

# Nux Vomica

## Odious Mortem

What say You, Lord  
For the Olive boys down in the house of corrections  
As they try for love and any form of ascension?  
Am I on the right train headed in the wrong direction?  
What say You, Lord, what say You, Lord?

Am I living wrong?  
Do You see a long road with no one on it  
And the right of men that you learnt only to forget?  
You see my sad wife and my high margin of profit  
But You don't care at all, You don't care at all

What say You, Lord  
Now that they're breeding all our animals insane  
And the remedy is growing harder to obtain?  
There's a white horse running wild through the switch cane  
I can hear him now and I feel him

'Til kingdom come  
Caught in this frenzy of elimination  
Such an irreparable disintegration  
My body's twitching with a ready expectation  
For kingdom come, my kingdom come

What say You, Lord?  
Why is the truth of this so hard to unveil  
Though it's true I never knew what this would entail?  
From the hands of Christ to the heads of the Daily Mail  
I'll see you all and I'll raise you

Now what say you, all?  
I wonder when the light is brought up for sale  
With the weight of love and the grace of the Baleen Whale  
Will the severed heads of state be at all curtailed?  
Will they be here at all, will they be dead and gone?

What say You, Lord  
Of the serpent-taled, forbidden fish of the harbors  
And the ready men, defiant drinkers and charmers?  
All lost and summoning the face of their fathers

Can You see them now? I can see 'em  
What say you, all?  
Do I believe it if I do not want it?  
Do I lie alone and keeps my cold hands off it?  
Honey, it ain't hard to loose your grip in the midst of all of this  
But it ain't far to fall, it's not far at all

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