

Bikini Kill, Feels Blind

All the doves that fly past my eyes,
Have a stickiness to their wings
In the doorway of my demise I stand
Encased in the whisper you taught me

How does it feel?
It feels blind
How does it feel?
Well, it feels fucking blind
What have you taught me? Nothing
Look at what you have taught me
You're world has taught me nothing

If you were blind and there was no braille
There are no boundaries on what I can feel
If you could see but we're always taught
What you saw wasn't fucking real yeah

How does that feel?
It feels blind
How does that feel?
Well it feels fucking blind
What have you taught me? Nothing
Look at what you've taught me
You're world has taught me nothing

As a woman I was taught to always be hungry
Women are well acquainted with thirst
Well, I could eat just about anything
We'd even eat your hate up like love

I eat your hate like love (x7)
I'd eat your fucking face all the time

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