

Tongue In Chic

Rolo Tomassi

The truth is repulsive, utter imperfection
Impulsive urges carelessly lain on the unsuspecting victim
Gracefully tear open the vulnerable
Vicious thoughts carried out with a dormant mind

Tell me what you see, because these eyes know
Tastelessly disposed with no remorse

When you come to point your finger
Now you'll find all 4 are pointing back
When speeches are worthless and thoughts are senseless
Hushed voices drown you out

Listen to me when I say I am not afraid to say this
Exposed for what you are, you are numb and void

And I am sick to death anyway
Always amounting to apology
When you are proven guilty
Yet allowed to move freely
Now I am seeing clearly
Oh now how the plot thickens
As I am crawling like a fog
Then away I drift
Not only dismissed
I swear I quit