

Zao

"Walk On By, Walk On Me"

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Your tongue pierced my fragile heart
Careless words are daggers thrown
Unaware, unapproachable, unwilling silence
Unwilling silence, unwilling silence , unwilling silence

Silence from a sounding voice, you entwine praise with
curses
Your words burn like hell itself
Silence from a sounding voice
All this by the tongue created, your words become hell
itself

I lay bleeding in the flames, the tongue creates it
The tongue creates it, the tongue creates it, the tongue
creates it
The tongue creates it, the tongue creates it, the tongue
creates it
The tongue creates it, the tongue creates it

Tongue, tongue, tongue, tongue
Tongue, tongue, tongue, tongue

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