

New Amsterdams, Poison In The Ink

Some might say it's overrated,
staring at their shoes.
Your arrows don't have poison, but they bruise.
I can't make peace with you.

All my heart is on these pages,
open to abuse.
I should try to be dishonest but I lose.
I can't make peace with you.

Angry eyes, there's poison in the ink.
You've got so much time to think about it.
Try to put your finger on it
and figure out what's right for me and mine.

Expletives and explanations fade bruise colored blue.
A thicker skin develops on the wound.
I won't change it for you.
I'm just telling the truth.

Angry eyes, there's poison in the ink.
You've got so much time to think about it.
Try to put your finger on it
and figure out what's right for me and mine.

Some might say it's overrated,
staring at their shoes.
Your arrows don't have poison, but they bruise.
It's never been for you.

I'm just telling the truth.