

Incubus, Blood On The Ground

I don't want to talk to you anymore;
I'm afraid of what I might say.
I bite my tongue everytime you come around,
cause blood in my mouth beats blood on the ground.
Hand over my heart; I swear I've tried everything in my power.
Two weeks in one hour I slaved, and now I've got nothing to show.
Oh, if only you'd grow taller than a brick wall.
From now on I'm gonna start holding my breath when you come around
and you flex that fake grin, cause something inside me has said more than twice
that breathing less air beats breathing you in!
I don't want to talk to you anymore;
I'm afraid of what I might say.
I bite my tongue everytime you come around,
cause blood in my mouth beats blood on the ground.
Hand over my mouth; I'm earning the right to my silence.
In quiet, discerning between ego and timing.
Good judgement is once again proving to me
that it's still worth it's weight in gold.
So from now on I'm gonna be so much more wary when you start to speak
and my warm blood starts to boil,
that seeing you is like pulling teeth and hearing you is like
chewing tin foil.
I don't want to talk to you anymore;
I'm afraid of what I might say.
I bite my tongue everytime you come around,
cause blood in my mouth beats blood on the ground.
High fives to better judgement. By saying less, I will gain more.
Low twos to you my fickle friend, who brought the art of silent war.