

Beaten Back To Pure "Tremors Beneath The Skin"

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I plant the seed, the burning bush, the Jesus weed
Fortune shines away and everything
Reeks like a bums cock full throttle and convoluted
Spinning towards the Sun
Hopeless and rotting inside
Circumstances don't allow me
To turn and flesh my pride
Now you know where I'm coming from
Shame I fail to cope

Taste of leather straps
Warm the cockles of my spine
War bashed inside my bowels
Flavor dredge and living large
Needles snapped off in pelvis
Bunny rabbits and warm fuzzy glow
Murk for years that I've ignored
Now my face begins to show

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