

## 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