

Chevelle, Antisaint

Visit again white elephant
Who sent you to loom?
Shall we sever everything?
Ponder this while we ponder why

He's starting to follow crows,
and climbing the ladder somewhere out,
to really begin to scare,
and plotting to comb the grounds with a fine tooth.

You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.

Nothing to say for the last time.
Just want to sink his will.
Like a predator's prey in the cold,
slowly starts to show.

Assurance is what they need.
Hold the lion until it's fed.
It's still only mourning,
But the fly's surfaced.

You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.

The stakes are too low
We may not need any
Course we never feared it
And if you couldn't tell,
That the cleverest acting.
Was the lying by you,
lying by you,
lying by you.

You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.
You poor little antisaint.