

Cultfever "Farm"

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Oh,
What is this science?
What are you trying
To take me back to where I've been?

And oh, who,
Who are these humans?
What are they doing?
Don't take me back to them.

I learned to welcome witchcraft like an old familiar silk
And I hate all of the reasons I've put reason on a
hill.
But I am still trying, oh!, trying hard to feel
With the madness of a tyrant I'm relying on the kill

And my heart, heart, is not that sort of part of me that
does anything other than beat...

I've been taken up with tales, they are a welcome
alibi.
Since then I've tried, but then I quit, to look you
squarely in the eye.
And I suppose my family's scattered.
It's my fault they left, alright
But they exploded and I'm left with episodic
omnicide

And no I never worried on my sadness
Because I never blamed it on me.
So I've got a reason to think this is the strangest,
oh it's the strangest way to be...

How could the single mind in my head, oh, be so very
very ready to go and just divide
itself dead dead?

And your sorter of souls, he's asleep in his
empyrean-- the best he's ever had
And it's a tie in a 3-way pilgrimage-- you're furious?
I'll take, I'll take it back
Your sorter of souls, he's asleep in his empyrean--

the best heads ever had
Are you minding your time in the pilgrimage-- you're
furious? I'll take, I'll take it back

I am breaking down these factory lines -- that's all
I'm asking of myself.

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