

The Poison Woman

The Dear Hunter

The seed of the apothecary, an heir to aided ends
She loves the sound they make as they expel
A breath, the soul from their chest
She laughs a little, but never makes a sound

She swears she's offering you something savory (What lies she tells)
So take a drink, her product's number one (Right down the hatch)
And now, it seems, a smooth intoxication, well,
Just one drop is more than enough

She never dwells on penitence,
Advancing in a haze

A million men have reached an end,
A side effect of incompetence
She laughs a little, but never smiles

She swears she's offering you something savory (What lies she tells)
So take a drink, her product's number one (Right down the hatch)
And now, it seems, a smooth intoxication, well,
Just one drop is more than enough

She has her superstitions
They've got their rational on call
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)
Shes got a new tradition, involving ethylene glycol
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)
She has no apprehension, habit sustains her wickedness
(They never saw it coming, they never stood a chance)

With the weight of the world on her shoulders, she
Don't want none of the sins as they unfurl in her palms, in her palms

Take this bottle