

## Poison Idea

### "Who Doesn't Love A Good Dismemberment?"

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At one time when the days were nectar sweet I was a lovely boy.  
I brought smiles in my bag to pass around to all the unpleasant I passed.  
As life walked by.  
I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible stare.  
I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems.

It must be a long project to finally bring someone to their knees.  
It didn't like me fucking up the balance.  
I'm undoing life's work.

Since I never once saw that gaze fade.  
My bag became smaller, the unpleasant wouldn't accept my smiles as easily as before.  
I think I'm losing my friends.

I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible stare.  
I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems.

I think I was a lovely boy.  
It feels like a million years since I was him.  
I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible stare.  
I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems.

To think those stories were a lie and all he had to do was fix a gaze on me.  
To turn it all around.  
I think I was a lovely boy.  
Let's see if we can't make a lovely lovely man.

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