

Various Artists "A Little Bitter"

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How the mind does shout for rest
When the bodies shaken, yeah
Oh the tightness in my chest
Still your leaves I'm rakin'

Lord is this a test
Was it fun creating, yeah?
My God's a little sick
And he wants me crazy

Who are you?
Who can say
It's okay to live through me?
Live to be
Part of me
You're a wrinkled magazine
Yeah

Was it somethin' that I said?
Was it how they're breakin', yeah
I'm so selfish, paying your rent
While your blood I'm takin'

You spend me
Like a tree
Dirty dollar bills for leaves
Dark in a sea
Of my seeds
And the tears on which you feed
You feed

The body is a temple
A dormant alter
To where infantile men lie around
Itching and nibbling
For a small piece of sanity
Of which you can not give
Shit

Individuality
Buyin' pennies with my soul
And a little Heaven spent

While the hell I'm takin'

Thieves

Parasites

Hide from life

You know they'll remember me

They are abhorred

In self-worth

All that matters much to me

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