

Whipping Boy

Barkmarket

Just hold your teeth in, don't cry on the bit,
your luck's been bagged and gagged and neutered.

Oh bucket of pity for poor eyeless to drain in,
you shoulda stayed safe in your mommy's arms.

Time after time we ignored your transgression,
now sign this confession for all to see.

Don't make it so painful,
you won't last to pay for the honor of watching your own dismemberment.

The facts will lie, the 'truth' is my eye,
to stare at your soul and define you.

And black is now white, and we'll say what's right.

And I am a hole you will fall through.

You brought on your own demise,
and I can engender your lines to my lies.

Well what you oughta know, you will not be told
What you oughta know, you will die on your throne.
All the rumors are true: there is a blanket around you,
All warm and surrounding to keep out the pounding
of vacant, obvious lies.

Don't look so astounded, get up and be counted,
you're only a strip mine for us to fill.

And wherein we're information.

You brought on your own demise,
and I can engender your lines to my lies.

And what you ought to know, you will not be told.

Well, What you ought to know, you will assist our control.

what you ought to know: just do what you're told.

You will not be told when you're in that hole...End.

Lyrics Submitted by JeremyNeill

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