

## Clan Of Xymox "Taste Of Medicine"

Visit "[Taste Of Medicine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

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  
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, 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  
Through 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

Visit [Clan Of Xymox](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.