

Skunk Anasie, Brazen (Weep)

I called you brazen, called you whore right to your face
and watched you silently, and publicity disgraced.
I didnt notice when you strenghted like a vice
that you were trembeling, and burned beneath the ice.

Why dont you weep, when I hurt you?
Why dont you weep, when I cut you?
You dont bleed, and the anger
bilds up inside.

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Why dont you weep, when I cut you?
You dont bleed, and the anger
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You said a prayer and I betrayed you with a kiss.
I never realized that all had come to this.
So keep your dignity, dont throw it all to waste
stronger feelings than youve ever learned to face.

Why dont you ...