

# Mystery Jets, Someone Purer

I was gripped with a bitter fear,  
worried the one thing that I loved,  
back when I was just a kid,  
might now never be enough,  
That the body I was in,  
might belong to someone else, someone kinder, someone surer, someone  
innocent,  
young and beautiful, someone purer.

I was scratching at my skin,  
hoping the changes would begin,  
but what layed beneath was blind, would've caused  
what the hell was I thinking of?  
won't you take me down to the creek?  
wash away our sins and sleep, I feel so tired  
as though I might not wake at all on the other side  
thats no way to go