

Feels Blind

Bikini Kill

All the doves that fly past my eyes,
Have a sickness to their wings,
In the doorway of my demise I stand,
Encased in the whisper you taught me

How does it feel? It feels blind.
How does it feel? Well, it feels blind.
What have you taught me? Nothing.
Look at what you've taught me,
You've taught me nothing.

If you were blind and there was no braille,
There are no boundaries on what I can feel,
If you could see but were always taught
That what you saw wasn't real.

How does that feel? It feels blind.
How does that feel? It feels fuckin blind.
Your world hasn't taught me nothing.
Look at what your world teaches me, nothing.

As a woman I was taught to be hungry.
Women are well acquainted with thirst.
Yeah, we could eat just about anything.
We'd even eat your hate up like love
We eat your hate like love, we eat your hate like love,
We eat your hate like love, we eat your hate like love,
How does that feel? It feels blind.