

The Bled

"Swatting Flies With A Wrecking Ball"

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I'll stand knee deep in your ridicule.
Your tongue flickers as threats are made.
I've saved you a seat in hell.
Lets begin.
You can shove glass down my throat.
I need your fists against my flesh.
That would move me an honest inch.
I am through with you.
Turn your cameras off.
Show me something real.
You are nothing now without your friends.
I'll cut you to ribbons.
My favorite color of confetti.
It's hard to threaten me with a brick in your mouth.

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