

## **Beaten Back To Pure "The Last Refuge Of The Sons Of Bitches"**

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Reach out my hands  
Feel my cold pulse  
I bit more than I could chew this time  
Sinking slowly down to china  
Wish you could help but your hands were tied.

I'm fucked again

Fuck me again, this time more slowly  
I don't ever get to cum  
Bleed me freedom, I don't want it  
Staring at a glass of jagged rocks

Shellshocked vision, time spent poorly  
Raining chum on my parade [x2]  
Mother fortune going down for the rent  
My end time message, my time has been well spent  
[x2]

Mother fortune  
Bleed me freedom  
Staring at my glass of jagged rocks and jagged ice  
Oh no, oh no, I'm fucked again, goddamn

To thine ownself be true  
And you can find me  
Underneath the bottom of your hopes and dreams

Leave me here  
I can find my way  
Choosers can't be beggars too

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