

Bilal

"Bile"

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"As I bake in this rancid oven that we call earth,
hard to breathe through filth and muck that rides our
air.

All I taste, the bile phlegm collects within.
Feeling like shit, again, again, again, again!
URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!
Never rise, stuck within the depths of which I dwell.
No way out, feel I'll meet my maker soon.
I'm just waiting to die and take a different form.
I am cold, smiling as hate keeps burning my soul.
URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!"

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