

## Tongue In Chic

Rolo Tomassi

The truth is repulsive, utter imperfection  
Impulsive urges carelessly lain on the unsuspecting victim  
Gracefully tear open the vulnerable  
Vicious thoughts carried out with a dormant mind

Tell me what you see, because these eyes know  
Tastelessly disposed with no remorse

When you come to point your finger  
Now you'll find all 4 are pointing back  
When speeches are worthless and thoughts are senseless  
Hushed voices drown you out

Listen to me when I say I am not afraid to say this  
Exposed for what you are, you are numb and void

And I am sick to death anyway  
Always amounting to apology  
When you are proven guilty  
Yet allowed to move freely  
Now I am seeing clearly  
Oh now how the plot thickens  
As I am crawling like a fog  
Then away I drift  
Not only dismissed  
I swear I quit