

Young Kristeen, 8

Papoose face,
Girl-goofy ways,
8 shaped,
Technically sound, you'd think, for lying down
Quick, while you talk shop, I can't stop
Clenched hands,
Introverted stance,
Tense laugh;
Inappropriately loud and mechanical.
Hint! If you would knife-slice my sternum open
You'd squint from the sheen of machinery chromium,
No crimson.
You don't know what you are dealing with;
You think that I am just how I look,
But you are stupidly mistaken.
Unsure,
Blunt awkward words,
Young eyes
Looking at you like they've never seen before.
Hit! 'Cause even when you see the bodies behind me...
(Submit!) You don't believe it could be me hunting
(Chorus)
You don't know what you are dealing with;
You don't know what you are dealing with;
You don't know what you are,
But you are fatally mistaken.