Two Pigs Fucking

Labrat

Esconced in turgid lakes of sweat
The animals up to their necks
A heaving mass of evil shit
Sins that manifest themselves in sex
I feel that I've been done wrong
Pushed and laughed at way to long
Bestial ructions in fullest flowing
The filthy juices ripe on my tongueTo hurt myself priority
Punishment overdue rolls free
Senses race to ascertain the breach
Drown in pools of blood-soaked piss
Razors skate on a park of arteries
Release the presence of promiscuous whores
A face I knew but no longer recognize
Good-will overtook by power to despiseI feel no sorrow
Where previously I chose to wallow
The only path to inner-peace seems to me to be acceptance of responsibility
If I could just be a better man for one day then things may not have gone this way
Cut off your legs to spite your lifeI bring my hand down
Bring down the knife
Cut off your face
Pull out your eyes
To end your life
And spite your lies

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