

Torture

Rival Sons

Here comes another one,
limping over the hill.
Say's the lion with the respect to eat the body of his kill,
but you just take the heart, and you do it for the thrill.

It's torture.

Poison for the belly,
sugar in the gas tank of my brain.
You give me no excuses because I don't make you explain.
I'm a bitch for your abuse, and a glutton for the pain.

It's torture.