

Black Horses

Slaine

I'm walkin through that building and the building's brick, the
children sick
The nuns have sewed up cunts, the priests are walkin with their
killin sticks
My father's just a little boy, cryin in his bed
My mother's starin at the brains blown out the back of her fath
er's head
How, hard is it? How hard is it, to trip out in this mess?
When my heart has just, my heart has just, been ripped out of m
y chest
"I am not no bitch" I scream; want no part of what this dream
Am I really just imaginin? Can my eyes trust what I'm seeing?
I'm a screwed up human being, being screwed up chewed-up pills
Told you not to shoot up Mike, I watched you shoot up shoot up
still
Told you not to load that gun, watched you shoot that shoot tha
t steel
I do not want that in this nightmare, no not that, that's too f
or real
God I fought you tooth and nail, but you made me go through all
of this
Now I have to call you just to stop this alcoholic ticks
Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick, I'm a tickin timebomb
And you could kill a donkey with just half the shit that I'm on
It's time to shut the door on this room right here I've had my
eye on
Let's move down the hallway further, I can see them raping my m
om
Back in Catholic school, acid trippin with my tie on
The walls inside my house were not the ones to be a fly on
My face is looking older, no shoulder to cry on
This place is getting colder, I just want a bed to die on
I should've died much younger, I'm drowning under water
Old enough to see my son I was too young to meet my daughter
The fetus has a spirit, I hear it from a bassinet
That's empty but I keep lookin at it every time I'm passin it
What the fuck you laughin at? Have a little sympathy
Some empathy, you bastards always acting uncompassionate
I'm baskin in my past, it's an assassin, this assassin
Got my future by the throat, with the butcher knife and slashin
it
Raw from my emotions now they're back to take the last of it
My childhood was stolen from me, fuck it now I'm trapped in it