

Bile

"Ura Fuckin' Looser"

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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! You're a fucking loser! That's all that you'll
be. You're just a fucking loser! No, not
Me! URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!
FUCK OFF YOU AIN'T SHIT!

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