

Bled, The

"Swatting Flies With A Wrecking Ball"

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I'll stand knee deep in your ridicule. Your tongue
flickers as threats are
made. I've saved you a seat in hell. Lets begin. You can
shove glass down my
throat. I need your fists against my flesh. That would
move me an honest
inch. I am through with you. Turn your cameras off.
Show me something real.
You are nothing now without your friends. I'll cut you to
ribbons. My
favorite color of confetti. It's hard to threaten me with a
brick in your
mouth. You are nothing without your friends.

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