

Still Not Well

Black Tusk

Grinding of teeth, scratching of my flesh
Wrenching of hounds, tearing me apart
Itching for this, your name on my lips
Dulling the pain, the taste in my mouth
Quenching my thirst, nothing will end this
Searching, one more is all I need

My life falls apart
Driving me insane
Save me from this hell

I am still not well