

Throes Of Rejection

Pantera

This is feeding what I am.

It's like salt poured into a deep, infected wound. It's the type of pain you really dig and long for. I've always been Insecure to open up and show love. Some pretty girl with

Long hair, some bald guy writhing.

rejection

The kind that's self induced. The tongue that's Bitten through. The nauseating stab. Is feeding what I am. A short fuse.

If there really is a god, then it's punishing me constantly.

She let me taste that sugarhole and of course, I wanted More.

But no. I'm reduced to a Rottynol snort and a lot of drinks.

This shit goes on and on. Just look down my pants.

Rejection

It ain't a fucking game. My human dick to blame. A sociopathic plan. Is feeding what I am.

Rejection

Takes life away from eyes. Will give you to The skies. It makes me more than a man. Is drowning

What I am.

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