

Beauty Of The Rose

The Gits

I don't know which way to go from here
I stick my hand through a liquid mirror
And I wonder just what I've reached
Is it my blood dripping or an hallucination?
Guess it depends if I feel the pain

I take the bottle just to never set it down again
It's thrown into the ocean,
You better believe there's a message in it.

I've gotta get through to you somehow
But if it lays on the ocean floor,
Well then I failed again
It just explodes itself in my mind
And it's blinding me from what's right or wrong

The beauty of the rose,
It pulls my instinct to grab it
The clenching of the stem
I feel the thorns catching under my skin

Yeah, well it's something just like this
Pulling you in until it makes it's threat
Then it's not easy to pass judgment
Do me a favor,
When I reach my hand out
Won't you please just cut it off
So I can understand a little more of the situation

Taking me for all the left had
I can't tell which is right or wrong
What's black or white, which is left or right
Could you tell me which is it supposed to be for me?

I don't know which way to go from here
I turn left and right and I'm still standing in the rear

I can't tell which way the bloody situation runs
I hear you talking but I can't understand a word
No, I can't tell what the hell I'm supposed to do with this
I hear you talking, but it's all full of bullshit!

I take the bottle just to never set it down again
I lay there wishing I was dead.