

## **The Provenance "World Of Hurt"**

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Her kisses burn across my face, I know she's wrong for me.

I cannot hold back and lack of passion feeds the blind.  
Her soft skin and craving eyes, I know I'm not supposed to,  
Then comes the rush that closes my eyes and we kiss away.

She leaves her mark somewhere inside, not very deep, but still.

She says; I'm only doing this for me, and I know what she means.

It could have been with anyone, it wouldn't have mattered at all.

I felt nothing, neither did she, we only kissed to feed the blind.

So brief and meaningless was the passion that we shared.

So fine and innocent, a single word would have torn it all apart.

I've tried to picture me, my life and what I've never had,

Please don't reject me even if the picture turns out sad.

This is my life and I have lived through ups and downs.

I know I'm not a wise man but I'm neither a clown.

And for the first time in my life I really can't tell good from bad.

I hear what you say but I will cherish the brief moments we had.

Is it a world of hurt where people meet to feed the blind,

Close the doors for all mankind if only for the briefest time?

Forget and give yourself away, whatever can I say.

Is this a world of hurt with people crawling through the dirt?

For the first time in my life I really don't know so help me out,

I know that I'm blind so please feed me, I need it so

badly.

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