

Swept Under The Rug

repeat offender

She cries in silence,
Over there in the corner of the room,
Contained in pending doom
Too long her hand has touched the sky,
Waiting, wondering trying to catch the eye,
Its isolating, she's contemplating,
And always undetected, unexpected,
These words I say too you,
They think no one cares its true,
They don't care about you,
Oh so alone,
But everybody has there own shit to get through.

And that's why they don't care about you,
Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,
From you it's for you,
From you indulged by innocence.

Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,
From you it's for you,
From you indulged by innocence.

If she screams in the class will it be heard?
What she writes about just cant be heard,
Look on the wall beside her desk,
These words are never said in jest,
Never said in jest.

And that's why we don't care about you,
Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,
From you it's for you,
From you indulged by innocence.

Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,
From you it's for you,
From you indulged by innocence
Indulged by innocence,
Indulged by innocence,
Indulged by innocence,
It's all this.

She's smoking cigarettes she stole,
She's now unseen in the bathtub,
She scars the outside with whats within,
She's slowly giving in...

You should have stopped this,
You could have stopped this,
Stop this...

She cries in silence,
Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,

From you it's for you,
From you indulged by innocence,

Look up outside the window,
I don't need this useless dribble,
From you it's for you,
From you...

She cries in silence,
She cries in silence,
She cries in silence,
She dies in silence...