

Throes of Rejection

Pantera

This is feeding what I am.
It's like salt poured into a deep, infected wound. It's the
type of pain you really dig and long for. I've always been
Insecure to open up and show love. Some pretty girl with
Long hair, some bald guy writhing.

Rejection. The kind that's self induced.
Rejection. The tongue that's bitten through.
Rejection. The nauseating stab.
Rejection. Is feeding what I am.

A short fuse.
If there really is a god, then it's punishing me constantly.
She let me taste that sugarhole and of course, I wanted
More. But no.
I'm reduced to a Rottypanol snort and a lot of drinks.
This shit goes on and on. Just look down my pants.

Rejection. It ain't a fucking game.
Rejection. My human dick to blame.
Rejection. A sociopathic plan.
Rejection. Is feeding what I am.

Rejection. Takes life away from eyes.
Rejection. Will give you to the skies.
Rejection. It makes me more than a man.
Rejection. Is drowning what I am.