

Inner Thought "Skin And Nails"

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Say those words that cut right through me
Pass the mallet around
Comment on all you see fit
Grab a fistful and Pound

Now someone new has come along
Time to define again
The need to talk about yourself
Should swiftly be your end

Careless to all on whom you trod
A mental trains, run off the rails
Charging in, take verbal control
Slain a spike in, skin and nails
Contempt arises and my grip fails
Label me, skin and nails

Tack me up on the wall
Another pelt in your wondrous collection
Displayed under microscope
Tagged and used for your function

Wordtrap
Tan me
Stretch out
Hung up
To dry

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