

Panacea For The Poison (feat. Matt Morris)

Flobots

In my mind, I hold the passion
Panacea for the poison
My bruised and battered body
Washes up upon the shore sinFleas from leaking wounds
Like rats from sinking ships
As I float off to forever
With these words upon my lipsNo, I never asked for nothing
And that's just what I got
As my pride dies before I do
As I fall, I'm also caughtI wasted many days chasing
Brightly gleaming streams
As I fold into your presence
Do I now know what it means?We could get old and talk
At the same time when we tell stories
If we let go
Impossible names rhyme in elegant poetryBut I dabbled in everything
It inundates my small town
I refuse the offers extended
Waiting for God nowI've never asked for nothing audible
So when the walls fall down
And spin like waterwheels
I'll pray for something logicalSo when we all drown
I can cover bald spots with yarmulkes
Drawn from extra-dimensional
Sources like in comic booksChoose your own adventure
I'm obsessing like a drug fiend
Fantasies of actors clandestinely
Having sex in love scenesBut why not amateurs
Openly sharing joy in sex scenes?
Stand clear while I soak in this
Treasure trove of a wet dreamI can't tell what my problem is
Or even if there is one
Sail the celibacies
Much sooner than commitmentEscaping minor shake-ups
But keep bracing for the big one
To make the choices obvious
And save us from decisionsIn my mind, I hold the passion
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Do I now know what it means?I juggled whimsy in a fire fight
With the inner light of fire flies
Watched dusk go indigo
And blush into a silent nightBirthed immaculate concepts
From a pregnant pause
In the august of my righteousness
Just waiting for the fallThe greater and the small
All for one and one for all
For all the S.O.S'ing
We will rise to the callI've bitten the hand that feeds
And found myself bleeding
Hereby, I'll only need
What I needBut need'll get me out of my groove
So I move to different tunes
Sunning in the warm weather
By the light of distant moonsThirst statement inundation
Bring the monsoon
Seasoned with the spectacle
Of people finding toolsAppetite has grown fools
Empire has sown rules
Let's throw out the cravings
And things with no usePeople dropping jewels
Gems can't shine like our light
To err is human
So the sky is our birthrightIn my mind, I hold the passion
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Songwriters

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Fredrick Ortiz; James Laurie

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