

The Filth "Buttshits"

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A drunk on the street drowns in his own puke
Dying in the same gutter he was born
A child cries and wakes
As her mother is beaten down
And I wonder if the child will survive the night
The kitten lies still
Frozen to death the night before
Programmed to forget
We leave behind memories of the hell outside
Not will to stand up for ourselves or others
We constantly run and hide while others do our
thinking for us
We let them run and destroy us
When will it stop?
When will it end?
How much longer do we have to live in a world that
refuses to care?

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