

Exit Wounds

Ben Quad

We see what you do
You're not even hiding
Another head turned
Another day passing
There is no justice from these tiny windows
It's all on your hands
It's all on your hands

It's all on your hands
We see through these exit wounds
And in the home you hollowed out
Do you think they'd spare some room for you

This ugly world
The past is all re-written
One foot's in the grave
The other's wrapped in satin
You'll say it's what we want
You'll promise more compassion
I hope their faces haunt your dreams
How can you sleep with a
Burning body at your doorstep
But you will look away
Burning body at your doorstep
But you will look away