

## Taste Of Medicine

Clan of Xymox

The sky is low and the clouds are mean  
His mood burns like kerosene  
The air seems charged with a special qualm  
It feels like Fahrenheit four five one, four five one  
Malice burns like a constant pain  
It will never be the same again  
Her body is tense to the touch of fear  
The terror screams ring my ears, pure and clear, pure and clear

It sends a shiver down my spine  
Through these walls I hear her whine  
It sends a shiver down my spine  
I lost faith in humankind

A Throbbing sound, a suffering voice, pleading on and on and on  
A taste of your medicine, a taste of your medicine

The worms were severed in his head  
I tried to think of what, of what they said  
The cleaving currents of dispute  
Now leave you with a bad reputation, another one, another one  
You set your seam with your hands  
The giving comes, the taking ends, the talking hands

It sends a shiver down my spine  
Through these walls I hear her whine  
It sends a shiver down my spine  
I lost faith in humankind

She shouts, screams and cries; It's not his fault, keep him here  
Come , hurry , run, run,  
A taste of your medicine, a taste of your medicine