

# Feint Praise

## Bell X1

I heap on feint praise  
It's never getting stronger  
No matter how much shit  
I throw For it is flawed and dangerous  
Hollow ringin' in my ears  
And the bitter aftertaste  
Like rust Yeah I make the nice and side step  
Anything to dance around a fight  
I need  
To say it loud For life is short  
And days filled with rictus smiles  
Are wasted and bring dishonor  
On this house No you must never squeeze the tea bag  
Leave it alone  
What  
Did it ever do to you Tryin' to be  
All things to all men  
You end up being  
None So no more  
Handwringing  
No more anything for an easy life  
Call it when I see wrong So when I am done  
And wheezin'  
On my last bed  
I won't wish I'd done something else instead

Lyrics provided by

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