

Beaten Back To Pure "Running Out Of Neck"

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I stand... naked and alone
Staring... at my neighbors fuck
Fingering... a rusted bear trap
That I found like it was a gift from God

Failure is my strongest suit
God's greater plan
From the tit to life support
To the term of jesters court

Running out of neck, but much too soon
There must be better days for me on the horizon
Pass the failure wine until the end of time

Running out of neck, but none too soon
They fly lay circles and then watch me die alone
Mountains to more hills
Tending to the still

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