

Brutal Truth

Chat Pile

The brutal truth is
That I'm just a simian strutting around in a 4K suit and cumming
In their eyes, I'm normal and social
But when someone is screaming
While they scream I just act like I'm fuckin
Dumb
I wouldn't
I fuckin hoisted it up
Stupid
Guess I fuckin forgot

I was beating the nails into the cross with my fists
I was beating the nails into the cross with my fists
I was beating the nails into the cross with my fists
I was beating the nails into the cross with my fists

The brutal truth is that I'm just an idiot walking around I'm a cheap gorill
a suit
Shake hands with Wonga
On Christ I'm gonna
Reach inside your fuckin skull and pry until I find the fuckin
Song
There's nothing
The truth of the matter is
Good
And fucking
Things fucking apart

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Alright fine
I didn't wanna have to tell
But since you're here in my house now
Cornering me
I didn't wanna have to tell you
I didn't wanna have to tell you
But I've been changing
I'm in an altered state
I'm in an altered state

And that's my brutal truth

Hang myself
Kill myself
Kill myself
No
Look
Hey, look at me
Look at him
You know, guys like us
We gotta stick together
Ok?