

## Who's to Blame

### Embodiment

it's your bleeding heart  
and selling so well  
an hour too late  
too much time to kill  
and forcing your tears  
and milking the pain  
and raking it in, the sin  
and i already know there's one chance around  
and the record shows you wanna make the grade  
and the word is out you sold your soul today  
and i already know  
stick out your chest, the masses await  
a white collar side show  
the auction begins  
they'll tickle your ear  
and give you the grin  
and it's such a shame, who's to blame  
and i already know there's one chance around  
and the record shows you wanna make the grade  
and the word is out you sold your soul today  
and it's over...  
if you and i could find a way to make it right i'd go  
but here we stand with troubles minds and empty ands  
let it pass, let it pass