

# Hold Your Tongue

Children of Bodom

Sick to death, filled to the brim  
of feigning interest in your life  
Be it a god, be it a knife  
An answer to the never ending strife

To hold your tongue speaks of truthful pain  
Its not like I haven't already heard you complain  
Breathe it in or out, puke, swallow or spit  
silence ain't golden when gold has turned to shit  
But enough's enough

Don't tell me once again!  
Life is constant pain  
I've lost what I'll never find  
Tripped down when I was blind  
But at least I know  
when to drain the bitter cup  
And when its time to simply just  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Go ahead, cut it up or cut this back  
I only hope you understand indifference  
That I just don't give a damn

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And... (what the fuck?)

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