

Blood-hound

I'll be your sick-bird,
you be my blood-hound,
My hearts in your mouth,
Breaking neck spins round.

But,

You're not the one to blame,
You see; I can't complain,
This is all you've known.
Blackened bloody mold,
Just doing what you're told.

Your love was a warhead,
A straight time-bomb,
You taught me this lesson,
That I ain't so strong.

Take your pound of flesh,
Don't matter if it's right,
Hit me while I'm fresh,
You know I'll never fight,
As long as you let me,
Love you more than this life.

So here's to that jaw,
Tightening 'round me,
I'm just your dead-bird,
So be my blood-hound,
'Cause baby,
You're the one with teeth.
And all I am is meat.