

Consequences

The Grapes Of Wrath

We could talk about the consequences
But I think you've reached,
Your own conclusions.

Why you can say the things you say,
And deny any debts that they create?

We could talk about abuse of power.
Over those who put you in your tower.

Or you could say that's not the case,
As it is, you just rub it in their face.
Unless you decide to share your graces.

So don't keep telling me about loyalty,
When you don't seem to care,
What its like to be,
On the other side of the fence.
And don't think you're fooling me,
'Cause I can see what you won't.
They're the consequences.

Take a look behind your pointed finger.
Though you're hoping not,
We all remember.

Times you would rather we forget,
They'd be back as if they had never left.

Until we decide to share your graces.

So don't keep telling me about loyalty,
When you don't seem to care,
What its like to be,
On the other side of the fence.
And don't think you're fooling me,
'Cause I can see what you won't.
They're the consequences.

Do you want to see all your offenses?
Written out like they're some kind of check.

Should I waste all of my breath,
Just so you can deny it to the death?
Unless I decide to share your graces.

So don't keep telling me about loyalty,
When you don't seem to care,
What its like to be,
On the other side of the fence.
And don't think you're fooling me,
'Cause I can see what you won't.
They're the consequences.