

Fag

Mr. Strange

It's not the definition that cuts,
It's the intent,
I know what you meant,
A word meant to wound,I may not be human, in your eyes,
But believe me, we both cry,
But if you're unwilling to even try,
It's no fucking surprise you can't empathise,
Do you beat me to see if we're all the same inside?
Are you beating the faggot in you, and hoping it dies?You won't look so satisfied,
When the smile on your face breaks,Fag.You've got me cornered and you're throwing the stones,
I'm shaking, hunched foetal, pleading 'Leave me alone!'
Spitting words out like poison, and hoping they hurt,
You're no better than me, come down in the dirt,
I'm not sorry if what I am makes you sick,
Jesus wept, suck the devil's dick,You laugh because you don't know what it's like,
Or how blood mixed with tears tastes,You have no claim on my life,
Or how to use it,
You don't know what it's like,
I wouldn't choose it,Beaten down with my face in the floor,
I can't take it anymore,You give me your hatred and violence,
So much for the milk of human kindness,
You get what you give and we'll give it back to you,
If you can give it you can take it, too,Soon the world will be ours,
We'll leave them in the past,
We'll run the show,
Just hang on and don't let go,
You're strong, you know,
Weeds die and seeds grow,

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