

Clay Kevin, Super Sucker Salvation

You're always saying that you're filling me. But what you're really doing is killing me. "Birds of a feather flock like lice."
Like buzzards on a carcass,
it feels so nice. I shot your daughter and I shot your son. But you're the reason that I got the gun. What makes me sicker is you pull the trigger. A super-duper-sucker salvation for her? Salvation's killing me. It costs you everything. Don't say it's free. I know when you're high you might kick a man while he's down. Part the Red Sea just to leave me and watch me drown.