

# Thorn

Biohazard

I got this thorn in my side, I try, but I can't get it out,  
Been killing me for years gone by, a miserable, painful bout,  
No matter how hard and long I try to rip at it, it stays,  
Buried deep inside my side enduring, every day.

Thorn in my side.

I've picked the scab, a trying way, a painful means to amend,  
Rid myself from the anguish, torment that I must end,  
I've lived this way for years but now I gotta move on,  
An oozing sore needs tending to just like the thorn I adorn.

Misused, abused, accused, confused,  
I'm sick and tired of backwards views, my soul's too tired,  
All black and bruised.