

# Augie March, Becoming Bryn

I dreamt I got a snakebite  
Just a dream but upon waking up my head felt light  
My arm felt tight

Where the serpent struck  
A mark so faintly  
There upon me  
With very little warning the end

And if you think that I'm becoming the worst I can become  
You've got another thing coming baby  
I've a few tricks up my dirty white sleeve  
Run run run run run  
Run run run run run

I see that you've got well made hands  
You're well put together  
You smell like apples  
Taste like the sea  
And in your nature  
A full set of vigors  
I have a vision of you ripely  
Hanging from the tree  
Swinging in the orchard breeze

And though nobody wants a part of the ritual  
You could at least keep me an honest vigil  
And if you see me rising up through the floor  
With unblinking eyes  
Run run run run run  
Run run run run run

I lie awake tonight  
It's weight upon my chest  
Smell of the well  
Upon the unwell  
Voice from the dark water  
I don't recognise it

There's a thing that I must do  
A question I should ask

Who are you, why do you come for me?  
Who are you, why do you come for me?  
Who are you, why do you come for me?

O nobody wants a part of the ritual  
You could at least keep me an honest vigil  
And if you see me coming out the door  
With a bloody hand  
Run run run run run  
And if you see me rising up through the floor  
With unblinking eyes  
Run run run run run  
Run run run run run  
Run run run run run