

Thrice "Yellow Belly"

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You were built for blessing
But you only make them bleed
You don't care, you don't care
And bruises are but shadows
Of the blackness that you breed
But you don't care, you don't care
The light that's left inside their eyes
Is darkened day by day
But you don't care, you don't care
Your presence pulls the color
From the world till all is gray
But you don't care, you don't
You don't, you don't, you don't
'Cause you're less than half a man
Yellow belly, crimson hands
You will one day reap your reckoning
Maybe then you'll understand
Your hands are made to comfort
But they only conjure fear
But you don't care, you don't care
She's in the closet praying
"Lord, please get me out of here"
You don't care, you don't
You don't, you don't, you don't
'Cause you're less than half a man
Yellow belly, crimson hands
You will one day reap your reckoning
Maybe then you'll understand
You're less than half a man
Yellow belly, crimson hands
You will one day reap your reckoning
Maybe then you'll understand
What mercy have they known
From you, from you?
To ask that it be shown
To you, to you
What mercy have they known
From you, from you?
To ask that it be shown
To you, to you

