

Home Is Where The Sty Is

Poisonblack

A pig sweat-dripping
Scratching his balls a male
Since day one the lowest self-esteem, bound to fail
Not a single word
Small talk is done with a fist
Suicidal
Heirloom shotguns and opened wrists

Talks like a stroke in slow motion
Yet feeling fine, not a day over dead
Drop-dead-ugly, fucked up abortion
Shits while eats, same inside the head

This is what northen men are made of
This is how northern men are made

Hey honey, don't care what your name is
There is just one thing I crave
Take off that dress
I'm your man
Hey honey, flowers belong on graves
Drag you down in shades of shame
Nevertheless I'm your man

A true self-loather
Head stuck tight in the noose
When given bottle sings his rueful blues through the booze
And them women
Anything goes of course
A masturbator Yet a longtime fan of intercourse

Agora-xeno-homophobic
An ignorant redneck to the bone
Home is where the vacant sty is
With balls erected the seeds are sown