Outta Spite

Cloakroom

On my way down I saw what I wanted to see
No expanse I could not bridge
No gates I could not breach
On your way out
You lost that high out of spite
Total disregard for humankind and the clawed and feathered typeWhat's been put in the ground will yield results with time and pressure
I've been waiting it out patiently for my turn
I'll be fuel for them to burnOn your way through
Always got a fixation with death
Down a dead deer's trail discovered
Spirits stinking on your breath
On your way around
A migratory bird oversea with no point or destination
Sick on self-discovery
Got your medicine down and now you feel a whole lot better
Got a foot in the bed and such an honest face
Progress for progress sake
My friend take heed of the one's who suit your needs
Assign meaning to your ritual and slay any beast
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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