

The Meaning of the Ritual

Villagers

My love is selfish
And I bet that yours is too
What is this peculiar thing called truthMy love is selfish
And it cares not who it hurts
It will cut you out to satisfy its thirst
For the meaning of a ritual so habitual
and cursedMy love is selfish
How it separates the earth
It takes every shiny stone but leaves the dirt
For the cowards in the corner who just don't know what they are worthThey have been twisted by a hollow kind
of pain
I can see it in their eyes but I ignore it everydayBecause my love is selfish
And it remembers everything
Like the first time it was moved enough to singHow it dangled on that stage just like a puppet on a string

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