

# Dead Soul Tribe, Flies

Some people say  
That the way  
An ever winding journey through the blear  
So far from here  
Yet so near  
Obscure  
Yet so clear

A light went on in my head

Sometimes I think  
Many things  
Are far from the way they ought to be  
Sometimes I gaze  
Numb and dazed  
Amazed by what I see  
Sometimes it seems  
A laughing God has played his joke on me

A light went on in my head

Spiders in the souls of men  
Spiders in the souls of men  
Mice in the hole  
And lions in the field  
Jackals in control  
And dogs are on the heels  
Vipers in the sand  
Vipers in the sand  
Waiting for you  
Biting at you  
Preying on you  
Coiled around you  
Poisoning you  
Constricting you  
Jaws unhinge to  
Swallow you alive  
Flies  
Flies  
Flies  
Flies