

Cut My Skin It Makes Me Human

The Gits

Cut my skin, it makes me human
Scorn your mind
Just feel the pain
Cuz it's what makes us human
It keeps us all the same

You lose your head on your chosen trip
The sight of your blood will lose your spit
And a broken heart will turn to sin
But when the wound is open
We're all the same

Cut my skin, it makes me human
Scorn your mind
Just feel the pain
When you're lookin at pain you're lookin at truth
Nothin like pain to make us all the same

I see you each day get up nine-to-five
You rush in a game of lies for need
But you never seem to recognize
You're no better or worse than me
I dare you once just to make it hurt
How many times can you race around
With the world running faster faster then...
I never expect to catch up

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When you're lookin at pain you're lookin at truth
Nothin like pain to make us all the same

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You lose your head on your chosen trip
The sight of your blood will lose your spit
And a broken heart will turn to sin
But when the wound is open
You're all the fuckin same

Cut my skin it makes me human
Scorn your mind well just feel the blow
Cause when you're lookin at pain you're lookin at truth
Nothin like pain to keep us all the same

Cut my skin, it makes me human
Scorn your mind
Just feel the pain
Cuz it's what makes us human
It keeps us all the same