

## Gaza

### "Gristle"

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They used you to clean up tears after a Thrice show.

Fucking belt buckles everywhere.

Never digesting anything is a hell of a diet plan.

Here comes the suit bitches.

I watched them hollow out

horses... Run.

They gored me once with a diverse portfolio.

Put a dollar in the box.

It's across for show and down to go.

I'm going to throw gristle at my guts.

It's like the sink of finding a lump.

I've got your black plague right here.

How long before the pain junkies storm the gates?

It danced on us like black lung until our hearts gave out.

Put a dollar in the box.

It grew on us, it grew up like a sister.

While every time, celebrating your neck.

It's across for show and down to go.

Pray it's malignant.

Prey, it's malignant.

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