

The Bitter Man

Desultory

So call me the bitter man cos I do no longer
care. Tear off my skin, look deep in my soul
and I'll show the scars I wear. I'm not crying,
I'm not crying, I'm not the crying kind but
you're dying yeah you're dying cos you're the
dying kind.

And I've been to the end and I'll take you
there so don't make me think cause I don't
even care.

And I'll be happy to pour some salt in your
wounds cos I'd love to see you cry. So don't
trust my smile and don't trust my eyes cos I
promise you I'll lie and I won't waste my time
to prove you wrong cos it would take too god
damn long, take too god damn, take too god
damn, take too god damn long.

You wish you'd be once again the one that
wins in the end. Don't hope too much now my
friend. Don't hope too much now my friend,
let it go!

The words I'll never speak still echoes in
my mind just gaze into these empty eyes and
tell me what you find