

Farm

Cultfever

Oh,
What is this science?
What are you trying
To take me back to where Ive been?And oh, who,
Who are these humans?
What are they doing?
Dont take me back to them.I learned to welcome witchcraft like an old familiar silk
And I hate all of the reasons Ive put reason on a hill.
But I am still trying, oh!, trying hard to feel
With the madness of a tyrant Im relying on the killAnd my heart, heart, is not that sort of part of me that does
anything other than beat...Ive been taken up with tales, they are a welcome alibi.
Since then I've tried, but then I quit, to look you squarely in the eye.
And I suppose my familys scattered.
Its my fault they left, alright
But they exploded and Im left with episodic omnicideAnd no I never worried on my sadness
Because I never blamed it on me.
So Ive got a reason to think this is the strangest, oh its the strangest way to be...How could the single mind in
my head, oh, be so very very ready to go and just divide
itself dead dead?And your sorter of souls, hes asleep in his empyrean-- the best hes ever had
And its a tie in a 3-way pilgrimage-- you're furious? Ill take, Ill take it back
Your sorter of souls, hes asleep in his empyrean-- the best hes ever had
Are you minding your time in the pilgrimage-- you're furious? Ill take, Ill take it backI am breaking down these
factory lines -- thats all Im asking of myself.

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