

# A Little Bitter

## Alice In Chains

How the mind does shout for rest  
When the bodies shaken, yeah  
Oh, the tightness in my chest  
Still your leaves I'm raking  
Lord, is this a test  
Was it fun creating, yeah?  
My God's a little sick  
And he wants me crazy  
Who are you, who can say  
It's okay to live through me?  
Live to be part of me  
You're a wrinkled magazine, yeah  
Was it something that I said?  
Was it how they're breakin', yeah  
I'm so selfish, paying your rent  
While your blood I'm taking  
You spend me like a tree  
Dirty dollar bills for leaves  
Dark in a sea of my seeds  
And the tears on which you feed, you feed  
The body is a temple, a dormant alter  
To where infantile men lie around  
Itching and nibbling for a small piece of sanity  
Of which you can not give, shit  
Individuality  
Buying pennies with my soul  
And a little heaven spent  
While the hell I'm taking  
Thieves, parasites, hide from life  
You know they'll remember me  
They are abhorred in self-worth  
All that matters much to me, yeah

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