

Tentacle

Pig Destroyer

Bitter aftertaste of every exploitation
Chokes me like a mouthful of spiders
Crawling in or out, I don't know
But I kneel to the Gods of nauseaIn moments of reflection upon
What I stole from a fifteen year old girl
And not even a thousand seasons of rain
Could wash my leprosy from her body

Songwriters

Brian Keith Harvey;J.r. Hayes;Jason Scott HullPublished by
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