

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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But at least I know
when to drain the bitter cup
And... (what the fuck?)

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