

Nux Vomica

Tom Jenkinson

What say You, Lord
For the Olive boys down in the house of corrections
As they try for love and any form of ascension?
Am I on the right train headed in the wrong direction?
What say You, Lord, what say You, Lord?

Am I living wrong?
Do You see a long road with no one on it
And the right of men that you learnt only to forget?
You see my sad wife and my high margin of profit
But You don't care at all, You don't care at all

What say You, Lord
Now that they're breeding all our animals insane
And the remedy is growing harder to obtain?
There's a white horse running wild through the switch cane
I can hear him now and I feel him

'Til kingdom come
Caught in this frenzy of elimination
Such an irreparable disintegration
My body's twitching with a ready expectation
For kingdom come, my kingdom come

What say You, Lord?
Why is the truth of this so hard to unveil
Though it's true I never knew what this would entail?
From the hands of Christ to the heads of the Daily Mail
I'll see you all and I'll raise you

Now what say you, all?
I wonder when the light is brought up for sale
With the weight of love and the grace of the Baleen Whale
Will the severed heads of state be at all curtailed?
Will they be here at all, will they be dead and gone?

What say You, Lord
Of the serpent-tailed, forbidden fish of the harbors
And the ready men, defiant drinkers and charmers?
All lost and summoning the face of their fathers

Can You see them now? I can see 'em

What say you, all?

Do I believe it if I do not want it?

Do I lie alone and keeps my cold hands off it?

Honey, it ain't hard to loose your grip in the midst of all of this

But it ain't far to fall, it's not far at all

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