

Twist the Knife

Black Tusk

My trust, forsaken again
Hung out to dry once again
Your word, has proved to be shit
Left here, dealing with it
No honor amongst thieves

Dead weight, holding me down
Useless, stripped of your crown
Your lies brought me to this end
Cannot call you a friend

Deceit, now you know your place
Can't rise, with your foot on my face

Twist the knife again