

# Soothsayer

## Buckethead

My love becomes a mange  
Dyeing autumn in its leaves  
When it broke me in the branch  
Where my antlers come to feed  
And I swam a hundred days  
In the bosom of this filth  
Carry on this drought  
As I tighten my belt

This deceit has no arms  
Bended will, take what's yours

[Chorus]

Calling me she's calling me  
This it may have come to falter  
We have become these pleads

In a field of balding marble  
Where the medicine awaits  
The hourglass pokes at  
The ribs of my cage  
At half rations I'm finished  
At half rations the minutes  
All that happens was given  
Coil and embrace

This deceit has no arms  
Bended will, take what's yours

[Chorus]

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