The Truth

Charly Bliss

Bite the hand that feeds the boy
He's beautiful and I'm annoyed
Forty years or days from now
I'd kill myself to cut you out

Sell it and I can't compete
Forced to fight or fill the need
There's wine stains on our bed sheets
'Cause I hate to let you down

Kissing babies
I'm alive but I'm dead inside
Burying my face against the wall
Silent scathing smile
The family planning aisle
I can feel my sanity dissolve

Psychopaths and plagues alike
Kissed the contacts from my eyes
No one's less surprised than I
No, no one's less surprised

Sell it and I can't compete
Forced to fight or fill the need
Bayonet from bruise to bone
I hate to let you down

Kissing babies
I'm alive but I'm dead inside
Burying my face against the wall
Silent scathing smile
Forgetting is heaven while
I can feel my sanity dissolve

Bite the hand that feeds the boy
He's beautiful and I'm annoyed
Forty years or days from now
I'd kill myself to cut you out

He can't save me
I'm alive but I'm dead inside
Burying my face against the wall
Silent scathing smile
The youngest remains of five
I can feel my sanity dissolve

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