

## Thought Crime Spree

Pig Destroyer

Increase the dose diminish the high  
A smile is a pipe dream suffering aged like wine  
Aged like wine  
Coughing up blood  
With my mind on fire  
Juggling switchblades on a high  
Tension wire  
I don't have any scars  
Only dormant wounds

That crack like fault lines  
I only have  
Five thoughts anymore  
And four of them  
Are of you  
Body bursts and leaks  
Like a trash bag  
Into the gutter  
And the grave  
And the grave