

Every Time I Die "Business Casualty"

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Blood letting just to slake the lust of the little fangs
writhing around
the trough.
Oh how they run.
While my love, back home at our infirmary, is drying
up.
Her heartbeat is on hold so if tomorrow finds her dead,
I'll blame the ones that "loved" me best;
That worthless lying crowd of snakes
And the committee of pigs that suck on the breast of
a pregnant pen and then sh*t out promises.
I'm chastened by a spiteful and unrelenting "gift"
Like a horse at the end of a whip
Like a horse at the end of a whip, yet still holding up.
But my love, she doesn't reap what I sow.
We cannot dine on bread alone; give me the f*ck what I
am owed.
Cause daddy needs a new pair of shoes and my girl is
too gold to be blue.
I have given you everything but it is never enough.
My heartbeat is on hold...

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