Fire for a Dry Mouth

Between the Buried and Me

Your piss is going sour... my mouth is full for the last time.
Don't think I don't read the gossip,
don't think I don't know what's coming out of your fucking mouth.
You're broken, and I'm laughing, you're broken-go drink your life away.
Go fuck your life away with your filthy std's and your fucking night of rape.Just go jerk off on your fucking stomach, impregnate yourself.
You're born again, just like you've always been.
Every fucking year... this year you abort yourself-get the fuck out of my life.
Never come back, I don't ever need you around.
What we shared means shit to you.
Laugh at me all you want, but I'm living what you once wanted.
And I'm happy... happy to be alive with real friend who don't spit in my face.
Real friends don't end friendship with change.
It's really hard to realize that you've stooped so low.
I've given chances, I've tried to mend... but it's all over now, I move on.
I piss in your mouth now, so don't ever talk to me again.
Tonight I will sleep well.
Tonight I realize that I will move on.
Tonight I hope your bed catches flame.
Tonight I kill your fucking face.
I killed your face.

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