Bad Blood (Commentary)

Radical Face

The hole in the floor boards
The cot near the front door
The moon was gone; from side the world was dark as nightmares
You took all my fears and,
You wrapped them in wonders
But there's no magic inside the moon
It's just a rock you can't reachI was never the short knife
But I was never the dull mind
I was somewhere in between
A thorn an acquiescent
So you said it was for me
When you tried to break me
Well you can save your breath,
I know, I'm not the kind you pray for
Took a river of bad blood
But now I see where we came from
Can't grow a proper branch when half the trunk is rotten
And you swore that it hurt you
But pushing your night through
Well you can save your breath,
I know, we're not the kind you'll pray for
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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