

Artist: glassjaw

Title: Stuck Pig

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Lay down this latrine in nailbomb,
In the city of Molotov,
In the province of gun,
In a whole off the highway
In the land of two suns.

Sometimes I get pissed
When
My blow goes like a quickie in the snow

But I'm sure I'll go down inside.
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
The seed of a bastard.
Alone in the sun for sticking it in too long.
On the feet of a dragon.

Some nights the wind pipe's covered in dope.
I pray it be covered in a rope.

Me, me, me.
Grief, grief, grief.
Beat the heat.

But I'm sure I'll go down inside.
I chew the thorn when midnight gets too long
The seed of a bastard.
Grunt fuck.
Grin fuck.
Push her in the snow fuck!

The dope fiend splashes gash like a nailbomb.