Charity

Arthur Beatrice

Why do I sense, benevolence
You stand tall at my great expense
Thick words of gratitude, what a price to pay
Stuck in my throat, I sell every word I say

But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down

Why does your world keep burying
Gorging much deeper, than it's ever been
Rubbing still harder, salt on my hurt
Licking my burns while I grovel in your dirt

But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down

You pity me with your tasteless gestures
Gratitude for kind
But your bludgeoned, intentioned objectives
Are screwing with my mind, screwing with my mind

But I don't want your charity
Twisting me round
I don't want your charity
Keeping me down

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written by DEBORAH ANN DYER, LEN ARRAN
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