

# Antisaint

## Chevelle

Visit again white elephant  
Who sent you to the loom?  
Shall we sever everything?  
Ponder this while we ponder why. He's starting to follow crows,  
And climbing the ladder somewhere out,  
To really begin to scare,  
And plotting to search the grounds with a fine tooth comb. You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint. Nothing to say for the last time,  
Just want to sink his will.  
Like a predator's prey in the cold,  
Slowly starts to show. Assurance is what they need.  
Hold the lion until it's fed.  
It's still only morning  
But the fly's surfaced. You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint. The stakes are too low.  
We may not need any.  
Course we never feared it  
And if you could tell,  
That the cleverest acting  
Was the lying by you,  
Lying by you,  
Lying by you. You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint.  
You poor little antisaint.

Songwriters

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