

Charity

An April March

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

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Twisting me round
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