

The Dear Hunter "The Poison Woman"

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The seed of the apothecary
An heir to aided ends
She loves the sound they make
As they expel
A breath
The soul from the chest

She laughs a little
But never makes a sound

She swears she's offering you something savory
So take a drink of product number one
And now it seems a smooth intoxication
Well, just one drop is more than enough

She never dwells on penitence
Advancing in a haze
Besides the fact of incompetence

She laughs a little
But never smiles

She swears she's offering you something savory
So take a drink of product number one
And now it seems a smooth intoxication
Well, just one drop is more than enough

She has her superstitions
They've got their rationale on call
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)
She's got a new tradition
Involving ethylene glycol
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)
She has no apprehension
Habit sustains her wickedness
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)

With the weight of the world
On her shoulders
She don't want none
Of the sins

As they unfurl
In her palms,
In her palms

With the weight of the world
On her shoulders
She don't want none
Of the sins
As they unfurl
In her palms,
In her palms

Take this bottle

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