

O'Brother "Cleanse Me"

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This is a ploy of cold, crass, sheep.
To only milk the pieces of truth that suit their means
And I was just wandering what you thought it'd bring

Hey, there's a poison in your skin, I see it quietly
seeping out of it
But hey there's a poison in your skin,
I see it coming, saw it coming, it's coming out out.
And I am the fortunate one
This, an attempt at feeding primal needs,
Has waken all the demons that reside inside of me
And I was just starting to get some sleep
And you still say that I am the fortunate one

Well I could wash my hands to pretend they're clean,
Or I could purge my lips of spineless speech,
But the consequence of knowledge is an eager tongue
[x3]

Don't you leave, I wasn't finished.
This isn't over.
I will be heard! I will be heard!
Every last word will have its turn

Mine may be the words unwisely sewn,
To cultivate the path that I have chose
Mine may be the words you'll never know
But lay me in the dirt and I will grow

Are you listening? Cause my breath grows null
Tired quips begin to wither
Who can reason with time?

Lay me in the dirt and I will grow...

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