

Alice In Chains

"A Little Bitter"

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How the mind does shout for rest
When the bodies shaken, yeah
Oh the tightness in my chest
Still your leaves I'm raking

Lord is this a test
Was it fun creating, yeah?
My god's a little sick
And he wants me crazy

Who
Are you
Who can say
It's ok to live through me?

Live to be
Part of me
You're a wrinkled magazine
Yeah

Was it something that I said?
Was it how they're breaking, yeah
I'm so selfish, paying your rent
While your blood I'm taking

You
Spend me
Like a tree
Dirty dollar bills for leaves

Dark in a sea
Of my seeds
And the tears on which you feed

You feed

The body is a temple
A dormant alter
To where infantile men lie around
Itching and nibbling
For a small piece of sanity
Of which you can not give

Shit!

Individuality
Buying pennies with my soul
And a little Heaven spent
While the Hell I'm taking

Thieves
Parasites
Hide from life
You know they'll remember me

They are abhored
In self-worth
All that matters much to me

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