

Walking Home

Ceremony

I'm here to wrap my hands around society's neck.
Slowly slip away against a lifeless grip.
A long painful death is what you deserve,
Open your mouth, bite the fucking curb.

Born into a vicious circle you learn to cut at the throat.
Watching people lining up in tight single file rows.
I still revolve around a world I choose to cut off.
One nation under god over a burning cross.