

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