

Who Doesn't Love a Good Dismemberment?

Poison the Well

At one time when the days were nectar sweet I was a lovely boy.

I brought smiles in my bag to pass around to all the unpleasant
I passed.

As life walked by.

I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible
stare.

I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems
.

It must be a long project to finally bring someone to their kne
es.

It didn't like me fucking up the balance.

I'm undoing life's work.

Since I never once saw that gaze fade.

My bag became smaller, the unpleasant wouldn't accept my smiles
as easily as before.

I think I'm losing my friends.

I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible
stare.

I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems
.

I think I was a lovely boy.

It feels like a million years since I was him.

I noticed it look at me and not once did it stop it's horrible
stare.

I made that my occupation, self proclaimed devourer of problems
.

To think those stories were a lie and all he had to do was fix
a gaze on me.

To turn it all around.

I think I was a lovely boy.

Let's see if we can't make a lovely lovely man.