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.