

Slow Good Morning

Poison the Well

There are bodies strewn all over my bedroom floor,
I don't know how they got there but I'm sure,
it's the fuckers in their ships.

Taunting everyone who walks by as they sail through my front do
or
Through my bedroom window, not a window at all
but a hole that peasant left with his cannonball.

They look so pretty
Pretty weak to have let it go on this long.

There are still bodies thrown on my bedroom floor,
I don't know how they got there but I have a plan now

So they say we aren't really here
so don't just try to punish us,
you are the one who has lost his mind.

We didn't bring the bodies, we couldn't throw them on your floo
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We didn't bring the bodies, we didn't throw them on your floor
You are the one who has lost his mind

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