

# Dreadlock Pussy, Prone

gently he brushes the dust from the mirror  
revealing a face that sends down a shiver  
the spine of his soul for it has controlled  
the course of his life for as long as he knows

but he's not afraid and willing to face  
the fiend that's inside of his soul and his veins  
the Judas that caused all the grief and the pain  
and tell him for once and for all go away

go back to the hatred infested delirious  
imagination the figment you are of  
sprout of a boy who's been prone to disease  
and mental controlled by the powers that lead us