

# Abney Park, Vengeance

I can feel your life like a fragile thing I can call my own  
If I squeeze real tight I can feel right through your neck & bone  
I think I have the right for your sins you know you must atone  
I can feel your life like a fragile thing I can call my own  
If I took my vengeance now, if I come into your home  
Do you think it would haunt my soul & no one could condone?  
Would my actions falter? Would my conscience overrule?  
Would I get more pleasure with my bare hands or a tool?  
Tell me something

## CHORUS

It was my torture & it was your gain  
It was your pleasure & it was my pain  
Now I'm left out in the cold  
At first I bent & then I cracked  
While you made plans behind my back  
I'm sure you think it was clever  
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