

Samson, Grime Crime

Gazing at you in the darkness, lustingly
Nicotine glistened on your nails
Drunk and incapable my thoughts ran free
Numb red lips and scaly skin, I must have lost my mind

Join the line
for a grime crime
Nasty nights

Sordid obscene fights
Says some words that I don't remember
The quickness of the hand deceived your thigh
Your public double standard made me wonder
As cap in hand my flesh crawled out the door

Terror at the bandages on your wrists
Horror at the holes in your arms
Panic of your insanity and bad breath
Never mind, I'll burn the sheets tomorrow