Feint Praise

Bell X1

I heap on feint praise
It's never getting stronger
No matter how much shit
I throwFor it is flawed and dangerous
Hollow ringin' in my ears
And the bitter aftertaste
Like rustYeah I make the nice and side step
Anything to dance around a fight
I need
To say it loudFor life is short
And days filled with rictus smiles
Are wasted and bring dishonor
On this houseNo you must never squeeze the tea bag
Leave it alone
What
Did it ever do to youTryin' to be
All things to all men
You end up being
NoneSo no more
Handwringing
No more anything for an easy life
Call it when I see wrongSo when I am done
And wheezin'
On my last bed
I won't wish I'd done something else instead

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