

Faint, The

"Let The Poison Spill From Your Throat"

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Some people get bit from inside,
When they talk it's cold and sour.
And no, there's nothing you can do now.
They've had their way too many times.
If you glare to get what you want,
It'll become your look.
If there's dirt you've got on someone,
You'll let it loose without a thought.
You let the poison spill,
Spurt from your throat,
Hiss like steam,
Because the pressure is unreal.
I'm not saying that it's not.
You're causing a scene.
You're wearing out that note.
You scream until it's gone.
You scream until it's gone, gone, gone.
No government check can reverse it.
You'd need a royal eclipse of the tongue.
Or is the pain that you endure now
Something you need?
Well, you know how to get it.
There's no climbing up that list.
You just move down it one by one.
You hate this and this and love that it shows.
You're insecure, but that's no excuse.
Just tell them they lie,
You tell them the truth,
The things you won't take are coming in groups.
The people abused the trust that you had.
And now you don't want it back.

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