Scumbag Blues

Them Crooked Vultures

Innocence has no resistance
against a wicked counselor such as I.
You won't make it out.
Shall I lead you to my parlor,
poison offers disguised, in just your size.
You won't make it out.
You may think me altruistic,
feel my dark hypnosis closing in.
You won't make it out.
Then you grow cold,
cold
as a stare.
As if no,
none,
could compare.
But you don't know,
how close,
to ensnare.
When I control,

you will
despair.
Sycophancy, solipsistic,
Spider plays the fool
To lure the fly.
You won't make it out.
Then you grow cold,
cold
as a stare.
As if no,
none,
could compare.
But you don't know,
how close,
to ensnare.
When I control,
you will
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