

Not In My Name

Khoma

Stands among the rest
Shadowed, empty
Cloud that hangs over her head
You're settling down

When the truth hurts
you're turning to walk away from it all
Not in my name
Can't stand the taste of you, embracing one

Watching you crawl out of your skin
Strings attached, unmasked
Testimony served by your black tongue
Settling down

When the truth hurts
you're turning to walk away from it all
Not in my name
Can't stand the taste of you, embracing one