

Anansie Skunk**"Charity"**

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Why do I sense, benevolence

You stand tall at my great expense

Thick words of gratitude, what a price to pay

Stuck in my throat, I sell every word I say

But I don't want your charity

Twisting me round

I don't want your charity

Keeping me down...

Why does your world keep burying

Gorging much deeper, than it's ever been

Rubbing still harder, salt on my hurt

Licking my burns while I grovel in your dirt

But I don't want your charity

Twisting me round

I don't want your charity

Keeping me down...

You pity me with your tasteless gestures

Gratitude for kind

But your bludgeoned, intentioned objectives

Are screwing with my mind, screwing with my mind

But I don't want your charity

Twisting me round

I don't want your charity

Keeping me down...

But I don't want your charity

Twisting me round

I don't want your charity

Keeping me down

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