

## Smoke Signals

Touché Amoré

In a desperate search for words  
I am given a chance to breathe  
It's the calm before the storm  
It's my reason for everything  
I'm sharpening a pencil on my writers block  
To use when the words stop  
I'll cut loose the cords that cut into me  
To grow some thicker skin and shed insecurity  
From outside I hear the echo of those empty words  
I'm setting fire to that place I've built for my concerns  
I'm not about to act surprised by actions when I'm desperate  
If you f\*\*k with a wounded animal you deserve to get bit