

Embodiment, Who's To Blame

it's your bleeding heart
and selling so well
an hour too late
too much time to kill
and forcing your tears
and milking the pain
and raking it in, the sin
and i already know there's one chance around
and the record shows you wanna make the grade
and the word is out you sold your soul today
and i already know
stick out your chest, the masses await
a white collar side show
the auction begins
they'll tickle your ear
and give you the grin
and it's such a shame, who's to blame
and i already know there's one chance around
and the record shows you wanna make the grade
and the word is out you sold your soul today
and it's over...
if you and i could find a way to make it right i'd go
but here we stand with troubles minds and empty ands
let it pass, let it pass