

Snakecharming The Masses

The Stills

Confused a lot of places I've been
With lots of other places I've been
My sister knows to not let me in
Think of my house burning

Blind us with a calling to prayer
Whirling dervish
Dark black hair
Raising hell
Caned and Abled

Snakecharming the masses

Confused a lot of faces I've seen
With lots of other faces I've seen
Watch them all reflect in the stream
Ashes in gasoline

Elusive fields in snow
Call

Bodies filled with rattling bones
Fall into a pitch black hole
Empty bottle
Stumbling home
Think of my house burning

Elusive fields in snow
Call me
Took a train
Through a mountain
Gaping open
I was broken down

Who's snakecharming the masses?
At the end of time