

Akai, Picking Flowers In The Dark

Running almost endlessly in a circle doesn't get far
But when beauty's right next to you running straight takes away where you are

So I ran my left, I was mildly impressed
I then left 'til the left was no more
Like flesh 'round an apple's core

But knives started falling from the sky
The day you became mine should have left it all behind

but instead we've got umbrellas made of lead
to deflect wounds from our head even if they hit our hearts

In hindsight not so smart