

Residents

"Silver Sharp And Could Not Care"

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The following day I did some walking, for my mind did too much talking to

itself, and so I walked along and thought of our last episode, and that

somehow it had eroded feelings from my closely guarded core. And also then

I knew corruption leaked into this last eruption, and its oily odor stayed

around. Long ago I knew that I was sly, perhaps, and not too nice, but

underneath I thought my goals sublime. BUT now, how could I tolerate

behavior that could suffocate contentment in my friends and maybe more?

Desire conflicted in my mind with thoughts I once had found divine and

tornet twisted me between the two. Aimlessly I slowly wandered, as my

footsteps took me onward to a part of town I did not know.

Soon I saw I was distracted by a window that was acting as a display for a

barber's store. and what was underneath my stare was silver, sharp and

could not care about confusion or about despair. It only had one job to

do, and when it cut it cut so true that now I knew exactly what to do. So

I went inside and bought it from a man who never
caught the tingle that it

raised along my spine, electrically a pleasant tension,
like a liquid in

suspension flowed into the conflict in my head. And
now my feeling was

well being, but I could not help from feeling that my
hands were shaking as I

paid. And as I left, my thoughts returned to what I told
them they had

learned through our ordeal of torture and delight. Yes,
it was a lie I

told them, not to help but just to hold them with me, but
I really should

have said, "Lies can often give you power like a coffin
filled with

flowers give life to the living, not the dead."

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