

Vandaveer

"Spite"

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I once knew a man who learned such a thing
Cut off his hand to spite his ring
He poisoned the well to spite the frogs
Put down his son to spite the dog
He cut out his sleep to spite his dreams
Picked all the flowers to spite the bees
He burned his bible to spite the Lord
Took a day off to lick his wounds I heard him swear,
"Life is such a wretched affair
I'm gonna hold my breath to spite the air"

He drained the canal to spite the fish
Flooded the land to spite the bridge
He dug up the hills to spite the sky
Tore out his tongue to spite the lies
He cut down the trees to spite the shade
Laid her to rest to spite the life they'd made
He burned his his bible to spite the Lord
Took a day off to lick his wounds I heard him swear,
"Life is such a cursed affair
I'm gonna hold my breath
No, I'm gonna stop breathing
To spite the air"

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