

Fear

Spite

Weighing in to squeeze out something you know
Pry it further, maybe the truth is hiding down your throat
Felt the fear with my hand in your chest
Caught in the lie, now you can wear it on your fucking head

Wear my name so you don't forget it...

Does it burn?
Cleansing the shit from birth
Lick my fingers while you scream and guess the safe word
Hung by a thread
Made of your skin
Be the art of my perfect vision

Closer...
By the inches of my third limb

Left regret underneath the bridge
Crushed my soul, lined it up then snorted it
Raised by throbbing thoughts of rage
One step to becoming
God

When I see you again...
I'll be enjoying the stench
You left in the same place