

The Bled "Crowbait"

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Dream poacher, you lost it in a hailstorm of flies,
The maggots sung under your pen in every word you wrote.
Bait for the crows taunt the hungry then they call out for me,
Never learner, still running that broken mouth of yours over broken promises.
Masquerade with the walking dead you don't look the same.
Abscess face with narcotic slouch
You weren't built this way
They took dead aim exposed evidence
They washed their hands of this ordeal silenced
Your pleas "some can't be saved" bankrupt soul,
You dove headfirst into a shallow grave what drove you to this?
Now this guilt will plague my nights dream burner,
I never said that you were a lost cause "never better"
still running away on a crooked path,
As crooked as your spine.
Empty shell of someone I once knew.
You don't speak the same.
Slipping back into familiar coma you won't die in vain.
I'll carry your dead weight till I fall victim to my own vices.
Dead weight, I'll carry yours till I fall flat on my own face.
Still trying to kill all the ones you claimed left a hole in your perfect life.
Still running away from the only arms who wanted you as one.
And you were the only good thing left in this good for nothing town.
Help me clean my filthy conscience so I can get on with pointless life.
And you were the only good thing left in this good for nothing town.

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