

Veils, The "Nux Vomica"

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What say you, Lord

For the olive boys down in the house of corrections As they try for love and any form of ascension.

Am I on the right train headed in the wrong direction?

What say you, Lord? What say you, Lord?

Am I living wrong?

Do you see a long road with no one on it? And the right of men that you learnt only to forget You see my sad wife and my high margin of profit But you don't care at all. You don't care.. At all

What say you Lord

Now that they're breeding all our animals insane And the remedy is growing harder to obtain There's a white horse running wild through the switchcane

I can hear him now.. And I fear him!

'Til Kingdom come

Caught in this frenzy of elimination Such an irreparable disintergration My body's twitching with a ready expectation For Kingdom come - My Kingdom.. Come

What say you Lord

Why is the truth of this so hard to unveil? Though it's true I never knew what this would entail From the hands of Christ to the head of the Daily Mail I'll see you all.. And I'll raise you!

What say you all

I wonder when this light is brought up for sale With the weight of love and the grace of the Baleen Whale

Will the severed Heads of State be at all curtailed? Will they be here at all - Will they be dead and gone?

What say you Lord

Of the serpent-talied, forbidden fish of the harbour And the ready-men, defiant drinkers and charmers All lost and summoning the face of their fathers Can you see them now? I can see 'em

What say you Lord
Do I believe it if I do not want it
Do I lie alone and keep my cold hands off it
Honey, it ain't hard to loose your grip in the midst of all
of this
But it ain't far to fall.. It's not far at all!

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