

Thought Crime Spree

Pig Destroyer

Increase the dose diminish the high
A smile is a pipe dream suffering aged like wine
Aged like wine
Coughing up blood
With my mind on fire
Juggling switchblades on a high
Tension wire
I don't have any scars
Only dormant wounds

That crack like fault lines
I only have
Five thoughts anymore
And four of them
Are of you
Body bursts and leaks
Like a trash bag
Into the gutter
And the grave
And the grave