

## Kitchen Tile

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It's tile in kitchen, a cut incision  
How painful is our hate  
Did you mistake me for a friend, for a...  
Wooden table, a child's ladle?  
Surprised at what you've learned  
It seems you have earned what you control  
What you control, what you control, what you control

Well we all belong somewhere  
It seems we all belong right here  
Yeah, we all belong to something, my dear  
What better something than our fear?  
I left through our kitchen window  
Cut my foot along the way  
Saw my skin turn from red to yellow  
And my pupils turn stone grey

'Cause it's tile in kitchen, a deep incision  
How painful is our fate  
Did you mistake me for a friend, for a friend, for a...  
Bright new morning, a childhood story  
A memory I never ever had?  
Or are you still mad about who you are?  
About who you are, about who you are  
About who you are