

# Whipping Soul

Anthropia

Bitter taste down in my lungs  
The outside world's unimical (on my own)  
The other boys are beating me  
The girls always act with pity (whipping soul)  
Damn it!

Every day the anger's growing  
Could it be already this big?  
Feeling like a bomb ready to explode...

(Dwarf, fatty, spotty, ugly)  
Can't take it anymore  
The only thing for me for now  
Is to run out and to cry

And I cry  
And I cry, hoping that the tears won't turn to blood  
And I wait  
For the day it will stop...

Why can't I try counter-act, They're not better than me  
So practical to deviate all the bullying  
(Please God help me, I'm one of your sheeps)  
Every sign of irritation entertains them so much  
Climb of disgust of myself has reached for me its top

And I cry, hoping that the tears won't turn to blood  
Their blood  
They laugh  
Pray, pray, pray you'll never be under my dependence  
Cry, cry, you'll cry, I swear  
Now I wait, just to take revenge

It's pretty much clear now  
I'll never receive confidence of someone  
And I'll never give mine to anybody  
It may sound sad, but from today  
It will be my way to be