

Quicksand, Voice Killer

Tell me something that I don't know.
You don't approve of the difference.
You can't wait for things,
change to slow.
Think you do, but you, just,
just don't get it.

And this,
is the most that.
The wool pulled over your eyes.

Just the future your bracing for.
Confuse, your, faith, with the right to shoot them down.
A choice for yourself.
You can choose for yourself,
but not for me.

And this,
is the most that.
Wool pulled over your eyes.

You disagree so, whatever.
Don't have to shoot me down.
You never see, not, ever,
Not,
never try to pretend.
Its just as easy.
Its not your right.
Its not your body.
And if it was,
and you are the target of,
so much hate in your bones.
And I shoot and you kill,
and you kill,
and you kill.

This, is, not, your, choice.