

# The Art Of Cruelty

Lior

Well I don't wanna be somebodies keeping,  
No I don't even want to hesitate.  
Yeah its warm in your sun,  
But comfort is as cruel as a gun.

And I can't reveal what's in my safe,  
Cause that would be the end of me.  
Made up my mind,  
Gonna push on along,  
But my love for you has a way of its own.

Oooh, and how does the pressure ever ease,  
Or the battles ever cease,  
Will the battles ever cease?

Ahhh, and this must be hard to understand,  
For someone so at peace,  
For someone so at peace.

Caught between the silence and the storm,  
Everyday a new religion's born.  
Ooh, my life is a half-way-house,  
and I'm in doubt of ever getting out.

Oooh, and how does the pressure ever ease,  
Or the battles ever cease,  
Will the battles ever cease?

Ahhh, and this must be hard to understand,  
For someone so at peace,  
For someone so at peace.

Said I, don't wanna be somebodies keeping,  
But my love for you has a way of its own.