

Dear Hunter, The "The Poison Woman"

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The seed of the apothecary
On heir to aided ends
She loves the sound they make
As they expel a breath, their soul from the chest
She laughs a little, but never makes a sound

She swears shes offering you something savory
(What lies she tells)
So take a drink, her product's number one
(Right down the hatch)
And now it seems, a smooth intoxication
Well just one drop is more than enough

She never dwells on penitence,
Advancing in a haze
A million men have reached an end,
A side effect of incompetence
She laughs a little, but never smiles

She swears shes offering you something savory
(What lies she tells)
So take a drink, her product's number one
(Right down the hatch)
And now it seems, a smooth intoxication
Well just one drop is more than enough

She has her supersitions
They've got their rational on call
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)

She has a new tradition
Involving ethylene glycol
(they never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)

She has no apprehension,
Habit sustains her viciousness
(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

Take this bottle...

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