Rhythm of Cruelty

Magazine

I brought your face down on my head
it was something I rehearsed in a dream
you're too good looking far your own damn good
and you don't know what it could mean

You've got me dying of thirst in the meantime
it even hurts when I scream
you've got me drowning and still in the meantime
you don't know what it could mean

Because in my drunken stupor
I've got to admire your ingenuity
and nod my head so wisely
to the rhythm of your cruelty

You're oh so anguished now

you've got me dying ...

Because you want to have your price
and something you could hold your faith up to
I don't know how to tell you this
But you've got it coming all the way to you

You don't know ...

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