

Through Rage

Skunk Anansie

I wonder what you're thinking
When your fist was in my face
Was it nice to have the feeling
None of that power gone to waste

And you think that I can't trust you
With your visions and my blood
When all your promises and passions
Make me vomit in disgust

'Coz I loathe you
Yes I loathe you

You made me carry on
You made me carry on
You made me carry on
Through rage

And the way you move your backside You're so miserably dull
There's no conversation inspiration
Coming from your skull

You gave me all your weary tears
Your second handed loves
But all the weapons and the taunting
Made a wise girl have it all

'Coz I loathe you
Yes I loathe you

You made me carry on
You made me carry on
You made me carry on
Through rage