

## Poison

Melvins

The partisans not the artisans  
Are doing their dirty show  
But I ripped my pants  
Doing some dance  
That I learned in France  
And they think there ain't  
Nothin' to know

Used, abused  
Locked up, beaten and fined  
But I got free  
Copped a plea  
And I can see  
That there ain't no freedom  
Bell gonna chime  
This time

Truth and love are my law and worship  
Form and conscience my manifestation and guide  
Nature and peace are my shelter and companion  
Order is my attitude  
Beauty and perfection are my attack

False faces  
Fast company  
A night of thrills  
With no jealousy, no poison

Nobody's tool  
Will be a public fool  
To manipulate the masses  
Who lie and cheat  
And eat their meat  
And think it's sweet  
While the rest all clean their glasses  
In status classes