

Clan Of Xymox, Taste Of Medicine

The sky is low and the clouds are mean
His mood burns like kerosene
The air seems charged with a special qualm
It feels like Fahrenheit four five one, four five one
Malice burns like a constant pain
It will never be the same again
Her body is tense to the touch of fear
The terror screams ring my ears, pure and clear, pure and clear

It sends a shiver down my spine
Through these walls I hear her whine
It sends a shiver down my spine
I lost faith in humankind

A Throbbing sound, a suffering voice, pleading on and on and on
A taste of your medicine, a taste of your medicine

The worms were severed in his head
I tried to think of what, of what they said
The cleaving currents of dispute
Now leave you with a bad repute, another one, another one
You set your seam with your hands
The giving comes, the taking ends, the talking hands

It sends a shiver down my spine
Through these walls I hear her whine
It sends a shiver down my spine
I lost faith in humankind

She shouts, screams and cries; it's not his fault, keep him here
Come, hurry, run, run,
A taste of your medicine, a taste of your medicine