

Xymox

"Taste of Medicine"

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The sky is low and the clouds are mean
His mood burns like kerosene
The air seems charged with a special qualm
It feels like Fahrenheit four five one, four five one

Malice burns like a constant pain
It will never be the same again
Her body is tense to the touch of fear
The terror screams ring my ears, pure and clear, pure
and clear

It sends a shiver down my spine
And through these walls, I hear her whine
It sends a shiver down my spine
I lost faith in humankind

A throbbing sound, a suffering voice
Pleading on and on and on
A taste of your medicine
A taste of your medicine

The worms were severed in his head
I tried to think of what they said
The cleaving currents of dispute
Now leave you with a bad repute, another one, another
one

You set your seam with your hands
The giving comes
The taking ends
The talking hands

It sends a shiver down my spine
And trough these walls, I hear her whine
It sends a shiver down my spine
I lost faith in humankind

She shouts, screams and cries
It's not his fault, keep him here
Come, hurry, run, run
A taste of your medicine, a taste of your medicine

It sends a shiver down my spine
And through these walls, I hear her whine
It sends a shiver down my spine
I lost faith in humankind

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