

Soundgarden, Rhinosaur

Standing whit my enemies
Hung on my horns
With haste and reverie
Killing with charm

Only happy when you hurt
Only deadly in a swarm
Only healthy in the dirt
Only empty in your arms

I play, I'm sick and tame
Drawing the hordes
I wait, and show the lame
The meaning of harm
The skulls beneath my feet
Like feathers in sand
I graze among the graves
A feeling of peace

Only bending when you break
Only feeding when you're cold
Only healing when you ache
Only feeling when you don't