

The Faint, Let The Posion Spill From Your Throat

Some people get bit from the inside,
When they talk it's cold and sour.
And no, there's nothing they can do now.
They've had their way too many times.
If you glare to get what you want,
It'll become your look.
If there's dirt you've got on someone
You let it loose without a thought.

Just let the poison spill.
Spurt from your throat.
Hiss like steam.
'Cause the pressure's unreal.

I'm not saying that it's not.
You're causing a scene. (Hey, hey)
You're wearing out that note,
You scream until it's gone,
You scream until it's gone, gone, gone.

No government check can reverse it.
You'd need a royal eclipse of the tongue.
Or is the pain that you endure now
Something you need? Well, you know how to get it now.
There's no climbing up that list.
You just move down it one by one.
You hate this and love that. It shows
You're insecure, but that's no excuse.

Just tell them they lie.
You tell them the truth.
The things you won't take
Are coming in groups.
The people abused the trust you had.
And now you don't want it back.

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