

Mainliner

Brutal Truth

Slit the bein to lost and found
Tie the sickness ingested down
Rush of heat, sippres the pain
Eyes roll, days away
Grasping thoughts connect the does
Crease the gap and fold the mark
Cattle grazed to pass their trick
Boot your brick and bless your next fix

It is all...
Sick desire
Kicks for liars
Fuel for fire
Your head shoved firmly in your ass

Nod out
Right now