

# Imperfect

Matt Pond PA

The leaves came with a turning twist  
From leaves upon the floor  
The heart skips with a crashing fall  
Leave us always wanting more

The pulse picks up inside the dark  
When the bells break in the woods  
Our eyes so wide they give off light  
You've never looked so good  
Imperfect

That's the way we want it  
Blood and sweat  
Swinging from the birches  
All the way  
You look so brave, yes  
Never pointless  
Love it when you get it  
May all these long long nights  
show how truly far we have come  
May all these dark dark tribes  
bring us back to see the staying sun

Dead under your fingernails  
Bruises on our thighs  
Dresses ripped from wrestling  
The sunlight in your eyes

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Swinging from the birches  
All the way  
You look so brave, yes  
Never pointless  
Love it when you get it

May all our scars  
Be signs of how truly far  
We have come  
May all these deaths from  
Down the low  
Come back to see the sun

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