

# Bile, Bile

"As I bake in this rancid oven that we call earth,  
hard to breathe through filth and muck that rides our air.  
All I taste, the bile phlegm collects within.  
Feeling like shit, again, again, again, again!  
URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!  
Never rise, stuck within the depths of which I dwell.  
No way out, feel I'll meet my maker soon.  
I'm just waiting to die and take a different form.  
I am cold, smiling as hate keeps burning my soul.  
URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!"