

## Gristle

Gaza

They used you to clean up tears after a thrice show.  
Fucking belt buckles everywhere.  
Never digesting anything is a hell of a diet plan.  
Here come the suit-bitches.  
I watched them hollow out horses... Run.  
They gored me once with a diverse portfolio.  
Put a dollar in the box.  
It's across for show and down to go.  
I'm going to throw gristle at my guts.  
It's like the sink of finding a lump.  
I've got your black plague right here.  
How long before the pain-junkies storm the gates?  
God. It danced on us like black lung before our hearts gave out.  
Put a dollar in the box.  
It grew on us. It grew up like a sister.  
While every time, celebrating your neck.  
It's across for show and down to go.  
Pray its malignant. Prey its malignant.