

A Shower Song

Beneath these nails, embedded is your skin,
And in my mind, your face with that malicious grin.
I have your salt burning, between my inner thighs,
And for Mother and Father, a dirty pack of lies.
Like a pack of wolves that rip reality to pieces,
In my head this shower song never ceases;

Excuse me brother, but I think I need a shower, I can't play anymore.
Maybe a bath is better, it all depends on how long they will stay here for?
I hope to never see them again, so please show them the back door.

How did this happen? It seems that I cannot recall the time,
Nor the date, nor the place of this little thing they call a crime.
I'm sorry I left bite marks on your arm,
But I hope your blood, now in my mouth, will do no harm,
Like a pack of wolves that rip reality to pieces,
In my head this shower song never ceases;

Excuse me brother, but I think I need a shower, I can't play anymore.
Maybe a bath is better, it all depends on how long they will stay here for?
I hope to never see them again, so please show them the back door.

I can see you listened to Mother; she taught you how to share.
So you share this thing they call my body
With your friends, the wolves that rip and tear.
They still need to be trained to say "Thank you" and "Please"
Like a pack of wolves that rip reality to pieces,
And in my head this shower song never ceases;

Excuse me brother, but I think I need a shower, I can't play anymore.
Maybe a bath is better, it all depends on how long they will stay here for?
But if I can't decide it's only because "No" is the word you all ignore.