

The Cumshots "Like Pouring Salt On A Slug"

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[Doom, Cargo]

My fists two bullets,
Just ripping through your face
Is that your cheekbone exploding
Like a pane of glass
Porcelain under my fist,
Cutting through my knuckles
Like razors
I really should have killed you,
But I think I'll pass

Like pouring salt on a slug
It's the pain,
Not the fact that you'll die
You are nothing but a bug
That I'm torturing slowly
Like pouring salt on a slug
I am truth and you are a liar
Your grave has already been dug
Don't take it so poorly

Isn't it ironic how you want to
Scream but you can't
I've got your tongue in my hand
And still you're able to taste your
Own blood filling your lungs.
Guess your body has
Become a betrayal.
Well I'm just a humble cleaner,
And you, my friend, you're waste

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