

## **Baroness "Collapse"**

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We are all soured milk  
When we look in the mirror, we collapse  
We are all soured milk  
When we look in the mirror, we collapse  
When our time has come  
When our finger's on the trigger, we collapse  
Arms are fading  
Swirling like a poison in the sink  
Like the southern bell  
Playing songs of horror, like teeth among the grass  
Like a bullet shell  
Whistle and a howl  
Watch the good folks run  
We are all rotten fruit  
When the pipeline's are still flowing, we collapse  
When our time has come  
When the city needs a lynching to collapse  
Arms are fading  
The devil's in the eye of every man  
Water in the well  
A baptist and a baby were rolling in the leaves  
Keep her spirit well  
And (toppit?) baby's father will lay her out to dry

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