

Blood Upon Your Hands

Sharptooth

Waiting for the sunlight on a night that never ends
Hated by my family, rejected by my friends
I'm sticking to the shadows and I'm hoping no one sees
Because the only antidote I know is feeding my disease

You all wanna talk
But you don't have a clue
'Cause there's no way to know
Until
Until it happens to you

I've heard the way they whisper, say we're broken, can't be fixed
Is that the way you'd talk to someone who is really sick?
Your stigma keeps us hidden, cause you don't understand
The bottle was in mine, but there is blood upon your hands

There's blood upon your hands
'Cause you don't fucking understand

So would you spit upon my grave and tell me that I deserved it?
Would you spit upon my grave and tell me my life was worthless?
You fucking spit upon their graves, you say that their lives were worthless
You fucking spit upon their graves, you say that they all deserved this

No, no, no
No, you don't fucking know
No, no, no
No, you don't fucking know anything
No, you don't fucking know anything
You keep your mouth shut