

# 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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