

Charity - 1/1

Interprété par Skunk Anansie.

Why do I sense, benevolence
You stand tall at my great expense
Thick words of gratitude, what a price to pay
Stuck in my throat, i sell every word i say
But i don't want your charity, twisting me round
I don't want your charity, keeping me down...
Why does your world keep burying
Gorging much deeper, than it's ever been
Rubbing still harder, salt on my hurt
Licking my burns while i grovel in your dirt
But I don't want your charity, twisting me round
I don't want your charity, keeping me down...
You pity me with your tasteless gestures
Gratitude for kind
But your bludgeoned, intentioned objectives
Are screwing with my mind, screwing with my mind
But I don't want your charity, twisting me round
I don't want your charity, keeping me down...
But i don't want your charity, twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down...