

Crowbait

The Bled

Dream poacher, you list it in a hailstorm of flies,
the maggots sung under your pen in every word you wrote.
Bait for the crows, taunt the hungry when they call out for me,
Never learner, still running that broken mouth of ours over broken promises.

Masquerade with the walking dead, you don't look the same.
Abscess face with narcotic slouch, you weren't built this way.
They took dead aim; exposed evidence; they washed their hands off this ordeal.
Silenced your pleas; "Some can't be saved."

Bankrupt soul, you dove headfirst into a shallow grave
What drove you to this?
Now this guilt will plague my nights
Dream burner, I never said that you were a lost cause.
"Never better," still running away on a crooked path, as crooked as your spine.

Empty shell of someone I once knew, you don't speak the same.
Slipping back into familiar coma, you won't die in vain.
I'll carry your dead weight till I fall victim to my own vices.

Dead weight, I'll cart yours till I fall flat on my own face.
Still trying to kill all the ones you claimed left a hole in your perfect life.
still running way from the only arms who wanted you was one.

And you were the only good thing left in this good for nothing town.
Help me clean my filthy conscience, so I can get on with my pointless life.
And you were the only good thing left in this good for nothing town.