

Voice Killer

Quicksand

Tell me something that I don't know
You don't approve of the difference
You can't wait for things change to slow
Think you do, but you just, just don't get it

And this is the most that
The wool pulled over your eyes

Just the future you're bracing for
Confuse your faith with the right to shoot them down
A choice for yourself
You can choose for yourself but not for me

And this is the most that
Wool pulled over your eyes

You disagree so, whatever
Don't have to shoot me down
You never see, not ever
Not

Never try to pretend
It's just as easy
It's not your right
It's not your body
And if it was
And you are the target
Of so much hate in your bones
And I shoot and you kill
And you kill
And you kill

This is not your choice