More Or Less Moral

Swingin' Utters

Well you keep it all in, to yourself
Because it's your right
And you shrug when asked if you're okay
Because it's alrightYou've clogged all of your filters
And it shows in your yellowed eyes
You come careless and corrosive
For your beloved are your best liesIt's more or less moral
And now you justify an eye for an eye
Because it's godlike
You wanna crush all the critics with their own pen-knife
And shut off their lightBecause they're complacent and bewildered
And you're feeding off their fright
And so you scare them into sickness
And that smile creeps to your eyesIt's more or less moral
And it's all in my hands
As I squeeze you to sand
And the means to my end
May well be at my own hand
And I'm falling afoul
And I'm burning inside out
And I want to be free
Of this old heredity
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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