

# Poison Trees

## The Devil Makes Three

The roots of the matter run miles deep  
This is the era of eternal sleep  
Please everybody now but please be advised  
Nothing's going away just cuz' you're closing your eyes

This is the harvest of some rotten seeds  
This surely isn't any mystery  
This is the fruit of-a the poison trees  
You better ask yourself what you believe

I see a stormin' is coming down  
And I can feel my bones creak  
I know you can feel it too  
But you just to scared  
Are you just to scared to speak?

The wire is taped now and crackling hot  
Words from a burning screen will make your stomach knot  
Fear the hopeless and lock the door  
Sweet safety, praise the lord

The loud voices got the signals locked  
All the past heroes now outlined in chalk  
Well that'll teach the world to not walk the walk  
And show your face out in the light and hear the pistols pop

Well.. this is the harvest of some rotten seeds  
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This is the fruit of-a the poison trees  
You better ask yourself what you believe

I see a stormin' is coming down  
And I can feel it in my bones  
I know you can feel it too  
But you think that you're  
You think that you're all alone

Old tactics leaves you face down on the bricks  
This new dog knows some terrible tricks  
Turn the camera's off and it doesn't exist  
Thats a lesson well learned back in 1966

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