

## Intuition Imperfected

31Knots

Daringly we bring it to a boil  
Bearing all the flesh before we court  
Your skin is on fire  
My mouth is wide open

Intuition imperfected  
In decisions discerning you  
What do I do? What do I do?  
My hand of anger, your lips of blue

Seems like now that the chances we make  
Fair as well as the chances we fake  
The fate of the facts is the force we follow  
The front is fine but the back is  
Too shallow and vain  
Why do I try to complain?