

# Magazine, Rhythm Of Cruelty

I brought your face down on my head  
it was something I rehearsed in a dream  
you're too good looking far your own damn good  
and you don't know what it could mean

You've got me dying of thirst in the meantime  
it even hurts when I scream  
you've got me drowning and still in the meantime  
you don't know what it could mean

Because in my drunken stupor  
I've got to admire your ingenuity  
and nod my head so wisely  
to the rhythm of your cruelty

You're oh so anguished now

you've got me dying ...

Because you want to have your price  
and something you could hold your faith up to  
I don't know how to tell you this  
But you've got it coming all the way to you

You don't know ...