

Still Feel Nothing

Gob

I pour salt in your wounds and you don't even flinch
I sharpen my nails to give you a pinch
My pulse is undetectable, yours is even worse
You're so dead, I can't move you, not even with a hearse
And you know I'll wait for you in vain

An excuse for a master, I'm sweating like a slave
You won't let me have it the reaction I crave
In a sickening epiphany I learn that it's reversed
I'm all black and blue and hollering cursed
And you know I'll wait for you to wake

I undress you with flames and gut you awake
Take a piss on your grave and you would still feel nothing
I could kill you with pain and without a painkiller
Toss you away and you would still feel nothing

Take a walk to the wishing well, get yourself a drink
Drowning yourself, it's not what you think
Get a hold on the tentacles tearing you apart
Like a splintered stake through your un-slept heart
And you know I'll wait for you, always for you, in vain for you

I caress you with flames and gut you awake
Take a piss on your grave and you would still feel nothing
I could kill you with pain and without a painkiller
Toss you away and you would still feel nothing