

## **Beaten Back To Pure "Pillars Of Tomorrow, Piles Of Yesterday"**

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Wheelchair drawn chariot  
Marking time near the sun  
Earthworms laughter  
Under wood I carve fingers on...

Kicking back with the shakes  
Face down in the snow  
Insane from drinking  
Wash my hands off you

Like a whore in a candy store  
Touch whatever's within reach  
Six times more filling than you rmouth of rotten teeth  
Find myself cheering for your abuse  
Like I'm ringside behind close doors  
With a press hat and cigarette  
Boys run from the cockeyed girl

Held down by your dreams  
Delusions of self sufficiency  
I've seen what's wrong with you  
You're a fuckin' junkie with a record for christsakes  
Nobody wants a crackwhore dipping her cock soaked  
hand in the till  
Thought nobody would notice, didn't you?  
Well I fucking did...

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