

# 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  
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