

Whipping Soul

Anthropia

Bitter taste down in my lungs
The outside world's unimical (on my own)
The other boys are beating me
The girls always act with pity (whipping soul)
Damn it!

Every day the anger's growing
Could it be already this big?
Feeling like a bomb ready to explode...

(Dwarf, fatty, spotty, ugly)
Can't take it anymore
The only thing for me for now
Is to run out and to cry

And I cry
And I cry, hoping that the tears won't turn to blood
And I wait
For the day it will stop...

Why can't I try counter-act, They're not better than me
So practical to deviate all the bullying
(Please God help me, I'm one of your sheeps)
Every sign of irritation entertains them so much
Climb of disgust of myself has reached for me its top

And I cry, hoping that the tears won't turn to blood
Their blood
They laugh
Pray, pray, pray you'll never be under my dependence
Cry, cry, you'll cry, I swear
Now I wait, just to take revenge

It's pretty much clear now
I'll never receive confidence of someone
And I'll never give mine to anybody
It may sound sad, but from today
It will be my way to be