

Alestorm

"Wounds Of The Tongue"

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Blood drips down the spine of the unknowing victim.
Tongue like steel plunges deep into the spirit,
Piercing more than just feelings, severing the ties of
brotherhood.
Thought shot from the hip inflicts a mortal wound.
Festering contempt now burns darkly in the mind of the
inflicted.
Clumsily worded, insincere apologies try to suture the
wounds of the tongue,
Motivated by self-concern rather than remorse.
Nonchalant disregard for the implications of
destructive comments fuels the corrosion of social
unity.
Smile in their presence, slander in their absence.
Cut the flesh from their bones as their backs are
turned.
Years of bitter tears can flow from a split second
comment.
Words can never wash away the wounds of the tongue.
Only love and remorse can heal the spirit

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