

Punish Yourself

The Pineapple Thief

And I will strangle out the last
Remnants of the truth you past,
The last exit from your life.

You cannot waste away in here,
With all the promises I hear,
Every day until I die.

You keep hitting yourself where it hurts, the least.
And your skin goes red and it sinks, beneath.

And I've been sitting here alone,
The voices slur, the building moans,
All the pain locked in these walls.

We cannot waste away in here,
With all the tenderness I fear,
Everyday until I die.

You keep hitting yourself where it hurts, the least.
And your skin goes red and it sinks, beneath.