

The Knockouts

"Legs Will Hurt"

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Thrown out on the streets, one rainy day.
Loneliness is now your friend.
Joined by the whiskey bottle in your hand,
"Trust" - You thought you found it.

Your heart is pounding blood fast through your veins,
As you shot the last one in.
Drugs may tranquilize the way you feel.
"Love" - You thought you found it.

And there you were,
Screaming with blood on your hands.
Is to die what you prefer?
All messed up from their demands.

Locked up, beaten black and blue, you're being used.
All they said was they "Would help".
Endure this physical abuse and sexmolest!
Hate is what you found there.

And there you were,
Screaming with blood on your hands.
Is to die what you prefer?
All messed up from their demands.

You put an end,
To this horrifying act.
With your bare hands you did bend,
Necks were broken skulls were cracked

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