

Bluebottle Kiss "Stained Mouth"

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Only talk
When silence is listening
Spoon-fed guilt is slowly poisoning
Don't prod my speech
Because I can't answer that
I can't be teached
It's something beyond that

I've got the mark of Cain
I've got the mark of Cain

Feel so small but so gargantuan
Don't see myself but I see everyone
Outside an attic outside my house
The same blue fingerprint the same stained mouth

Don't try to justify this
When there's no there's no blood on my hands

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