The Hand That Feeds

Trash Talk

Struck down like dogs. You live on hand and knee and wait for n
othing.
A tangled mass of flesh and teeth, bite back the hand that feed
s.
The song remains the same: stillborn unto their pain.
Submission stretched from head to toe across your lifeless fram
e.
Kill or be killed.
Sin or be blessed.
Bite of the hand.
Taste of the flesh