

Son of Dis

Protomartyr

How I am supposed to live
With all this shit up to my ears
Plebs are fighting over this
You sound like a true son of Dis

A thousand weeping ovaries
Hawks rip out the liar's eyes
I've been here since 2006
Spoken like a true son of Dis

My DVD has a terrible scratch
I lounge and I prefigure the past
Blankly cataloging the hits
You sound like a true son of Dis

Every slut you've ever known
Swam to safety and made a home
Can the weak hand still make a fist?
Spoken like a true son of Dis

Level 6 ring

While you were out taking a piss
Signs appeared and were explained
The enemy showed a great restraint
You sound like a true son of Dis

High scored almost everything
Found some slacks that almost fit
And I like wearing them
Spoken like a true son of Dis