

Coalesce

"Counting Murders And Drinking Beer"

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I'm getting out while I can still count these murders
on only one hand. I'm through looking after you,
second guessing your next move. Lock the doors, turn
out the lights. The Wolves are out tonight. Playing
that shitty bass. So, you get your kicks using my
daughter and my wife as target practice? Well, how do
you like that shaft straight up your ass? And I'll
damn you right in your tongue. You have used that
grinning "no english" crap for the last time on me.
And, since when a shot of paint elevate the classes?
You run around real cute with your rainbows, like we
dont know. Like we care. So, look away when you see
me, just look away. It never ends for me. Like it the
fourth neverending. Yeah, you're real brave roughing
this. Until you have children of your own. There is no
pride in these chances.

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