

Bittersweet

Fuel

Seven sins of wantonness and
everything that's good is gone
Sell it all for glory from the peers
Silicone priestess scratch the back and
twists the knife to bone
Kick against the pricks and scrape the shins
I'm the enemy in the enemies now
Swallowed the pill
Drank to the fill
All these things I carry now
In this bittersweet, in this bittersweet now
Try to hold the world there sinking,
swimming in a paper cup
Try to own the one beneath the skin
Held up to the flame 'till singeing
skin begins to draw and tuck
Never told there's a chance to win
What couldn't be, wouldn't be now
Hold your hands up to the sky and try
so hard to rise above
But everything is beating down