

SHALLOW

Spite

Far down the well
Find men that can't be saved
They never will escape

Destroying hope for a mind that's beyond repair
A hanging rope for the incels that never learn
A lesson told through the eyes of pure despair
There is a bruise that stays

Disgust in my bones
Send your soul below
Take a look at the bottom
And claim the mess you've made

Another body in the well
Another debt is paid
Another brick in the pile
Of men that can't be saved

There is a bruise that stays
There is a bruise that stays

Cold beneath the cement and stone
The body falls where the water is shallow

Another body in the well
Another debt is paid
Another brick in the pile
Of men that cannot be
Saved

Every action has a consequence
Ponder death with your face in the dirt
I know it's cold beneath cement and stone
The body falls where the water is shallow