

Bile

"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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