

Melvins, The "At The Stake"

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May be once
And we became alive
They took the corner of your witches
Fed them all the same
The maker of love for judgements three
Hasn't yet appeared to me
But then I never wanted more than fate
Chased you when you reached out
Blades tore all I see
And when she's been forsaken, baby
Sure it's all not on me
So it seems, and so it's came to be
Might be the voices frightened
So it's got me
The weaker of love for judgements three
Has finally passed indeed
Empty, maybe for a day
Chased you when he reached out
Flames tore all I see
And when she's been forsaked, baby
Sure it's all not on me
Now they're thrown upon me
Tore all my flesh away
Real green should have been forsaken
Leave me for a day.

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