

Shadow Host

"I'm Still A Man"

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So my existence you won't admit
I don't give two fuckin shits
Cause I'm still a man, bitch
I'm still a man

You see these eyes?
They'll see more than you'll ever see
I see you dyin hangin from a redwood tree
You see this hand
There's some power in these fingers
To knock you into next week, send you to the fuckin
cleaners
You see this nose
I smell your blood, boilin from the stress of smokin-
crack overload
You see this mouth
I can say words, I can say worlds,
I can scream till my throat beings to burn

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I don't give two fuckin shits
Cause I'm still a man, bitch
I'm still a man, I'm a man

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So you all act high and mighty
Actin like your the fuckin queen, one of the Earth's
highly
And that I'm a worm, somethin to be squashed down
Under your shoe until I'm too broken up to be found
I've done more than you ever will
I've seen people, places, and the whole fuckin world
I've heard things that will make your heart melt
Or make you want to melt
Because your eyes burn from cryin over
Spilled milk, it's sick work, what we do
We take a man and make him so he's under you

So he's below you, he's not one of you,
He's just a solitary figure in the underwood,
Underground, can't be found, doesn't even
Fuckin exist, he's just a speck of wasted semen
But you know what? One day I'll find you
And torment you, and destroy you, cause you know
what?
I'll be your boss when you work that day
I'll be your husband who beats you with the rake
I'll be the friend that backstabs you
That leaves you gutless in the midst of your parents,
siblings, and your cousins
Cause I'm above you, I'm above this, cause you know
what bitch?
I'm a man, I'm a man, better get used to hearing that

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Now I thought I told you, so let me show you,
Paint you a fuckin picture or two
See this muscle, the tendons, see the joints of my
bones?
The organs under it that are almost fully grown?
You see the skin on me
You see the tears that I've cried, and the anger that's
bubbling?
You see the happiness of what could be?
Of what will be, if everyone would just stop and see
me?
You see the grief, and the strife, and the fear,
I'm a speaker, I'm a doer, I'm a seer
I'm a weapon, I'm inventin
A way to light the dark path that you're descendin
Cause you know you're going to hell,
If you check the sins you've done and you've done
them so well
You gotta realize, you can't criticize
Just because I'm different doesn't mean I'm not alive
I think, I breathe, I hear, I see,
I know, I walk, I speak, I search
For a way to feel like a brother in this fucked-up perch
full of motherfuckers
So if you don't see it now, if you don't feel it now

What can I do but turn away from you now
Before I do somethin I will regret
Cause you and I know deep down you're ain't even
worth shit

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