Protest the Hero "Tongue-Splitter"

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Psycho therapist once claimed I had acute neurosis Well, I only said a couple words And he made his diagnosis

He said I could say whatever I want Because I never chose this So I spat, grinned, then I looked at him And I blew him a glass cold kiss behind

Knows just when I let a bottom be dead Never too sure if it's the truth or a lie

I'm not asking for your pity Oh woe, is me sarcastically I'm not losing sleep pathetically While waxing so poetically

But I'm waning, waning alphabetically
As I keep dropping bombs, dropping bombs
Dropping bombs apologetically

It was a wicked whimpering Winter plagued night When my tongue grew wings And took to flight

The thought had never crossed My mind before that moment Is the truth so bent, it can't be broken

Jealousy got the best of me And had a conference with the rest of me And said if this is all that's left for me Then there's so little room for regret

Little voice, little voice Little voice inside my head Said if you don't regret nothing Then you might as well be dead Might as well be dead Might as well be dead So I apologize, mostly To the four of my guys Who stand behind me On the stage every night

As the mic starts to whisper And the words start to blister in my mouth That I know aren't right

I gotta get back to who I was Before my last ten years on auto-pilot

It's the mask that quite often Starts to eat into your face So wear it lightly like a cap That can quickly be replaced

I gotta get back to who I was Before my last ten years on auto-pilot

So tell me again how my life Should have been before I was spineless Before I gave in

'Cause everybody thinks it's timeless Well, time's running out One thing I'll never regret is I never shed my face

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