

Quicksand, Thron In My Side

Thorn in, my side.
And you live just to pull me down.
Rusted, nail I stepped on.
This infection.

Thorn in my side.
You're full,
I think so,
of anger.
You need to sit down,
stay down.

The things you, want but don't get.
Is that fair, I don't think so.
A sure thing, you can count, on.
A big depression.

A thorn in my side.
You're full,
I think so,
of anger.
You need to.

Your praise, is two faced,
And you're,
you're cut down,
my friend.