Blythe

Red Circle Underground

BlytheHalf for your injured pride, half for your leg, placating figures I
stepped on to dance while you led
Outraged, outspoken they look for a stand. Endless disaster we're
half hearted, desperate and thin
I told a million lies, you let them in, your patience is a virtue,
exceptions a time honored friendAll my instincts let me down
All my instincts let me downSun might be dying, your stars creeping up, interest is waning but
past wrongs are cherished enough
Im just your poison, and your my dismay, hope from a needle is still
hope so say what you'll say

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