticks and stones will never break me  
You make me stronger so  
I live to fight again  
In dust and rain  
In murder and in pain  
Your heart will find  
No reason to unwind

I miss the little things you do  
When I'm not arguing with you  
It's just your fire, fire