

A Little Bitter

Alice In Chains

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

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 ok to live through me?

Live to be
Part of me
You're a wrinkled magazine
Yeah

Was it something that I said?
Was it how they're breaking, yeah
I'm so selfish, paying your rent
While your blood I'm taking

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
Buying pennies with my soul
And a little Heaven spent
While the Hell I'm taking

Thieves
Parasites
Hide from life
You know they'll remember me

They are abhorred
In self-worth
All that matters much to me