

## Digital Leather "Eyes Of Rot"

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the fascist regime of your bleeding heart  
makes me wanna rip the hair of out of my head  
and when i scream  
i'm silenced by your guilt  
this is the true essence of the hell of a man  
our relationship is a dictatorship  
i'm better off with you i guess  
that's what my friends tell me  
and even though i'm putrid  
and even though i'm cold  
my self-sufficient solitude  
is good enough to hold  
coagulated blood is crusted on my lips from kissing  
you  
as i stare into the eyes of rot

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