

Painted Thin

"Landmine"

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I made it through another day. I pat myself on the back.
But I carry this with me still: the sight of the blood in the
drawer of ever retail workers till. But I've read of the
bruised, beaten face of a Burmese friend. Gang-raped
with the contents of her uterus bare. It's not a photo
layout that I've ever seen wrapped in the pages of a
Pepsi-Cola promotional magazine. Some days I can do
it. Walk in to any store and hand my money to a peer in
some demeaning uniform. It's those ominous three
words that stare back at me from the bottom of a glass
and the tags that taunt me from the back of every
piece of clothing I have. And this soldier wiping blood
from his shirt in the Buramese sun laughs because
the coins that I abandoned, they are weighing down the
pant pocket that this economic partnership has bought.
I made it through another day. I pat myself on the back.
But I carry this with me still: The sight of a blood
soaked Buramese soldier and the full mall parking lot
that's funding him.

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