Vision Of Disorder, On The Table

The summer burns the trees to gold.
Moonlight rising for my soul.
You gave yourself away to someone.
Oh my God.

Chorus:
Lay it on the table...
And you know i'll bet them all.

Give me all you got. Rape me.

Come inside and taste the fire.
Before long you shall be burned.
You gave yourself away to someone.
Oh my God...

Chorus:
Lay it on the table...
And you know i'll bet them all.

Can't stand to bleed

I rip shit.
But I kick shit.
Cause I don't stand to lose
And don't you let me find.
So don't cop attitude
Or think you're cool.
Better get it straight.
Before I compensate.
For that action
The satisfaction.
To bash my fist upon your face.
I've yet to find a reason.

My K-holed son...