

Wire, Its So Obvious

In an act of contrition
I lay down by your side
It's not your place to comment
On my state of distress
For this is for real
I've tears in my eyes
Am I laughing or crying?
I suggest I'm not lying
I haven't found a measure yet to
Calibrate my displeasure yet so
To ignore my warning
Could be your folly
The judgment is harsh
I offer no plea
Valuing the vengeance which you treasure
I've redefined the meaning of vendetta
The procession's disordered
You protect your possessions
In light of your actions
I question your love
May I make an observation
Your bite is worse than my aggression
I should have known better
I should have known better
Than to become a target
Albeit a target which moves
No offer of terms or concessions
For statements or confessions
You don't feel warm
I pass close by
You shiver, I whisper
Excuse me, what's your problem?
Oh, I see
I should have known better