

Society's Finest, Kiss The Girls

What thought was piercing...
Pining it's way through every emotion moning
Night after night I could only guess
What demons taunt you blinded by
Your swollen pupils

Your destruction must leave no guilt at all
So thick so black
Your heart has so much for her
You allow yourself to violate and to become so cold
Engraving your spirit mocking the whorish
Nature without self control
and have you no shame for you have wasted Your man-hood cheating on yourself
Here's the knife, kill me here
Because I'm so sick of watching this happen
And I whisper to myself
Hoping you'll here me cry out to Jesus Christ
And as the tears fall down
I begin to realize that everything has been done

Jezabel has taken you for herself...