

# Kiss It

## The Yawpers

Well it calls upon you daily  
It's ringing in your dreams  
It walks without discretion  
And it isn't what it seems  
Man it's, twisted up and ugly  
And its hands are dry as clay  
Its company is awful  
But it takes the pain away  
You could've stopped it sooner  
If it hadn't gotten hold  
If you'd had a premonition  
Before it took you home kiss  
But it's left you in destruction  
And you're never coming out  
It's got its fingers in your stomach  
Stuffing you with doubt  
Hey you know, it's blood is born of savage heart  
Oh, it wants to take you kindly in it's arms  
Come here brother it wants you to kiss it  
You can do your best to tame it  
You can take away its name  
You can try to take possession  
But it owns you just the same  
It makes whores out of sisters  
Fit your father like a glove  
Gives you pure abandon  
Steals away your love  
It's gonna drown you in the river  
Hey you know, it's blood is born of savage heart  
Oh, it wants to take you kindly in it's arms  
Come here brother it wants you to kiss it  
It takes you down the alleys  
And it works you like a slave  
It breaks apart your body  
And there's nothing left to save  
So kiss it

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