

Poison The Well, Ghostchant

Sever your relation to those who are dependent on
breathing the obvious in it only turns your lips blue.

Turns your lips blue.

Unfastens inspiration from your throat.

No one around so you slash pretty skin.

You told me they drove you to it.

How many times do I have to turn the switch
to warn you about jumping in the back of the cars.

They cut the tendon so you'd be too wasted to hold it all.

No one around so you slash pretty skin.

You told me they drove you to it.

How many times have you woken up in a stranger's arms
covered in the gasoline as they hover above you
with the match they ignite.