The B Side

Medusa's Spite

I read that you trust
In institutions a
I note you walking
Proud of your
Convictions
Never bring into
Question
I hear your voice
Saying "a contented
Mind is a perpetual
Feast"
I ask myself what kind
Of being I've had
Pleasure here to meet
And in my head
Satisfactions turn
Into snakes
They feed on each
Other
And I don't
Know how to break
The chain
And in my mouth
There's still a lot of
Poison I gotta spit
Instead of throwing
Up I feel it slowly
Sliding in
I want to be your B
Side...
Those humbled voices
Distress me it's not
Time to give way
Under the weight of
Responsibilities
You've forgot in the
Craze of those
Victories now you're
Celebrating

Platoons of
Broomsticks to who
Made the reflection
As
Remedy for all this
Dirt
Tomorrow raised in
The air whirled and
Shaked by despair and
I don't want to, I don't
Want to be another
Guinea pig
And in my head
Satisfactions turn
Into snakes
They feed on each
Other and I don't
Know how to break
The chain
And in my mouth
There's still a lot of
Poison I gotta spit
Instead of throwing
Up I feel it slowly
Sliding in
I want to be your B
Side...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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