

Gotham Road "Bits Of Skin"

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Little Bits of skin. I begin to tear away, to tear away.
Pin prick, beware I sold my, sold my soul.
A restless reaction to what becomes the norm. Sold my
soul for little bits of skin.
All seeing eyes they sense the worst, something
streaks across the sky.

Why won't you do anything, why must I be the one
who's always sane.
Something takes a hold of you, you should be
ashamed.
The deafening sound of the teacher tolls, stand up and
state your claim.
Rise, speak and then heard. Am I evil?

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