

O'Brother "Poison!"

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I'll hold my tongue from idle speech to keep my mind
fed
Did I trade intent for futile means in the process?
I guess there's a hole in the bottom of my head, my
sense has fallen out

I've seen the sickness reside in the belly of the
righteous
A disease that trained a gluttonous eye to feast upon
the wicked
And I could pretend that it won't but it'll be my ruin too

(I give it all)
Will you watch me drown in a pool of my thickening
blood?
My rigid limbs sprawl around, I fear that I'm going
down.
Stung by the incessant drone of some siren calling me
out.
Oh dear, I heard the sound
Now I'm hung like an overcoat with some poison fruit in
my mouth.
Oh God, it's dragging me down
Louder and louder still, spinning looms by which I am
bound

This wasn't right, but it's what I needed
And I wouldn't lie, to feed my indifference
[repeat until the end]

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