

Bile, Ura Fucking Loser

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!
You're a fucking loser!
That's all that you'll be.
You're just a fucking loser!
No, not me!
URA FUCKING LOSER AND YOU ARE NOTHING!
FUCK OFF YOU AIN'T SHIT!