

Yellow Belly

Thrice

You were built for blessing,
But you only make them bleed,
You don't care, you don't care
And bruises are but shadows
Of the blackness that you breed,
But you don't care, you don't care

The light that's left inside their eyes
is darkened day by day
But you don't care, you don't care
Your presence pulls the color
From the world til all is grey
But you don't care, you don't, you don't, you don't.

You're less than half a man
Yellow belly and crimson hands
You will one day reap your reckoning,
Maybe then you'll understand

Hands are made to comfort
But they only conjure fear
But you don't care, you don't care
She's in the closet, praying "Lord, please get me out of here"
You don't care, you don't you don't you don't

You're less than half a man
Yellow belly and crimson hands
You will one day reap your reckoning,
Maybe then you'll understand

What mercy have they known,
From you, from you
To ask that it be shown,
To you, to you

What mercy have they known,
From you, from you
To ask that it be shown,
To you, to you